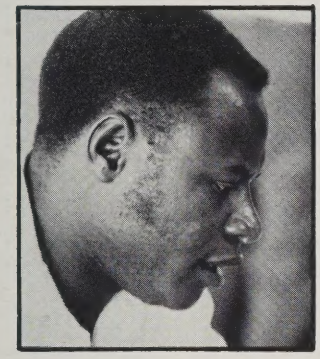
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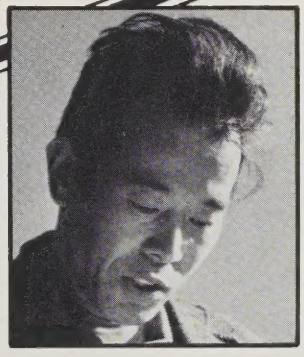
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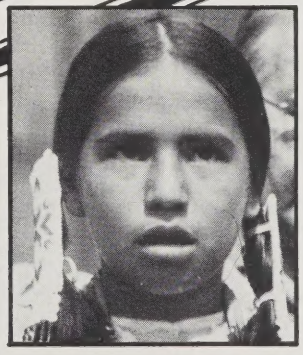






FQ Goes International!







Also in this issue —

- Trying a Kenyan Solution to a Kenyan Problem
- Who are the Umsiedler? — A photo essay
- Reviews of 10 Mennonite Books
- Red Dirt, by Pam Heap of Birds

Thank you — to our readers!

Our staff has been touched by the strong response to our Christmas Bundle offer. Hundreds of readers decided that FESTIVAL QUARTERLY was indeed a thoughtful, substantial, and long-lasting gift. One reader gave our magazine to twelve friends!

FQ's Christmas Bundle response has increased our readership by more than 25%! That doesn't solve all of our cost problems, but it helps a lot. We're delighted. Our goal is to increase another 25% before year's end. We continue to need your help. We urge you to consider FQ as a graduation gift for persons whom you hope will become readers. It's a thoughtful present too for birthdays, anniversaries, and special days like Valentine's, Mother's Day, Father's Day, and the first day of Spring!

You can count on it. We'll be offering the Chrismas Bundle idea again in Christmas 1980. Start making your list!

— The entire FQ staff

One More Editorial About Peace

I know of two good reasons not to write about peace. What new is there to say? And, there are official church institutions who receive money to keep the issue alive for the rest of us.

So FQ readers and official peace-tenders — relax. What I'm about to say falls into the realm of personal confession, not a new editorial trend or an ambush on any organization's chief agenda. (I might, however, need a peace advocate till I'm through with this!)

World events, plus a few things closer home, have suddenly made me live night and day with thoughts about peace.

I admit to having a streak of cynicism about the subject of peace. On second thought, I'm not cynical about peace, I'm just a little sarcastic about the way we've packaged it lately. It's become a pet, a department, tended by qualified agencies and spokespersons.

Peace is still a cherished part of who I am, as in "I am a peace-loving person from a peace-loving tradition." I have noticed that sometimes I lean more heavily on my tradition than on personal practice.

For instance, I do alright on the big things. I applaud MCC's Peace Section (what do they do, anyway?), favor Peace Study majors in college (if they're not Mickey Mouse curricula that border on being a fad), give my support to the World Peace Tax Fund, and have a warm spot for peaceful demonstrators (providing they're moved by conviction rather than a zest for showmanship).

So what's bothering me? All this organization lets me put on peace like a hat and gloves. It's possible to dress up in it, while hiding some personal viciousness.

As a driver, I can be a bear on the road. Or, if someone abuses something of mine, it's a little hard for me to forget. If anyone takes advantage of my 3-year-old, I'm inclined to make them sorry. And although I believe the Iranian "students" have a right to clobber Americans in lieu of the Shah, I wanted to sneak off and cheer when Canadian diplomats helped outfox the militants, and Carter showed a little muscle in his State of the Union address. I just wanted the satisfaction of a little squeak of joy ("we showed 'em"); then back to being peace-loving again.

I've begun to wonder if all the talk about peace and all the statistics and all the promotion have made me only a "subscriber" to the idea.

You see, last week I faced up to the likelihood that my daughters will have to register for the draft. It's probably been the best thing that's happened to my peace principle. I've coasted but they can't.

The Andre Trocme story (page 32 of this issue) has also poked me in some tender spots. I'd have given money to his cause but I haven't been able to convince myself that I'd have housed a refugee.

My life may change for all this. I need some help in my journey toward peace.

—PPG

Is Christ in Everything Or Nothing?

The tables have turned for North American Mennonites. Voices from related peoplehoods around the world now confront us.

Most of us gave up our seeds gladly. We discarded our root systems, even our very soil. We sacrificed our tongue, our songs, and our symbols to bear the good news of Christ's new creation to far away places. Our mission so overwhelmed us that we rejoiced at this loss of personal identity.

Now we see the emerging peoplehoods in those far away places anchor their faith-life in the sources of their own being: planting the old seeds, nourishing the original trees, cherishing the native tongue with its rich fullness, and teaching the old songs.

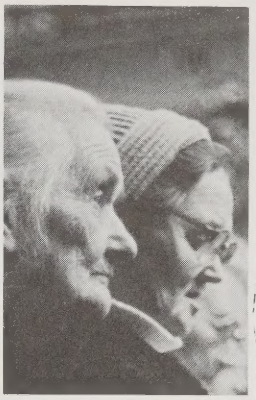
Is Christ in everything or nothing? Does faith call us to deny ourselves or does it renew the very stuff of our existence? These are hard questions, seldom answered in our pilgrimage.

Is "Nothing but Christ" a cry of courageous commitment or a shout inviting blind destruction? Is it possible to celebrate who we are (with our language, crops, songs and symbols, personalities, failures and new creations) without wounding our Saving God once again?

Perhaps our brothers and sisters around the world can help us work at the answers. We hope so. We at FQ invite the discussion.

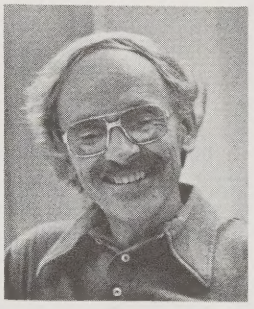
— MG

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FQ/Kenny Pellman

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Jim Bishop

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Children a Plus For Working Mothers

by Ellen Goodman

Somebody asked the question. Somebody always asks the question. It sits so near the surface of our thoughts that the slightest extra heat sends it percolating into the air.

"How do you manage work despite having a child?"

Despite. The word was casually slipped in among the other nouns and verbs, subtly added, as if it were just another conjunction, no more loaded than an "and."

Yet, suddenly, I had a vision of a million small "despites," lying in cribs that blocked some highway to achievement, like those metal barrels on the highways. I pictured a million school-age "despites," innocently tripping their mothers on their way to work. And it made me recoil.

I had a vision of a million small "despites," lying in cribs that blocked some highway to achievement, like those metal barrels on the highways.

"Despite" the woman's benign tone of voice, I realized that I'd finally had it with The Question. In the past few years we have managed to oversell the burdens and undersell the pleasures of child-raising. Now we are also overselling the "despites" and underselling the "because ofs."

People may no longer automatically assume that working mothers are bad for their children. But they do automatically assume that children are bad for their mother's work.

I am aware, of course, of the extra pressure children bring to our lives in terms of time and energy. There is an inherent conflict between workaholicism and a rich family life. Moreover, we have rotten support-systems for working mothers — impossible service industries, impoverished day care. You can read all about it in the diaries of a million angry working mothers.

Yet maybe it's time people began to talk about how children have also been good for their work.

I remember going back to my job when my own small "despite" was an infant. Suddenly I was no longer, in some recess of my mind, working "until" I had a child. Whatever had been tentative about my commitment became solid. If I wasn't doing this "until," it was time to do it better.

I'm not alone on this largely unmentioned route. I know many others who gave birth to a burst of ambition or creativity — women for whom child-bearing also carried a bio-work-ethic.

For many, parenthood is a rite of passage into maturity, the final internal assumption of adulthood. More than one woman has come through this major passage feeling grownup and bucking for a promotion.

We've noted that surge in fathers; it's often equally true of mothers. It's a common post-partum expression.

In years of watching working mothers, I've also seen women who move onto a whole new plane of efficiency. Pressure cuts through the non-essentials like a sharp pendulum. If work expands to fill the amount of time available, it also contracts to fill the lack of it. Working mothers take shorter coffee breaks.

I don't want to overdo all this and claim superiority for working mothers. But when people think of children as work traps, it's often because of faulty definitions. We have wrongly defined the "best worker" as the least encumbered: the one who is free to travel and work overtime, the one who has ties to no one but the corporation. We have regarded single-mindedness above all else.

But our work may, in fact, depend much more on skills that are reinforced by living with children: The ability to listen. The ability to judge and to fill unexpressed needs. The experience of having benign authority. The juggling act of doing many things at the same time.

Child-raising is a crash course in self-knowledge. It offers connections with a wider world and a deeper set of feelings. These are qualities that are rarely taught in business school and yet are essential in the business world.

But beyond that, there is simply no way of separating out the working us from the parenting us. How do we manage our work "despite" our children?

The part of our identity forged by them isn't housebound. It commutes with us to work. The part of us which knows new responsibilities, which has been shaken by new terrors, is also gainfully employed. Not just the part that punches in and out.

Our work and our children aren't worlds that oppose each other across a great "Despite." We need to choose the conjunctions that join, rather than divide, our lives. It's the only answer to The Question.

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Ellen Goodman is a syndicated newspaper columnist.

Festival Quarterly *reguarly offers "Comment," a column featuring speeches or essays from the larger world, which because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.*

festival quarterly

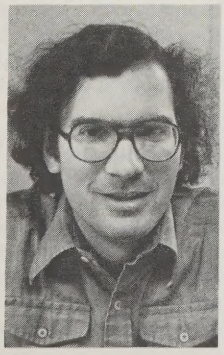
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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

On the Cover — *Mennonite faces from around the world by* **FQ**/*Kenny Pellman. Yorifumi Yaguchi photo by Yorifumi Yaguchi.*



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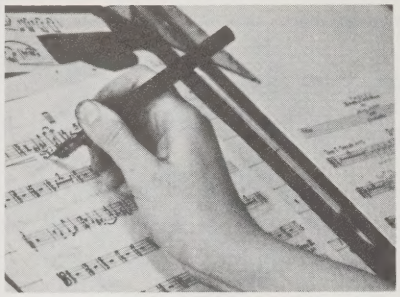
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did you know that . . .

There is a tradition growing up in Clinton, Oklahoma. The last four years Kansas Mennonites and Cheyenne and Arapaho Mennonites have gathered one weekend in the fall for a cross-cultural experience.

During the most recent gathering, fifty participants camped Cheyenne style. Cheyenne women explained how to make frybread from the bag of flour and can of shortening, given daily as "rations." The practice was reminiscent of earlier years when the four Cheyenne Mennonite Churches would butcher a cow before campout so they could have meat in their rations.

This year's campers took part in the Four Directions Indian Arts Festival which included exhibits of traditional arts, crafts and "circle dancing."

Perry Yoder of Newton, Kansas, led Bible studies about peoplehood, the gift of "sitting together," and unity in Christ, with an emphasis on the native American values of a "paced" lifestyle, respect for nature, the ability to be generous and giving.

• • •

Otto Klassen is a Winnipeg film producer and photographer who has centered much of his artistic efforts on the preservation of the Mennonite story and its rich past. "Prairie Pioneers: The Mennonites of Manitoba" is likely his most distributed production, a 50-minute feature done for the Centennial Celebration several years ago.

Recently he completed two more films; the one, a 25-minute feature done in interview format with three Mennonite leaders — minister and historian Gerhard Lohrenz, J. J. Thiessen, and businessman C. A. DeFehr. The other film is "Danken," a 12-minute short, reflecting on the deliverance of many Mennonites during World War II and the migrations which followed. Klassen himself was a refugee to South America and then to Canada.

• • •

A drama troupe has just wound up a three-week swing through the American Midwest and Ontario, doing stories, poetry, and plays whose central themes are poverty and affluence.

It was the second such tour to be sponsored by the General Conference Mennonite Church as a way to "challenge listeners to assess their discipleship," according to coordinator Lois Bergen.

Gene Caskey, Bluffton (Ohio) College drama professor, directed the group of six players. Their vignettes and drama varied from five to ninety minutes so it could fill an entire program or fit into other worship services.

• • •

Phil Yourdi, a potter, Marlene Dick, a weaver, and Dan Kramer, a straw and wheat weaver, have each settled in shops in the Village Silos in St. Jacobs, Ontario.

The Silos were originally part of the old town flour mill, now restored, along with several other buildings by developer Milo Shantz.

Each of the shops contains a work area so that visitors can see the craftspersons at work.

• • •



"Children, Saints, and Charming Sounds" is a new cantata by composer Alice Parker, written especially for the Shenandoah Valley Hymn Festival held in the fall at Eastern Mennonite College (EMC), Harrisonburg, Virginia. The work features an intergenerational chorus with instrumental accompaniment. Kenneth J. Nafziger, chairman of EMC's music department, directed the premiere of the Cantata (pictured).

• • •

A Mennonite committee with Dr. Gerhard Lohrenz as its spokesman is lobbying to "erect a monument on the grounds of the Manitoba Legislature to honor the memory of those thousands of Russian Mennonite martyrs who died for their faith and way of life, or who suffered long, anonymous years of imprisonment and perished far from home," according to Al Reimer, writing in **Mennonite Mirror.**

The committee is proposing to cast a nine foot high obelisk of granite, with figures of refugees engraved in metal plates mounted on its four sides. They are hoping that Mennonite artists will donate their skills in creating the project.

My wife Vera and I, have just returned from a train trip to Rockford, Illinois where we went to spend Christmas with our older daughter and her family. On the way we read the November, December, 1979, January, 1980 issue of **Festival Quarterly** which we thought was an exceptionally fine one.

I was pleased to note under the Publishing Notes on page 11 of that issue, that the **Quarterly** was aware of the work I am doing in translating the complete writings of Dirk Philips. However, my father would be amazed to learn that his given name was Eli. His mother had called him Moses and during my boyhood and afterward, he was widely known among the Amish as Bishop M. M. Beachy of Somerset Co. Pa.

The sky will not fall because of this error of course, but I would surely appreciate a correction in a future issue of the **Quarterly.** Every good wish in your all Mennonite publishing enterprise.

Alvin J. Beachy
North Newton, Kansas

Rolando Santiago's "people stories" was right on and a very appropriate piece of communication.

Thanks Rolando for sharing with us, yourself as a Menno-rican hermano!

As usual the magazine does an excellent job of covering major interesting points of view.

Lupe De Leon
Elkhart, Indiana



We enjoy the **Festival Quarterly** and visits from Mennonite-Your-Wayers. Because of our location we are somewhat isolated from mainline Mennonite thought and so enjoy the thought-provoking articles in each issue.

How about some articles written by individuals in the professions who are isolated from other Mennonites! People who are Anabaptist in theology but find themselves increasingly pressured by their "aloneness."

Ray Snader
Newport, Tennessee

We both very much appreciate **Festival Quarterly** and read each issue thoroughly.

I was so sad to read of Doris Longacre's death. I feel like I've lost a friend. She often supplied inspiration to an uninspired cook, and my reaction to her death was, "But we need her!" I hope the book she was working on can be finished. I add my prayers for those of you who loved her.

Keep up your good work!

Sondra Simmons
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania

Festival Quarterly is one of the few magazines — maybe the only one — I read from cover to cover. There is a certain zest for living I get from its pages. Oh, not everything is to my fancy — such as the family column — since my children are grown; but looking over the winter issue in our mailbox today, I am eager to get my Christmas mail written so I can curl up in my chair and INDULGE!

Ellen Shearer
Sarasota, Florida

Thank you for publishing the **Festival Quarterly.** I enjoyed every issue and want you to continue this good work. We need to know more about the Mennonite and Amish and to learn from each other. I am a retired minister of Christian Education but still volunteering one day a week (or more), at the Calvary Presbyterian Church, where I retired in 1974. The articles in the **Festival Quarterly** are so interesting and give me ideas I can use with some of the groups at the church.

Rev. Mary Hoffmann Ryan
Cleveland, Ohio

You are obviously appealing to and using the fine talent in the Mennonite Church that in previous generations tended to find no opportunity for expression within the church.

As I retire from a more active role in Mennonite institutional activities, I rejoice and give thanks for the creative, enthusiastic, capable and committed army of younger troops that are moving into places of leadership. Not only is this true in the Church Conferences and Commissions, in MCC and the Colleges and high schools but in newer fields such as art, music, writing and the service professions.

Winfield Fretz
North Newton, Kansas

As an over-60 reader you might be interested to know I have kept all issues of the **Festival Quarterly** to date. (I am a pack rat by nature!)

The **Quarterly** is unique, and altho my exposure to "the arts" has been minimal, I have experienced a growing appreciation for the expression of beauty and truth in its many forms. In fact I like to think I too am an artist when —

1. A basement badly in need of cleaning once more is orderly and fairly free of clutter,
2. The grandchildren listen in wide-eyed wonder to tales of my childhood,
3. A painting, sculpture, piece of music (perhaps I can't identify any) does something fine to me which I don't understand but deeply cherish,
4. I drop whatever house-keeping task I'm engaged in to read the **Festival Quarterly** that has just arrived in the morning mail. Sometimes I applaud, strongly disagree or chuckle over a bit of "Mennonite" humor — but I go back to my work with a stimulated mind,
5. I show appreciation by letter or in person to those who express so beautifully what I feel but am inadequate to paint, write, sing, etc.

Your editorials are a favorite feature!

Iona S. Weaver
Collegeville, Pennsylvania

We are always searching for drama material which is current, easy to do for amateurs in a church type setting, without many properties — things which pack a message as well. Perhaps readers would share their successes and/or failures. Here are some of ours:

Last summer we conducted a church community "Christian Summer Theatre." It was well received. The MYF served an ice cream social following.

For the Mission Rally at Sugar Creek on November 1-4 our drama group did "Towards Decisive Service" by Dean Hunsberger written especially for the rally. It concerns a young couple trying to decide about going into mission work — reactions of those around them. Got excellent comments — some humor combined with gritty facts and our own hang-ups.

The church in town is putting on "Amahl and the Night Visitors" for us at Christmas time. We plan to exchange programs so that each of us is not doing something every year just for our own group.

Just hope you can keep up the magazine. We like it alot.

John Swartzendruber
Wayland, Iowa

Really enjoy the **Festival Quarterly** — especially appreciate the movie reviews. The rest of the writing is generally very good.

Gordon Hostetler
Elkhart, Indiana

I want to encourage you. I think I ran across you (or vice versa) courtesy of **Sojourners** or Voice of Calvary, and so the "social action" strand of Christianity is our common point. It has been encouraging to read about the "lively" part of the Mennonite tradition, since some things I had read wrote off the tradition as being trapped in legalism.

The best part for me has been the cultural challenges, musically, photographically (I really liked the photo contest winners — I posted them at work on my cubicle wall), and practically (in terms of life-style).

The least popular part has been the "denominational" emphasis (or bias!) but that is probably inseparable for you from the rest of what you think and do, since your tradition (rightly so) sees Christianity as a way of life, not a Sunday and Wednesday activity like most of the churches I grew up in.

Stanley Pyett
Ann Arbor, Michigan

As a long-time free-lance writer I appreciate your efforts in publishing **Festival Quarterly** because of the "crunch" a small magazine faces just to survive.

As a long-time member of the Church of the Brethren, I applaud your efforts in fulfilling the need for heritage and renewal in the pacifistic-believing sects.

When I attended the Kansas Forum on Families at K-State this past June I went to a session on "managing with inflation" where the speaker, in listing nearly a dozen ways to "balance the budget" mentioned a couple cookbooks — one was "**The More-With-Less" Cookbook.**

Irene Reynolds
Lawrence, Kansas

I feel as though the FQ is an important link between my Mennonite identity/culture and North American society during the last fifth of the twentieth century.

Beth Weaver
London, Ontario

Yours is the only "Mennonite" publication we still get. Keep up the good work! FQ has a unique contribution to make to everyone whose roots are Mennonite.

Janet Cutrell Yost
Westminster, Colorado

Please continue the FQ — We Mennonites need it!

You might be interested in a Mennonite crafts person who lives in North Carolina. Dr. Rich is a retired medical doctor who practiced in Illinois but moved to North Carolina so that she could participate in the craft guilds. She makes American folk toys as well as other wooden articles.

Mrs. Frank Kennell
Roanoke, Illinois

We appreciate **Festival Quarterly** and like to have it lying on the coffee table for all guests to pick up and read. It is a very good "conversation" piece. Thank you for all you put into it.

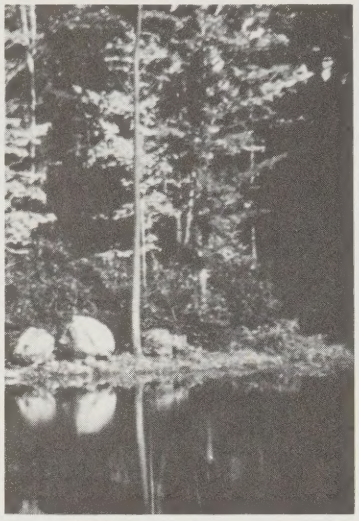
Aaron and Esther Brubaker
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to **Festival Quarterly,** *2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.*

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publishing notes

Mennonites continue to have a conversation with their past. Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking currently is **The Mennonite Experience in America**—a four-volume inter-Mennonite history beginning with the colonial period in 1683. To be published by the Institute of Mennonite Studies, Richard MacMaster of Harrisonburg, Virginia is at work on Volume I. He is a co-author of the recently published **Conscience in Crisis** (see review on page 11). Writers of the other volumes are Jim Juhnke, Theron Schlabach, and Paul Toews.

● Regional and personal histories are appearing in record number. **History of the Molotschna Colony** (once the largest Mennonite colony in Russia) is about its development in southern Russia. Its economic, social, religious and cultural life are described in this documented heritage.

● **Einer Von Vielen** by Olga Rempel (CMBC Publications) follows the life and times of Aron Toews, a Mennonite minister who, during the Stalin era, died in exile in Siberia.

● In her autobiography, **Anna: From the Caucasus to Canada** (translated and edited by Peter J. Klassen), Anna Reimer Dyck begins her story in the Kuban and traces her Russian heritage to (and in) Canada.

● Rudolf Plett has written **Presencia Menonita en el Paraguay** in Spanish as an information source concerning Paraguayan Mennonite history and beliefs, origins, and migrations, especially the settlement in the Paraguayan Chaco.

● **Ich Sende Euch** by Wills Janz of Brazil is written to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of Mennonites in South America.

● **Shadowed by the Great Wall,** by A. K. and Gertrude Wiens, follows Krimmer Mennonite Brethren missionaries as they evangelized and established churches and schools in China's Inner Mongolia until their expulsion by the Communists in 1949.

● **Mennonite Women, 1683-1983: A Story of Faithfulness** is scheduled for release in conjunction with the 1983 Tricentennial Celebration marking the arrival of Mennonites in Manitoba.

● Two books produced by the Church of the Brethren are **Television Awareness Training: A Viewer's Guide** and **Growing with Television: A Study of Biblical Values.**

● **For Love of Writing** is a collection of stories, articles and poems by the late Fern Metzler Lehman, edited by her daughter Patricia Lehman McFarlane and published by the family.

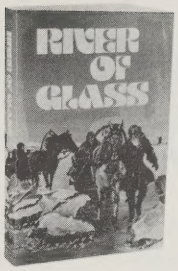
● Faith and Life Press has published Gordon Kaufman's **Nonresistance and Responsibility and Other Mennonite Essays,** a look at our theology in the modern, professional world.

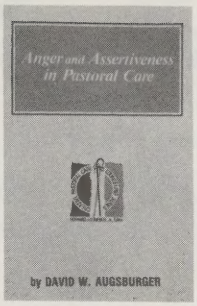
● William Janzen has collected many of his sermons and meditations into a book, **Walk Humbly with Your God** (CMBC Publications). With his academic, administrative and MCC service background, he has crafted sermons from personal faith pilgrimages to the church's wider social and third world responsibilities.

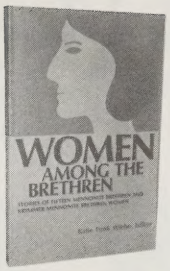
● Esther Wiebe's **Canticles and Psalms** (CMBC Music Publication Series) is a compilation of original compositions, and new arrangements for youth choirs and small choral groups.

Books! Books! Books...

mennonite books: in review







River of Glass, Wilfred Martens. Herald Press, 1980. 232 pages. $6.95.

Reviewed by Al Reimer

River of Glass is a fictionalized account of how some desperate Russian Mennonites in the late twenties made a daring escape across the Amur River into China and freedom.

John Reimer, a strong, resourceful man from the Omsk region in Siberia, is determined to get himself and family out of the Red Paradise. The Reimer family eventually makes it, but not before it has been subjected to many hardships and prolonged agonies of uncertainty and fear. The narrative point-of-view comes from teen-aged David Reimer, an alert, sensitive lad forced to grow up prematurely in a cruel, oppressive world.

Although the story is carefully researched, clearly told and well written, **River of Glass** remains a rather bland and passive novel for much of its length. It often gets bogged down in that pallid, stiff area of would-be-fiction standing self-consciously between social documentary and the fully realized novel.

The pace is slow and lacking in dramatic tension because there are too many scenes which focus on historical background and political information at the expense of personal drama and convincing characterization. Only in the last Part dealing with the escape and its aftermath does the novel come fully alive. And that suspenseful, moving climax is well worth waiting for.

Wilfred Martens is a good writer and a welcome addition to the growing ranks of Mennonite novelists.

Al Reimer, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is an English Professor at the University of Winnipeg and editor of Mennonite Mirror.

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)

Anger and Assertiveness in Pastoral Care, David W. Augsburger. Fortress Press, 1979. 86 pages. $2.95.

Reviewed by Dave Kroeker

An unusual little book that sanctifies anger! Dynamite for those who will take seriously the implication of its proposals. Written mainly for ministers—and others who work in counseling roles in Christian communities, this eleventh in a series on creative pastoral care and counseling advocates affirmative aggressiveness (or creative assertion) as the best posture for conflict resolution.

Rejecting both the repression of anger, on the one hand, and the aggressive ventilation of differences, on the other, Augsburger calls for a careful narrowing (identifying the core) of the issues leading to conflict, and then open confrontation while at the same time affirming the other person's worth and legitimate feelings of anger, hurt, or whatever.

Focusing particularly on the pastor's role in the congregation, the author advises that absence of conflict is no guarantee of the presence of peace ("The 'nicest' churches can be quite dead"). Real community, he maintains, occurs where conflict and concord flow freely back and forth.

Building on Paul Tillich's idea that loveless power violates and powerless love abdicates, Augsburger attempts in these few pages to show how power and love in balance can create justice and community.

What's so unusual here? A church leader—and a seminary professor at that—advocating open conflict in our congregations. Radical? Maybe. Until you read what he's got to say. And remember what hideous skeletons have lurked in so many of our congregations behind facades of sweetness and light.

Dave Kroeker, Waterloo, Ontario, formerly edited Mennonite Reporter.

FQ price — $2.65
(Regular price — $2.95)

Women Among the Brethren: Stories of Fifteen Mennonite Brethren and Krimmer Mennonite Brethren Women, Katie Funk Wiebe, editor. Mennonite Brethren Publishing House, 1979. $6.95.

Reviewed by Darlene Driedger

Were there no women involved in the building of God's Kingdom and the early Mennonite church? Did God only give leadership qualities to men? In this book, eleven women writers share the experiences of women who were definitely builders of God's Kingdom from 1850 to the first half of the 20th century. The narratives span two continents and several countries.

This book required considerable and difficult research involving personal journals, libraries and personal interviews. Therefore, the writers are to be commended for their excellent work. Due to incomplete records concerning some women who should have been included in this work, it was impossible to write their stories.

The stories of the women of the 19th century portray them mainly in the loving, supportive, "behind the scenes" role. In the 1920s and 1930s, however, women such as Anna J. Thiessen, who opened a home for Mennonite women immigrants, and Marie J. Regier, who promoted higher education for women, were highly visible in strong leadership roles.

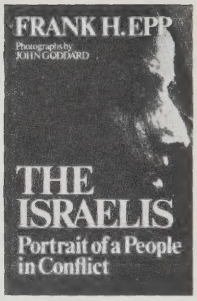
We are grateful to the writers for reminding us of our heritage of persecution and the lives our ancestors lived in Russia. We have been unaware of both the materially comfortable and the later lives of poverty and spiritual testing which was their lot.

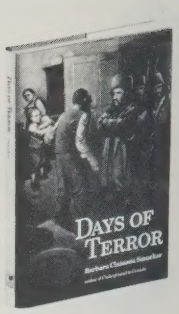
The style of writing is very readable and will appeal to all age groups. Hopefully, after reading these stories, others will be reminded of the journals and personal files stashed away in their attics and be inspired to write about other women who were also instrumental in the building of God's Kingdom and the Mennonite church. A sequel to **Women Among the Brethren** would be great!

Darlene Driedger, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is Executive Secretary of the Manitoba Association of Social Workers.

FQ Price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)

Books! Books! Books...





The Israelis: Portrait of a People in Conflict, Frank H. Epp, photographs by John Goddard. McClelland and Stewart and Herald Press, 1980. 208 pages. $13.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

Frank Epp, Mennonite pastor, educator, journalist, wrote in 1976, **The Palestinians: Portrait of a People in Conflict.** This sequel, the product of more than ten years of contact with Israelis, compares very favorably with the previous volume. As in that book, he categorizes the 99 individuals interviewed into 10 groups covering different attitudes and circumstances.

Those interviewed cover a wide range from General Ariel Sharon, presently Minister of Agriculture, and Teddy Kollack, Mayor of Jerusalem, to Meir Pail, an outspoken proponent of Palestinian rights in the Kenesset, and Uri Davis, the leading Israeli anti-Zionist.

Though Epp succeeded in getting a full range of political opinion especially with regard to issues of war and peace, his collage misses representatives of the business and industrial classes. The "dovish" representatives of Israeli society came through in larger numbers than their role in Israeli public life indicates.

Israel is truly one of the most fascinating societies on the world stage. The diversity of historical experience, the common commitment to Zionist ideas, the openness to debate and discussion, the sense of embattlement all together lend color and excitement. To understand the intricacies of Israel requires the mastery of Jewish faith and history. One excellent way to begin or enrich what one already knows is to encounter the 99 people interviewed here.

John A. Lapp spent a year in Jerusalem during 1978-1979 studying the people and conflicts of the Middle East.

FQ price — $12.55
(Regular price — $13.95)

The Weight, Joel Kauffmann. Herald Press, 1980. 152 pages. $5.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

Any novel written about the Vietnam period is written at high risk: Most persons are weary of the subject and prefer to wait for another decade to pass before "rediscovering" the subject.

The Weight is about 18-year-old Jon Springer, a Mennonite who faces the question of draft registration during the Vietnam period. The pleasant surprise to the reader is that this is not so much a treatise on the peace position as it is about growing up in a small midwestern town; the old high school gang who graduates, has a last fling together, and faces decisions about college, the draft, marriage, and the future.

The story is narrated in first-person, present tense. At times this point-of-view is effective, it gives immediacy and identification with the main character. But often it becomes awkward, particularly when sustained dialogue is used or when past-tense distance is desired.

The author is a bit didactic at times. (He explains the significance of his title in the dedication.) The title itself seems a bit heavy (pardon the pun) for the light tone and style of the story, and Kauffmann "gives away" too much in his dedication.

Nevertheless, it is an enjoyable story—not too heavy and not too light, just enough "theology" to add spice to the narrative. The emphasis on living the peace position rather than merely accepting it as part of the tradition is an important motif. It is a welcome way to share a complex issue.

Publication date for *The Weight* is May 3, 1980.

Wilfred Martens, himself a novelist and poet, is Professor of English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.

FQ price — $5.35
(Regular price — $5.95)

Days of Terror, Barbara Claassen Smucker. Herald Press, 1979. 152 pages. $7.95.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

In the last few years many books, frequently in journal form, tell the story of the Mennonite experience in Russia. One of the first notable novels on this topic was Ingrid Rimland's **The Wanderers,** reviewed here two years ago. Now a book for children by Barbara Smucker joins the ranks of novels about Russian-Mennonites—**Days of Terror.**

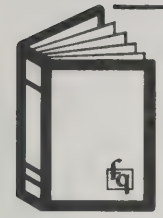
In this story, set initially in a small Ukranian village, a ten-year-old boy enjoys the well-being and security of an affluent home in the "bread basket of Russia." But soon his security is shaken as mobs of violent bandits, the Red army, White army, or Soviet officials commandeer the villager's food, clothing, and sometimes lives. Some of the youths want to take up arms for self-defense. The village elders disapprove of violent means even for self-protection.

Eventually the "noisy, shrieking terror of the soldiers and the bandits" gave way to "the quiet, unseen terror of drought, disease, and famine." People starved. Hope came with a Canadian Mennonite who visited the village and promised aid. Many of the villagers, including our young hero and his family, emigrate to Canada and, as every children's story should, all ends well.

The young reader gets an easy lesson as to why the Mennonites first settled in Russia, what their contribution there was, and why many of them left. The author does have some uncertainty about the sex of the family's black mare, which she usually refers to as "he."

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

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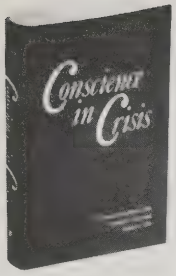
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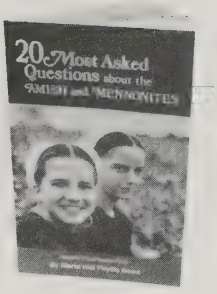
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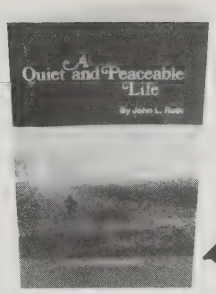
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Books! Books! Books!

No Strangers in Exile, Hans Harder (ed., trans., expanded by Al Reimer). Herald Press, 1979. 123 pages. $6.95.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

For adult readers, Al Reimer, who translated Dietrich Neufeld's **A Russian Dance of Death,** translates, edits, and expands a novel, **No Strangers in Exile,** by Hans Harder, an academic, writer, and minister born in Russia but now living in Germany.

This story begins after the communist government has gained control of Russia and confiscated the private lands including those of the Mennonites. The narrator is a widower in his mid-thirties who is one of a trainload of "voluntary re-settlers" plucked from their once prosperous village near the Volga and transported to the logging camps of the Gulag. The characters of his partners in misery are clearly defined. The cruelty of the boxcar ride, the near starvation of camp life, and the failed attempt at escape from that frozen hell all are graphically portrayed as is the death of one after another of the colony of fellow sufferers.

Their heroic attempt to keep the faith in this hopeless waste teaches at least one lesson—those who had freedom in their minds were free because they had literally become nothing and their worldly goods no longer mattered.

How much Al Reimer expands the original story I can't tell, but he has modernized it so that the conversations are contemporary—children are "kids" and the profanity is recognizable.

In this story and **Days of Terror** we once again realize man's uncivilized inhumanity to man. The insistence of the characters that they will believe in God no matter what the circumstances is encouraging. Both books will further educate their readers on the situation in Russia during the past century.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)

Conscience in Crisis, Richard K. MacMaster with Samuel L. Horst and Robert F. Ulle. Herald Press, 1979. 576 pages. $17.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

This volume, number 20 in the Mennonite Historical Society's Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History, has the subtitle "Mennonites and Other Peace Churches in America, 1739-1789 Interpretation and Documents."

We have witnessed during the decade of the 1970's the growing interest in North America Mennonite history. Some of this has been in large macro surveys like Frank Epp's **Mennonites in Canada Vol. 1.** But it is in local history in Steinbach, St. Jacobs, Lancaster, and Souderton where the uncovering of this part of the Mennonite story has been most extensive.

This very important volume demonstrates how the recovery of local history provides the grounds for the reconstruction of the larger story. MacMaster, Horst, and Ulle combed the archives of the churches, universities and government as well as searched out less accessible published sources to bring together in one volume the relevant materials on the political struggle during the American Revolutionary epoch.

The 339 documents include letters, petitions, official reports, and newspaper accounts. Each of these illuminates how the peace churches responded to militia law, requisitions of food for armies, Indian wars, threatened loss of religious freedom, war taxes and the transfer of allegiance from one government to another.

The extended interaction of Mennonite, Quaker, Schwenkfelder and Church of the Brethren leadership in the common struggle; the shrewd use of peace church political power; the creative, courageous and almost spontaneous response of Christian faithfulness make this story impressive, an important source for understanding the Christian task then and now.

John A. Lapp, a historian and writer, is Dean of Goshen (Indiana) College.

FQ price — $16.15
(Regular price — $17.95)

20 Most Asked Questions About the Amish and Mennonites, Merle & Phyllis Good. Good Books, 1979. 85 pages. $2.95.

A Quiet and Peaceable Life, John L. Ruth. Good Books, 1979. 61 pages. $2.95.

Reviewed by Ervin Beck

These first People's Place Booklets are attractive depictions of the Amish/Mennonite way of life.

The questions in the first booklet range from the profound ("What, in fact, holds them together?") to the rather superficial ("What are their weddings like?").

The authors answer on behalf of all Amish/Mennonite groups, saying that although they differ in practice they are essentially similar in doctrine. Combining both "old order" and "modern" traditions in one discussion contributes to economy but results in some repetition and over-generalization.

The dialectic approach, the attractive photographs, and honest discussions that cite weaknesses as well as strengths combine to make this booklet an auspicious beginning for the series.

The excellent pictures in Ruth's impressionistic book come from fifteen different photographers and depict the faces, landscapes, arts and symbols of the plain people. Minimal, evocative texts come from sources as divergent as Hamlet, Ecclesiastes and the author himself. Although individual two-page spreads are frequently impressive, and although six "chapter" headings contribute focus to the book, artistic coherence would be enhanced if all photographs came from the same artist's vision and the text were drawn from a more consistent source.

The books make good companions and will probably replace John A. Hostetler's **Amish Life** and **Mennonite Life** (published in 1959 and now outdated) as presentation pieces for enquirers.

Ervin Beck is a professor of English at Goshen (Indiana) College.

FQ price (for each) — $2.65
(Regular price (for each) — $2.95)

Trying a Kenyan Solution To a Kenyan Problem

by Harold F. Miller



Mahlon Hess/EMBMC

makuti — Swahili for fronds of a local palm tree which are woven into rustic roofing sections

wazee — Swahili for community elders

kikoi — a Somali-style wrap-around plaid skirt—floor length—worn by men

District Officer — an officer representing central government on a sub-district level

We were squatted on the straw mats under the makuti-covered* pavilion. The wazee* in their kikoi* were making speeches.

"We need a boys town like the Catholic one at the far end of the District."

"We want loans for tractors," that from the one who spoke with spittle gathered at the corners of his mouth.

"There will be money earned in this area if we get irrigation pumps and diesel engines."

"We need a hospital and a village polytechnic."

One impossible dream after another was thrown to us for action. For we were the foreigners from "downcountry" and were expected to spend money liberally.

The hot afternoon sun beat upon the makuti roof in Rhamu Village while the discussion droned on. For the first time staff members of the National Christian Council of Kenya had invited local community leaders for a palaver on "Christian" turf. To this meeting the foreigners had invited the wazee for a talk about the needs and the dreams of the community. The dreams, it was becoming clear, were big and expensive.

After the wazee had spoken there was the halting, careful response from the service unit personnel.

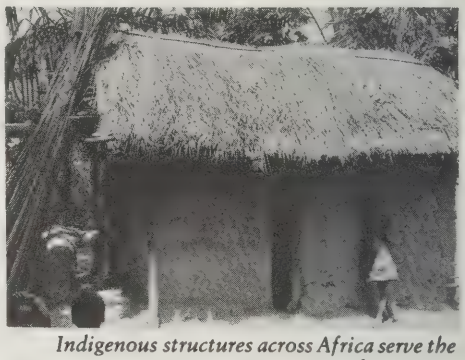
"We came here without much money. We do not intend to buy tractors because they are expensive and the spare parts are 500 miles away in Nairobi.

"A hospital, well, that needs to be discussed with the government officials. And the village polytechnic seems to be underway without our assistance. But let us keep talking. Perhaps we shall find things that we can do together.

"Our staff are mostly agriculturists with the odd mechanic. And the lady is an amateur health worker. We do not really offer much, but let's keep talking."

For nearly two years Christian Council staff members had made the occasional exploratory visit to Rhamu and to the District Headquarters in Mandera some fifty miles to the east where Kenya, Ethiopia and Somalia meet. There had been the friendly chat with the Rhamu skeikh, with the District Commissioner, with his officers and with the local elders. The needs were always spelled out big. Indeed, they seemed to be growing. Christian Council staff always countered with the small, cautious offer of assistance.

The village of Rhamu is located on the Kenya side of the Kenya/Ethiopia border. The border itself is marked by the Daua River along whose banks and flood plains simple agriculture is carried on. To the south is nomad country, where Somalia/Borana people herd their camels and goats as they have for centuries. To the east lies Somalia, always reminding Kenyans in the border area of the claims of the greater Somali nation. Petty border incidents keep tensions alive. Islam, on the other hand, provides at least



MCC Photo

Indigenous structures across Africa serve the climate, geography, and people far better than Western buildings.

a facade of uniformity for the area. Indeed, Rhamu is something of a mini-Mecca, featuring the skeikh, a Koranic scholar whose influence defies the triangle of national boundaries.

Rhamu came into focus as a possible service site in the throes of the great Sahelian drought. Christian workers (Quakers) on the Ethiopian side of the border had had dreams of peace-making at this uneasy desert cross-road. But then came the Ogaden War and the peace-making dream vanished. The Christian initiative in Rhamu was on its own, left to define meaningful service links with the community.

How to build those links? It was best to settle near the government facilities.

Now the house. How was it to be built? The neighboring house of the District Officer* was a modern, permanent structure, fitted with windows and the prestigious corrugated iron roof. But under Rhamu's sun, it was unbearably



Joe Shenk/EMBMC

rondaaval — a circular mud-wattle structure, featuring a peaked, thatch roof, nicely white-washed inside and out

hot. Modern misery. Only in the wee hours of dawn did sleeping become at all comfortable.

Why not build as the skeikh had built? He symbolized community commonalities and provided an acceptable link with tradition. His thatched rondaaval* had been cool on that hot day of the courtesy call. The mud and wattle walls were white-washed into a cool freshness. Why not build a compound of thatched rondaavals?

How to begin? We met with the wazee. The issues were specific. Who knows how to build the traditional rondaaval? Who can take responsibility for organizing the collection of thatch? How much will it cost? How do we ensure that everyone is treated equitably? Who signs the contract? After some discussion amongst themselves, the plan was fixed, the contract signed.

There was the deft parcelling of the several roles, making certain that the weighty and the weak were dealt with equitably. The center staff watched in astonishment as the houses took shape.

There were no hesitations, there were no muddles. For every part of the building there were skilled people available. The first installment of the money found its way to the right people. Oh yes, there was pressure to increase the price once the building got underway. Inflation, even in this remote village, was supposedly doing its work. But eventually the houses were complete, very nearly on the agreed schedule. And they were, just like the sheikh's house, cool, bright and comfy.

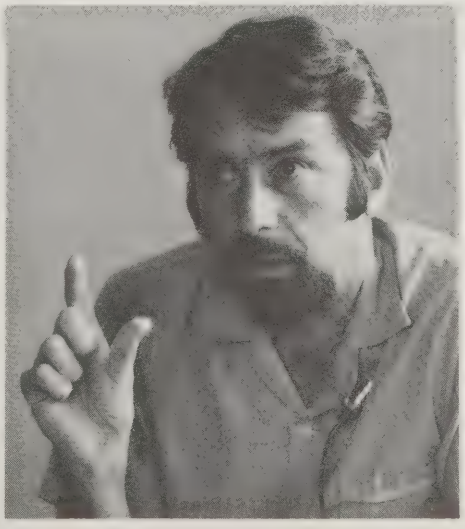
The center's guest book quickly scored admiring compliments on the appropriateness of the houses. Comfortable, local, handsome. The word had gone out that these foreigners trusted local artisans, traditional design and informal organization. For all practical purposes, this first project had implemented itself.

In a short time the center staff—an Australian married couple, two Italian volunteers and a local Borana couple—began outfitting the compound. A pit latrine, trees and shrubs everywhere and a little vegetable garden. In the one corner of the compound a tree nursery was taking shape. There were local trees, including a variety of acacias. There were fruit trees; mangoes, papaya, grapefruit and oranges, plus the winner, the guava* tree.

Meanwhile the thatched rondaaval has been multiplying itself. The self-help (harambee) secondary school has chosen the rondaaval for staff housing. Next door, the District Officer needed a guest wing and had a thatched rondaaval built. In the heat of the afternoon he is often seen relaxing under the thatch with his drink. A local Ministry of Works contingent chose rondaavals for its new staff housing. And local people who are upgrading their housing choose the "modernity" of the traditional thatched rondaaval. Something of a renaissance in traditional architecture seems to have been aroused, mobilizing local skills with local building materials.

Staff in the service center are now eating fruit from the trees; grapefruit, papaya, but most importantly, guava. For guava, as the sheikh confirmed, is a fruit mentioned in the holy Koran. As it happens, the service center has many hundreds of guava seedlings ready for distribution in the community.

guava — a fruit roughly the size of a small orange, comes in vanilla or orange flavors/colors. Has a thoroughly tropical taste and rates high in vitamin C.



David Fretz/EMBMC

Harold Miller who grew up in Hartville, Ohio, works in rural development for the National Christian Council of Kenya. He is also serving with Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities.

Working under Kenyan leaders, Miller is increasingly suspicious of western solutions to African questions.

Yorifumi Yaguchi, The Poet-Prophet

by Mary Alene Miller



Steve Toscar

The Zen Buddhist priest-monk tramped the lush Tohoku mountainsides making his calls, his grandson Yorifumi at his side. Yorifumi collected and carried the small bag of rice families offered in payment for the priest's services.

"Floating butterflies and bird-song, drinking with my grandfather at a waterfall — it was Eden," recalls Yorifumi Yaguchi, Japanese Mennonite poet. "And it ended with the War. Writers of my generation — I myself, have never gotten over the War. We can't get it out of our experience. We are struggling with the memory of those chaotic years, with the disillusionment. And we loathe the comforts of modern society that belie the fact our present security could all be swept away anytime."

Yaguchi speaks in precise, earnest English, an engaging smile occasionally breaking across his face. Now in his mid-forties, it was twenty years ago Yaguchi made the significant break with his literary contemporaries — in becoming a Christian. And although he still cohorts with a variety of Japanese and international poets, his discipleship and his educational career have set him apart.

Graduating from Northern Japan College in English literature, Yaguchi taught at a high school in Kushiro, Hokkaido, where he was gradually drawn into the fellowship of the Mennonite church. He went on to get a master's degree at International Christian University in Tokyo. Under the influence of Howard Charles's ministry in Japan, Yaguchi realized he needed to understand the message of the Bible to develop his faith. "Also I knew very little about how Christianity influenced English literature — a blind spot for all Japanese scholars." After receiving a B.D. from Goshen Biblical Seminary in 1965, Yaguchi returned to Hokkaido and became Professor of American Literature at Hokusei University, a United Church liberal arts institution in Sapporo.

I am appreciative of my home place, but I shall have to be honest.

Yaguchi regularly contributes essays and poetry to various Japanese literary journals, and in the last ten years has published four volumes of poetry: *Winter Myths, Resurrection,* (translated into English), *A Big Black Woman,* and *Night Forest. A Big Black Woman* was awarded the Hokkaido Poetry Society Prize in 1972 but in retrospect Yaguchi regrets succumbing to such petty recognition. "Why should poetry win at anything? Poetry should be prophetic. I should have refused that prize. Jeremiah would have."

That Yaguchi's poetry has a prophetic vein is undeniable. The secular press recognizes this genius; but there are some people across the spectrum of Japanese Christian piety whom a



Yorifumi Yaguchi

prophetic voice does not please. "Yes, I know some of my poems are criticized, but I have to write on the great themes of life — about the struggle between sin and salvation, madness and sanity, Christianity and paganism, darkness and light. My goal is, of course," — he flashes a reassuring smile — "to evolve toward light. Toward redemption and God, but basically I have no interest in portraying people who have no problems."

For the Yaguchis themselves there have been problems and tensions. Along with their two teen-age sons, Yaguchi and his wife, Mitsuko, fellowship with the Yuai group in Sapporo. Although they are the de facto leaders of the small congregation, Yaguchi with his understanding of New Testament leadership patterns, cannot bear the traditional sensei — teacher — image that dominates much Japanese Protestant church life. Yet there seems never enough time to dissolve the perils of "leadership" through lay fellowship, mutual caring and discussion at the small group level.

There is never enough time to write. Yaguchi has been lent for two years as a lecturer to Hokkaido University, greatly increasing the burden of his teaching load. But he is half-way through a new volume of poetry and essays.

"I am going to report to the Japanese community about my home place. Every writer does a work once in a lifetime on the home place, you know. I am going to write about Mennonites and Anabaptism. I'll include something on Menno Simons; something from *Martyrs Mirror.* There'll be poems protesting North American Mennonite wealth and areas of insensitivity. The good alongside the bad. I am appreciative of my home place" — that quick, engaging smile — "but I shall have to be honest."

Mary Alene Miller is a Missions Associate in Japan where she and her family have lived and worked since 1961.

A Bird

While flying
I doubted for a moment
that I was a bird

I turned my head
only to find
I had no wings and

the next moment
I started to
fall

— Yorifumi Yaguchi

Quito, Ecuador

In town
the whites live like whites
color t.v., air conditioners,
refrigerators, flush toilets and churches
savings piled up in the bank

And in the nearby mountains
Indians live as Indians do
uneducated, illiterate, barefoot

Between both groups, not a thing
in common
except for the fact that
neither envies the other
their life-style

— Yorifumi Yaguchi,
from Night Forest
— translated by Mary Alene Miller

The Opinion

One of Us

On May 4, 1979, a young German Mennonite terrorist, Elizabeth von Dyck, was shot by police in Nuremburg, West Germany.

We reprint here from **Mennonitische Blatter** *in translation, the cry of two young Mennonites who knew the woman. Their questions of responsibility and sadness tumble over each other in the meditation they wrote upon her death.*

With the smell and reality of violence increasingly heavy in the air, these tortured reflections are peculiarly timely and tenacious.

One of us is dead — chased and shot to death as a terrorist. One of us — Elizabeth von Dyck, having grown up in a Mennonite congregation some of us knowing her from youth camps. Her death by force and its questionable circumstances pose questions from which we cannot escape.

How can it happen, that young people from a church atmosphere, some of them even opposers of force, turn into terrorists and spread fear and anxiety among those to whom they wished to bring a new and better society, justice and peace? And how can it happen, that the only alternative to keep them from doing so, seems to be to chase them to death?

Where were we Christians when these people, with their conscience sharpened by the suffering in this world, quietly slipped into their brutally forceful and murdering activities? Together with Bishop Sharf we ask the question: "What have we failed to do for them, that they end up standing where they do, that they hardened themselves, not only towards the so-called ruling class, but towards society as a whole, in which they live . . .?"

Was it right for us to refuse offering them our understanding for their compassionate suffering for others, for their righteous indignation? Could we afford to refuse to become involved in their vision of peace and justice, of more humaneness in this world? Does not, here in our refusal, lie our co-responsibility with these people, who have strayed into error?

Wasn't there even real joy in not knowing them, not having anything to do with them for the sake of our reputatión in society? Didn't we just get huffy much too easily about those who joined them? But weren't we culpable just and exactly by not knowing them and not having cared about them? It is our responsibility as Christians to call the terrorists home out of their "hate, that destroys!" The Good Shepherd in the parable retrieves his lost sheep even then, when they have lost themselves in wandering off course so far that they cannot return by their own strength.

Death cannot be allowed to remain the only alternative for these people.

—Rainer Wiebe, Conny Wiebe-Franzen

LeRoy Troyer: Environment Designer



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer

When LeRoy Troyer was 15 years old, he broke the record in both track and broad jump at the Elkhart County Track Meet.

One unusual aspect of that accomplishment is that he had had polio the previous year and had overcome it through exercise "and the help of a higher power." The second unique factor was that he was an Old Order Amish boy at that time, and "Amish boys didn't go out for track."

Few stories from his life so illustrate the earnestness and drive of this Amish farm boy who has become a prominent architect and designer of environmental space in northern Indiana.

But the farmer in him constantly prevails over his work. He loves the earth. "I'm sort of a naturalist in design," he says. "As the top soil goes, so goes the nation. And Mennonites have a lot of control over top soil."

This mixture of skilled architect and respecter of nature was born on November 23, 1937 on a farm near Middlebury, Indiana. The youngest of four children, he attended the Middlebury public school until he was 16, then dropped out, much against his own wishes.

He maintains great respect for his Amish past. He keeps discovering ways in which it gifted him for his present life. For instance, he considers himself a generalist and attributes that broadness to his background, the stress on practicality, and the relationship to the soil.

His parents were open to non-Amish friends. He read a lot as a child. And he started to draw early in life. His father enjoyed building things. Troyer saw his first blueprints when he was in fourth grade. It sparked an excitement inside him which still stirs him.

When he turned twenty, he married Phyllis Eigsti from Goshen. They had met at the youth fellowship of the Goshen College Mennonite Church. She had no brothers or sisters, and her parents both died within two years after she graduated from high school. The Troyers have three sons: Terry (20), and twins Don and Ron (17).

Today LeRoy Troyer has five partners and heads his own growing architecture firm, LeRoy Troyer & Associates in Mishawaka, Indiana. They build commercial buildings, restaurants, retirement homes, churches, and experimental homes. They also specialize in land planning and environmental design.

"We are all a product of our environment," he says, "I'm trying to design people places. I see myself a lot as a facilitator. I work with people, not so much for people."

It was a tough road from high school dropout to respected architect. And Troyer still seems breathless about it all. He graduated from tracing other architects' drawings to doing his own, with no formal training. But after six years he decided to go back to school, got some college work, was admitted to Notre Dame University, and graduated in 1971 with a degree in architecture. "It was difficult to adjust to the academic approach," he admits, his broad face calm, his big blue eyes steady.

He and his family spent a year in Rome and he became deeply involved in the development of environmental concerns. He attended various international conferences, including the United Nations — sponsored Conference on Human Environment in Stockholm in 1972.

Troyer lives with a sense of pioneering. Perhaps that explains the sense of urgency and impatience which he sees as his greatest weakness. He seems like an explorer who's racing to find out what all he missed by getting a late start.

When he shares his image of many Mennonites, it is strikingly graphic and troubling: "They are like cows who break into a cornfield," he says, "who bloat themselves and die."

Yet he's a thoughtful, dedicated Christian. He cares about space use in church buildings. He's concerned about relationships with his employees and his clients. He and his wife helped begin Kern Road Chapel, a Mennonite Church in South Bend. Even his business brochure states that Troyer's firm's goal is to "Serve with Love."

He lives with a sense of mission, to help his people respect the top soil more, to plan their space to serve people rather than cars, and to help Mennonites adjust from the farm to urban environments.

"I don't want to be remembered as an architect who designed monuments," he says, "I want to serve people."





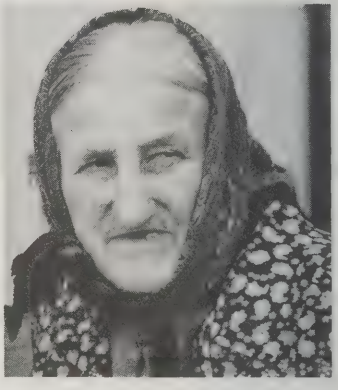


Photos by FQ/Kenny Pellman

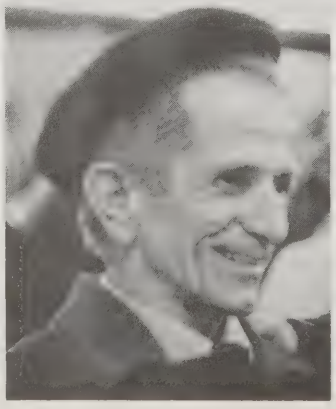
Who are the Umsiedler?

Umsiedler are people who legally migrate from the Soviet Union (and a few other Eastern European countries) to West Germany to live. To qualify for emigration, a person must receive an invitation from a close relative living in Germany who will take some responsibility for the emigre's resettlement. An umsiedler's religious background has nothing to do with his or her being chosen. Baptists, Catholics, Mennonites and those with no religious affiliation are selected.













This spread is designed as a poster. Lift staples to remove.

Who Are The Umsiedler?





How is one chosen to be an Umsiedler?

By first of all being fortunate enough to have a relative in Germany offer an invitation. One then makes application to the government — an expensive and risky move since it makes one immediately suspect. Applicants frequently lose their jobs.

Only about 10% of those who apply are selected. It is not unusual for an individual to apply half a dozen or more times.

What happens when one is selected for resettlement?

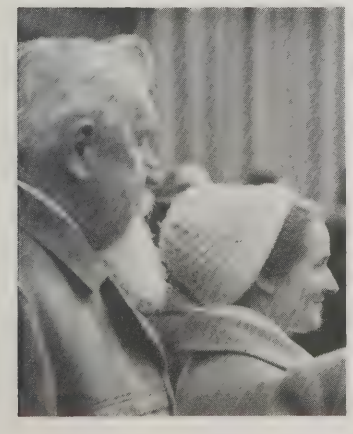
All Umsiedler arrive in Friedland, West Germany; from there they are sent throughout the German states.

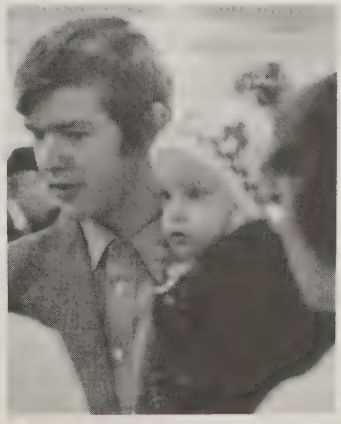
Unna-massen, near Essen in northcentral Germany, is one of the largest way stations (pictured). Every morning buses filled with Umsiedler roll into the village. Every morning family and friends wait for the buses to see if their loved ones are aboard.

There the emmigrants spend two weeks in barracks completing their papers; then disperse to make new homes in a foreign world. The experience is often shattering. Modern western society seems pagan. The church is not as they remembered.

Is the Mennonite church involved in resettling these emmigrants?

Together, the European Mennonites (IMO) and Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) provide staff in Unna-massen and other nearby towns to help Umsiedler find relatives, friends, and a church community.









"We used to call my Grandma's land Red Dirt."

Red Dirt

Poetry by Pam Heap of Birds



Pam Heap of Birds is a 17 year old Cheyenne Indian from Clinton, Oklahoma. She has been writing poetry since she was 13. She attends Koinonia Mennonite Church; her hope for the future is to be a newspaper reporter.

Nut

Oh, tiny innocent nut,
trapped inside a shell.
Not knowing or caring.
Just minding your own business.
Crack!
Someone steps on you!

Massacre at Sand Creek

In the shadows of the rising sun
the women's work had just begun.
The birds and bees ceased to sing and hum
the animals felt what was to come.
Little children played by the river bed
the day the soldiers ran the river red.
The old chief Black Kettle solemnly did pray
as the soldiers killed his people that dark day.
Two flags (of America and Peace) were flown
but soldiers ignored these as clearly shown.
They killed as many as they could
Old men, women and children as they tried to hide.
All this my elders so do speak
of the massacre at Sand Creek.

Red Dirt

At one time it was
a place to play
hide and seek and house
a place of fun and laughter.

Then somewhere in time
I found it a place of solitude
for long walks by myself
to think and remember.

It used to be my grandma's land
nothing but rock, wild flowers,
deep crevasses and bushes,
it was warm there.

It's all levelled off now.
Nothing is wild or familiar.
Houses will soon be there
and me with nowhere to go.

Young and Old Grow Together

Messiah Village Retirement Center has a delightfully intriguing mix of young and old. From 7:15 a.m. til 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, children, residents and staff share the same halls. In this unique day care center, children have their times alone pursuing their well planned educational curriculum, as well as time with Village residents. Not only do three year olds have to grow, but so do eighty-three year olds, and here's an example of doing it jointly. Frequently guests go to classrooms to teach cooking or to demonstrate some special treasure, but for residents confined to bed, the children reverse the visit by going to their rooms.



Allied Pix Photo

There may be some disgruntled feelings among the residents about noisy children clambering through the corridors or some fears that the children may be repelled by dimmed vision or wrinkled skin. But those initial cautions rapidly give way to friend and family feelings; to enjoyment with and appreciation for each other. One of the most important understandings all Messiah Villagers are learning is that it's natural, expected, and perfectly all right to be old.

It is difficult to determine who gets or gives the most joy at Messiah Village. "The children's voices and activities add another dimension to my life," said one resident. Another summed it up, "I just love them and you can tell the world that if you want."

New Books on Aging

Several books have recently been published on the subject of aging. **Festival Quarterly** lists these titles as resources, without specifically recommending them:

Menno's Memo is a newsletter published by the Golden Age Society, 2494 Clearbrook Road, Clearbrook, British Columbia, focusing on Mennonite heritage interests in the Frazer Valley.

The Golden Age Cookbook, published by Houghton Mifflin, is aimed at helping overcome the difficulty of preparing nutritional, moderately priced, easy meals. Printed in large type, this cookbook has suggestions for leftovers and imaginative vegetarian dishes.

Painting for the Leisure Years is a "how-to" book covering how to get started, care and use of needed materials, composition and design, and painting styles.

Until the Singing Stops is a collection of 20 interviews by Don Gold with people who have had full, vigorous lives and whose spirit and zest for life hasn't diminished with years.

Aging is a Family Affair (Crowell) is for families who are learning to cope with an older person in their home. Experts write in easily understood language.

Introduction to Educational Gerontology is a collection of findings and counsel about teachings and learning among older people. (Hemisphere)

Aging, Death, and the Completion of Being has Erik Erikson, Leslie Fielder and Peter Lasleff as some of its writers who deal with philosophic and religious themes.

For All Your Seasons is a compilation of Carnegi Samuel Calian's columns which have appeared in the John Knox Press publication, **Enquiry.**

Gehman Keeps PA German Alive and Aloud

Saag, Kannscht due Deitsch schwetze?
Un kannscht du's verschteh?
Dutt's Englisch dich petze?
Macht's Deitsch dir Heemweh?

Free translation —
Say, can you speak German?
Its mood comprehend?
Does English restrict you?
Is "Dutch" an old friend?

Ernest G. Gehman is committed to keeping Pennsylvania German alive, active, and refreshed in both our minds and mouths. Aside from the possible half million Pennsylvania German speakers in the U.S. and Canada, and the numerous more who understand the dialect, Gehman is rallying support for the language from anyone who simply "wants to learn more about it."

With its origin in the Palatinate Region of southeast Germany, Pennsylvania German is frequently called Pennsylvania Dutch. It arrived in Germantown near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1683 as the language of the Mennonite settlers who came there. By now it has spread to nearly every state and several provinces in Canada and "is not restricted to one religious group," according to Gehman.



Proving his strong support for the dialect, Dr. Gehman, who taught German at Eastern Mennonite College for 50 years and Pennsylvania German over 15 years, has prepared a cassette tape, "Gedichde Un Geschichde" (poems and stories). On the tape professor Gehman reads in Pennsylvania German twelve of his original poems and twelve of his own true short stories. Many of these are humorous "but convey a serious point," he explains.

The cassettes are available from Mr. Gehman, 1531 Hillcrest Drive, Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801.

New Light on Old Assumptions

Carl and Irene Smucker, Aging Ministries resource persons for Mennonite Central Committee, have found that pastors are spending increasing amounts of time ministering to older adults and their families. In some Mennonite congregations, 25 to 50 percent of the members are 65 years or older.

One myth quickly destroyed by the Smuckers' data is that most elderly are ill, physically incapacitated or senile. Enlightening statistics are that 90 percent of persons 65 and older are mobile, eight percent need assistance and only two percent are institutionalized because of immobility.

New Aging Magazine Underway

The pilot issue for a new magazine on aging is in the works. Lorne Peachey, editor of **Christian Living,** is hard at work on the inter-Mennonite publication. Still in its planning stages, the experiment is funded by the Schowalter Foundation.



Beverly Tate, left, narrated "On the Go"; Eileen Morris, center, played Rowena Lark; her husband, Alex Morris, right, played James Lark in the Rehoboth Mennonite Church production.

Larks' Lives Captured In Drama

James Lark, born in 1888 in Savannah, Georgia, was the only black bishop ordained by the Mennonite Church in the United States. When the Rehoboth Mennonite Church in St. Anne, Illinois, recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday, the congregation wrote and performed a drama, "On the Go for God: The Life of Bishop James and Sister Rowena Lark." The Rehoboth Church had begun under the Larks' leadership.

"I guess since 'Roots' we are much more aware of the eternal quality of people," commented Pauline Lehman, writer of the drama and wife of the church's pastor. "We felt the story of our founders would make our anniversary special and minister to our need for roots, for a connection with who we are as a church, why we are here and where we should be going. People of the caliber and dedication of the Larks need to be remembered."

Situated 60 miles south of Chicago, the Rehoboth fellowship numbers about 40. The group found definition as they prepared the play; then performed it in their own church and some neighboring congregations. Said Beverly Tate who narrated "On the Go," "To know Sister Lark through this play has revived me as a mother, homemaker, and Sunday School teacher. I have gained a new momentum as a Christian."

Exhilarated but exhausted, Pauline Lehman remarked, "We find drama an excellent tool for expression and development of talent, but, oh, the work of production!"

In addition to being memorialized through "On the Go," the Mennonite Board of Missions in Elkhart, Indiana, recently instituted the James and Rowena Lark Home Missions Award. Why? "Quite simply, the reason is to call attention to Mennonite mission work in North America," explains the Missions staff. What's more, James and Rowena Lark "not only planted numerous churches . . . they were largely responsible for helping the North American Mennonite Church break out of a narrow, mono-racial, cultural, and sociological mold."

Regier's Art Chosen for Postcard

A painting by Robert Regier, Bethel College professor of art (and a columnist for **Festival Quarterly**) has been chosen as part of a postcard series issued by the Association of Community Arts Councils of Kansas.

Regier is one of fifteen Kansas artists to receive an award for his painting, done especially to postcard size. His original painting will tour the state during 1980.

Russian Wall Clocks Built Again

The old wall clocks which traditionally hung in Russian Mennonite homes are being made again by John W. Peters, a Mennonite living in Mexico.

The treasured clocks are now heirloom rarities. Peters has made at least six by disassembling one of the original Russian models; then copying its parts and workings.

Mennonite Magazines Reflect Changing Interests

Mennonite magazines have always been one force for cohesion among our farflung peoplehood.

The **Mennonitische Rundschau** (**MR**) is 103 years old. It has been published continually since 1877 when John F. Funk launched it as a four-page paper to keep touch with the prairie states and provinces.

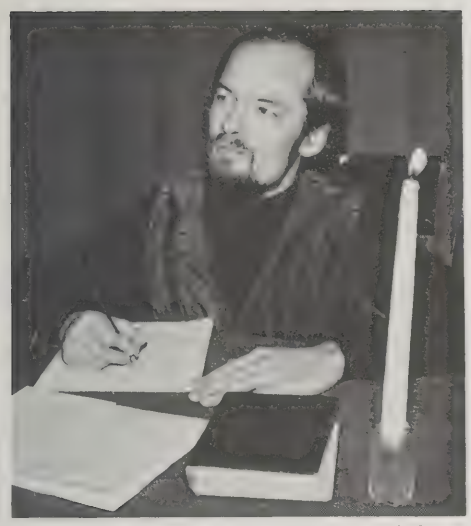
Although today the **MR** goes to Canada, the United States, Germany, Brazil, and Paraguay, readership is down to 4300 (from 7400 in 1957). But the paper stands between the traditional world and the changing modern one, "as a link between the immediate past and the immediate future," comments editor Abe Schellenberg.

Published in German, the **MR** speaks mostly to older people. "A group of people such as the Mennonites cannot make the transition from one language to another without suffering a considerable loss in heritage, unity, tradition, and above all, in selbstbewustein (self-confidence). I think we should make every effort to minimize this loss. Here's where the **MR** can serve a sort of rear-guard action, calling back to those who are fading away behind us in the distance and at the same time carefully watching those in the vanguard."

Two Mennonite magazines read in Russia have been partly preserved on microfilm. **Der Botschafter** from 1911-1914 and the **Odessaer Zeitung** from 1889-1914 which were read in the Ukraine, were recently donated to Bluffton (Ohio) College's Mennonite Historical Library.

Launched in the fall of 1979 was **The Out-Spokin' Quarterly**, a free publication produced by Mennonite Board of Missions' biking ministry. **Out-Spokin'** will report on past and future hikes and related news notes.

Dialogue is an 8-page newsletter published by the Brethren/Mennonite Council for Gay Concerns. The third issue appeared in December, 1979. The Council and **Dialogue**, in turn, seeks "to provide support for Brethren and Mennonite gay people, and their parents, spouses, relatives, and friends; to foster dialogue between gay and nongay people in the churches; and to provide accurate information about homosexuality from the social sciences, biblical studies, and theology."



Jim Harder

John Harder in his role as Conrad Grebel.

Father and Son Work Together on Drama

"The Confession of an Anabaptist Ringleader" is a one-man drama by Leland Harder, presently pastor of the St. Louis Mennonite Fellowship.

John Harder, student at Bethel College and son of Leland and Bertha Harder, performed the two-hour series of vignettes on the Bethel campus, January 21, the 455th anniversary of Anabaptism's beginnings. Presently he is fielding numerous requests to perform the drama elsewhere.

A professor on leave from the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, Leland Harder recently edited Conrad Grebel's letters and related documents surrounding the founding and early years of Anabaptism in Zurich.

Although most of the drama directly quotes Grebel's own writing, Harder has enlarged on documented history by having him converse with his twentieth century audience.

EMC's Continuing Ed Offers Arts

Eastern Mennonite College in its current Continuing Education program has focused on making certain of the arts accessible. Offered are "Beginning Weaving," "Photography: Camera Techniques and Composition," "Intermediate Ceramics," "The Mennonite Experience in America," and "Diction for Musicians."

cultural calendar

"Ich Sende Euch," 50th anniversary drama of Russian Mennonites coming to Brazil, Bage, Brazil, February 2, 3.

Annual Associates Valentine's Gathering, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, February 13, 14.

Memorial Unveiling, marking 50th anniversary of Mennonite migrations from Russia, Bage, Brazil, February 17.

"Mennonites, Media, and Messages," an Eastern Urban Mennonite Student and Young Adult Services seminar, Friends Meeting House and Vanderbilt YMCA, New York, N.Y., February 22-24.

Creative Worship/Drama Workshop, Part I, with Urie Bender and Bertha Landers, Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ont., 9:00 a.m., February 23.

Faculty Art Exhibit, "Birds of Clay and Other Clay Things," by Jerry Lapp, Library Gallery, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, now through February 23.

Winter Cultural Series featuring Story-telling with Al Keim and Lupe DeLeon, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, 8:00 p.m., February 25, 26.

Fine Arts Evening, Rockway Mennonite School, Kitchener, Ont., 8:00 p.m., February 29.

Art Exhibit with paintings by Stan Kaufman, Hesston (KS) College's Little Gallery, March 2—April 3.

Fine Arts Festival, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, March 4-6.

Bach Festival, Bluffton (OH) College, March 5-9.

Bethel College Players in spring drama, "All My Sons," Krehbiel Auditorium, Bethel College, North Newton, KS, 8:00 p.m., March 6-8.

"Celebrate Life," Burl Red's musical to be performed by Grades 7 & 8, Locust Grove Mennonite School, Lancaster, PA, 7:30 p.m., March 7.

"The Professionalization of Personal Services," a workshop with Frank Ward, Wallace Shellenberger, Jan Evans, Don Kraybill and Ruth Krall, Goshen (IN) College, March 7-9.

"Koinonia," by Larry Warkentin, performed by the Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra, Fresno (CA) Convention Center Theatre, March 13 and 14.

Senior Art Shows, Gallery, Goshen (IN) College, now through March 14.

Choral Society Concert, Messiah College Chapel, Grantham, PA, 7:00 p.m., March 16.

Third Annual Visual Arts Conference with Paul Friesen, Tom Schenk, and Dorcas Hanbury, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, March 21,22.

Annual Student Art Exhibition, Gallery, Goshen (IN) College, March 23—April 9.

Spring Arts Festival, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, March 27-29.

Eastern Mennonite College (EMC) drama guild production, Chapel-Auditorium, EMC, Harrisonburg, VA, 8:00 p.m., March 27-29.

22nd Annual "Schmeckfest," Pioneer Hall, Freeman (S.D.) Junior College, 4:00-7:30 p.m., March 27-29.

Lancaster-Franconia Choral Singers, performing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," Lancaster, PA, March 29; Christopher Dock High School, Lansdale, PA, March 30.

Music Festival, sponsored by the Canadian Association of Mennonite Schools, will feature 10 choirs and directors from western Canadian schools, Winnipeg (MAN) Concert Hall, March 30.

Student Art Show, Library Gallery, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, March 30—April 23.

Stage Band Concert, Messiah College Campus Center, Grantham, PA, 7:30 p.m., April 8.

Messiah College Players in "Shake the Country," Campus Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, 8:00 p.m, April 10-12.

Mennonite Senior High School Music Festival, Christopher Dock High School, Lansdale, PA, April 12, 13.

Creative Worship/Drama Workshop, Part II, with Urie Bender and Bertha Landers, Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ont., 9:00 a.m., April 12 and 26.

Grantham Oratorio Society Concert performing Handel's "Messiah," Campus Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, 3:00 p.m., April 13.

Mennonite Central Committee Annual Relief Sale, Reedley, CA, April 12.

Third Annual West Coast Men's Chorus, Paul Wohlgemuth conducting, Fresno, CA, April 14.

Chamber Orchestra Concert, Campus Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, 8:00 p.m., April 15.

National Conference on Faith and Learning, Bethel College, North Newton, KS, April 17-19.

Saturday Seminar #6 for People's Place Associates, featuring Marlin Miller, "Why I Read the Bible," at Historic Strasburg Restaurant, Strasburg, PA, April 19.

Lancaster Chamber Singers, performing Vivaldi's "Gloria," at St. Stephens Episcopal Church, Harrisburg, PA, 3:30 p.m., April 20.

First Alumni Art Show, Library Gallery, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, April 25-27.

Lancaster Chamber Singers performing Vivaldi's "Gloria," St. Peter's UCC Church, Lancaster, PA, 8:00 p.m., April 25.

Lancaster Chamber Singers performing Vivaldi's "Gloria," Lititz, PA, 4:00 p.m., April 27.

President's Concert (Wind Ensemble), Campus Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, 3:00 p.m., April 27.

Mennonite Festival of the Arts with guest artist Jan Gleysteen, Conestoga Mall, Waterloo, Ont., 1:00 p.m., April 29.

Mennonite Junior High School Music Festival, Lancaster (PA) Mennonite High School, May 3.

Coming . . .

A page of FQ in future issues will be devoted to Worldwide Mennonite News, highlighting newsworthy projects, happenings, works of art, and individuals from our diverse peoplehood internationally.

We ask everyone to help this succeed. Please send us notes about potters, poets, singers, actors, festivals, celebrations, creativity in family, filmmaking, painters, craftspersons, authors, editors, dancers, creative farming, energy ideas, food, and humor — and faith at work around the world.

Thanks.

Milking Room Meditation

by Keith Helmuth

Our dairy herd is small and we milk by hand. Each goat receives a can of grain at milking time and is allowed to clean it up before being brought down from the milking stand. Since I can easily milk faster than they can eat there is always a bit of time to lean my head back against the stanchion frame and, with my ear about six inches from the doe's munching, have a little meditation. The rhythmic action of milking is rounded off between each animal with a small space of quietness.

Into such times comes most frequently a sense of nourishment. How could it be otherwise? The sounds of an active digestive system are already rising from the belly of the doe as the grain begins it's translation into animal tissue, milk, and fertile manure. The foam crackles softly in the milk pail and the kids, who are still on bottles, threaten to bring down the dutch doors which hold them at bay. Across the yard in the big barn the buck, who completes this tribe of goats, makes a plaintive inquiry after his nightly ration of grain and rattles his chain. Such is the silence of my meditation.

The good shepherd behaves, in all respects, like a mother.

I think of the milk; chilled within the hour, used within several days. There is a sense of wholeness about this food. I think of the herd; does, buck, and kids. They form a whole process which feeds the larger process of the farm, sending nourishment through our family, neighbors, and customers beyond.

I find the images of this process to be bedrock. I find in them a nutritional wholeness and a spiritual wholeness. I have been told by those who have a professional interest in theology that there is nothing particularly Christian about such a vision. Many a good "pagan" could say the same. But is it not true that such wholeness is a mark of God? The order of creation, of which we are but one small part, is marked throughout with eloquent wholeness and while we, with good reason, may feel bowed and broken, it is always to the healing reconciliation of this wholeness that we are called and lifted.

There is a tension in spiritual life between conserving and exploring. We feel, on the one hand, the need to maintain the strength of inherited images, and, on the other, the desire for still fuller openings and a growing edge to spiritual perception. The Spirit that nurtures the springs of wholeness in the soul moves us to engage with both promptings. Our work is to harmonize these two octaves of experience.

Between these two it is not always clear where the emphasis is needed and sometimes the very effort to conserve a heritage can lead to a surprizingly new sense of spiritual horizon. Such, at least, is my report from the experience of managing a small dairy herd. The sense of wholeness which arises from this work is shaped by what I can only call the mothering aspect of God's life.

Viewing life from the seat of the milking stand is only one of my vocational perspectives, but as I have continued to step into it day by day, season by season, and year by year, I have felt a gentle nudge grow into a sustaining conviction: It is the mothering aspect of God that speaks most clearly throughout the circle of creation and the common round of daily life. The good shepherd behaves, in all respects, like a mother.

For the winter we move the does and kids back to the big barn where the hay is stored. The buck still calls for grain but with a softer note. The mother rabbits go silently about their business of preparing for new litters by lining the nest boxes with wool pulled from their own chests. The milking stand is returned to its place between the grain barrels on the west wall and soon the does will be dry.

Kidding will begin in February and once again milking will become the discipline which begins and ends each day. A discipline which absorbs both body and mind into that great stream of nourishment which comes to us from time beyond knowing, and which we call the life of God.



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

A Thank You Note

by James and Jeanette Krabill

To Our Brothers and Sisters at home—

Since the lead article in this morning's local newspaper concerns both us and you, it seems only right that we should send a choice excerpt your direction. It reads as follows:

> The difficulties which President Carter is presently experiencing are the proof, once again, that the American people are not ready to change. What does Carter want? To "humanize" a bit this society obsessed with materialistic preoccupations and its "American way of life"—synonymous with wastefulness. Faced with the energy crisis, Carter's first move was to reduce oil imports, thus promising to eventually reduce America's oil consumption as well. But the people are opposed, refusing to give up the extravagant living to which they are accustomed and unwilling to accept the sacrifices which such restrictive measures would impose upon them . . . As a matter of fact, can one expect to change overnight the habits of a people who have lived in abundance and wastefulness for more than a century?

Now it might be possible for **some** Americans ministering overseas to casually read and lay aside this morning's paper, calmly finish off their remaining **cafe au lait** and contentedly paddle out into the streets, happy to be starting another day's activities of announcing the Good News to the blinded masses of Africa.

It should be obvious to **most** of us, however, that the feature story hitting this morning's newsstand is not quite that "neutral" and will in fact make today's assignment of Christian witness in Ivory Coast just that much more difficult than was yesterday's. For at least two reasons. In the first place, the masses aren't nearly as blind as one might suppose—they have, after all, just finished reading the same news item as have we and "American announcers of the Good News" are, for all they know, no different than the other Americans described above. Which means, secondly, that the Good News we **think** we're proclaiming is this morning—and every morning—being redefined, whether we like it or not, by the daily press.

"But isn't the Good News primarily a **spiritual** matter and thus unrelated to American piggishness and other such politico-economic realities?" Let's stop kidding ourselves. The only people asking such questions in today's world are the ones squatting comfortably on "the goodies" . . . and in no mood to relinquish their first-class seats. No, if we are to remain—or shall we say become—credible as Good News carriers, something more convincing will be required.

Which explains this thank you note. For we've been hearing that some of you have taken recently to hopping rides with a friend rather than each driving separately to common destinations; that others have voluntarily lowered thermostats in dwellings overnight; and that still others have stopped letting their silverware run their lives.

Insignificant piddling? Yes. But mostly no. For these are precisely the types of actions which permit your brothers and sisters overseas to say, "You know that article about Americans in the morning paper? Well, they're not **all** like that. We are in fact sent here by a people who for Carter's cause—and for Christ's sake—are dedicating themselves more and more to another way."

We receive frequent letters from folks wanting to contribute to missions. "What can we send your way—Jell-O? underwear? more prayers? Please let us know your needs! We want to help!" How do we say this tactfully . . . in a brotherly, sisterly fashion? If you really want to be "lights of the world" . . . turn a few more out. You're "shining so brightly before men," you may be what's causing their blindness.

From two Americans abroad

James and Jeanette Krabill, Mission Associates under the Mennonite Board of Missions, live in Ivory Coast, West Africa, where they are available to the independent African Churches.

FQ's Dis-Quest

A new feature in FESTIVAL QUARTERLY each issue will feature a pertinent question for discussion. We invite all readers to participate in "Dis-Quest;" we will attempt to put together each time a group of responses representative of many of the Mennonite-related groups worldwide. Responses should be brief, very specific, and as interesting as possible. Tell a story if you like.

Question for next issue's "Dis-Quest":

"What symbols are important to your group? How did your symbols develop? How do you discard symbols?

Send your response to:
"Dis-Quest"
FESTIVAL QUARTERLY
2497 Lincoln Highway East
Lancaster, PA 17602
Deadline: March 20, 1980

Things That Life is Too Short For

by Doris Longacre

On April 30, 1978, Doris Longacre preached a sermon at Akron (PA) Mennonite Church, "Not an Answer But a Presence." She concluded her message with the list printed below. This list was also read at her memorial service at the Akron Church on November 13, 1979.



Doris Longacre, who compiled **More-with-Less Cookbook**, *was at the time of her death at work on a sequel for MCC having to do with broader areas of more-with-less living.*

- Life is too short to ice cakes. Cakes are good without icing.
- Life is too short to read all the church periodicals.
- Life is too short not to write regularly to your parents.
- Life is too short to eat factory baked bread.
- Life is too short to keep all your floors shiny.
- It's too short to let a day pass without hugging your spouse and each of your children.
- Life is too short to nurse grudges and hurt feelings.
- It's too short to worry about getting ready for Christmas. Just let Christmas come.
- Life is too short to spend much money on neckties and earrings.
- It's too short for nosey questions like "How do you like your new pastor?" or if there's been a death, "How is he taking it?"
- It's too short to be gone from home more than a few nights a week.
- It's too short not to take a nap when you need one.
- It's too short to give importance to whether purses match shoes or towels match bathrooms.
- It's too short to stay indoors when the trees turn color in fall, when it snows or when the spring blossoms come out.
- Life is too short to miss the call to worship on a Sunday morning.
- It's too short for bedspreads that are too fancy to sleep under.
- Life is too short to work in a room without windows.
- Life is too short to put off Bible study.
- It's too short to put off improving our relationships with the people that we live with.

What to Do at Family Reunions

by Jewel Showalter

With grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins a continent away, I missed attending family reunions until my teen years.

Special times with other missionary families and Ethiopian friends brought comparable feasting and festivities — but then I was innocently unaware of what an art it is to load a beautiful long table with special foods and even more important, to organize the time together to interest everyone from latest-born-cousin to Grandpa.

Invariably the adults want quality time to discuss and reminisce. Children clamor for ball games and swimming pools.

How can those times of family togetherness meet everyone's expectations? Here are a few ideas that have worked at family gatherings I've been part of.

One Wenger family favorite is a backyard corn roast. Daddy has perfected the skill by putting a layer of corn still in the husk in large rectangular pans over an outdoor fireplace. He sprinkles the corn with water and keeps it covered with wet burlap sacks which he periodically soaks as the corn steam-roasts.

Meanwhile everyone else is involved carrying out chairs, food and table settings, pouring drinks or passing football high overhead. Several cluster around the fireplace to melt butter for brushing on the corn, fan up the fire, and check on the progress of the roasting ears.

That works fine for summer gatherings, but reunions happen year round. Families including several married couples will enjoy playing a tailor-made version of the Newly-Wed Game. Questions like, "If you could change one thing about your mate, what would it be?" are addressed to wives in husbands' absence. The absentee mates come back and score points for correctly guessing what their partners answered. Such a game helps to open discussions about communication and family life.

It's fun to have each nuclear family plan a skit, reading, game or activity to present to the whole group. Have everyone draw a number from a hat and make presentations in that order. Young children enjoy the variety and suspense.

At Showalter family gatherings we have sometimes used outside babysitters for an afternoon so the adults could have time for uninterrupted sharing and prayer together without needing to hush restless children. It's impossible to always keep everyone's attention and interest — but that's what family is all about — give and take.

The Showalters have a joke about Mom's programs. She gets blamed for interrupting games and conversations to call the family together to sit through a program — a time when family members share a sort of spiritual pilgrimage since last reunion time. Now some of those who complained most about her "boring" programs are the most avid program supporters. Just make sure Mom has a kleenex box handy before the program begins . . .

As families grow older and more diverse it's harder to find common interests and shared experiences. Our closest friends are often not our siblings, but associates from work, school, or church.

But there's something extra special in a closeness of blood and spirit.

Jewel Showalter spends her time mothering her three children — Chad, Rhoda, and Matthew — and writing an occasional article. She and her husband, Richard, live in Mechanicsburg, Ohio.



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Rx for winter joy: Hot cocoa, an easy chair, and one of these:



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The View from East Jerusalem
by John A. Lapp
A timely book that clarifies many of the issues in the Middle East conflict. Perceptive analysis and comment by a dedicated Christian pacifist.
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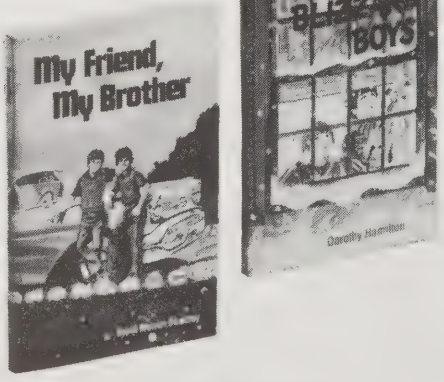
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The Book We Call the Bible
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A clear and simple presentation that emphasizes that the Bible is God-inspired; that Christ is the full and final revelation of God; and that on all points, Christ is the final authority.
Paper, $.95; in Canada $1.10

A Faith to Live By
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Brief statements on a wide range of topics from Conrad Grebel, Michael Sattler, Pilgram Marpeck, Dirk Philips, and Menno Simons.
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This Very Day
by David F. Barr
A haunting novel about the last week before the crucifixion through the eyes of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. The story takes the reader to meet Christ afresh, as a criminal might, and makes you realize that no matter how debased your life, Christ offers cleansing and forgiveness.
Cloth, $7.95; in Canada $9.20

For Children



My Friend, My Brother
by David W. Swartley
Eric Miller, twelve, enjoyed his life in a small Indiana town—except when Jon Simon made fun of him for being a Mennonite. Later, Eric learns of Jon's tragic childhood and overcomes his hatred through understanding and friendship. For 9-to-14-year-olds.
Hardcover, $4.50; in Canada $5.20
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Unexpected adventure and excitement when Doug is snowed in with his mother by a howling blizzard. When Craig and his dog, Scamp, are rescued by snowmobile and brought to Doug's house for the night, the boys and their families grow closer together.
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Herald Press
Scottdale, PA 15683
Kitchener, ON N2G 4M5

Dialogue With a Flat Plane

by Robert Regier

Painters who engage others in conversation about their work often encounter a common assumption about the birth and development of ideas. The assumption is that visual ideas evolve in a logical, sequential manner — from conception, to plan, to execution. This notion isn't surprising. It has been our problem solving pattern since our very first Boy Scout, 4-H, or Home Economics project. For most it would be hard to imagine an alternative scheme. We would be reluctant to hire a cabinet maker or carpenter who didn't follow the scheme.

How could I possibly keep a line moving if I didn't know where it was going?

Imagine designing a building as it is built, or determining its function when it nears completion! No, the conception-plan-execution sequence is deeply rooted, and clearly appropriate for many contexts — including home building.

Yet, there may be other viable patterns for problem solving, though this suggestion is often met with some bewilderment. One of my first drawing teachers had little patience for any who would sit in the classroom "thinking up" an idea. His retort was that ideas didn't exist until they were expressed in line. "If you don't know what to do, start drawing." That paradoxical phrase ran counter to any previous conditioning I might have had, and certainly escalated my anxiety level. How could I possibly keep a line moving if I didn't know where it was going? How could a line lead to an idea? Don't ideas lead to lines?

That first conscious scrambling of my tidy problem-solving sequence opened the door ever so slightly to a world of intuitive problem solving that was old, but completely new to me. Is it possible to move from execution to conception? I think so. Moreover, awareness of this reversal may be a useful prerequisite for relating to a broad spectrum of contemporary paintings.

Painting is a dialogue with a flat plane — rarely a monologue. Oh, I'm not suggesting that it's inappropriate to have a preconception about our intention with the flat canvas only an arms length away. But once a few marks are on the plane, a dialogue begins. What do the marks tell me? How do they influence the next move?

The conversation intensifies with each new gesture, shape, or color. The canvas and the painter are conversational equals. Unless I'm stubborn, insensitive — or both; the configuration already before me will have as much to say about the next move as any cerebral preconception still lurking in my head.

As we know, dialogues can alter intentions, change assumptions. They can even turn one completely around. A person forever unchanged by dialogue is probably to be pitied. A painter unchanged by an evolving painting may not require our pity, but could be making yet another needless contribution to a cultural stockpile of lifeless images.

Needless to say, the approaches to the formation of visual images are many and varied. But if a painter confesses that the "content" of an already well-formed painting is yet to be determined, the admission need not be regarded as a tragedy or a cynical joke. That person just might be in the heart of an exploration that could extend the perceptual boundaries of all, painter included.

Where ideas come from and just how they take form continues to be a mystery for me. Creativity seems to ignore predictable patterns. Sometimes it can spring from dialogue — at least with a flat plane.



Robert Regier is a practicing artist and professor of art at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

A Mennonite Your Way Wedding

Mennonite-Your-Way has now stimulated a romance.

"We have just been to a Mennonite Your Way wedding! Ulrich Burkhalter was an MCC trainee from Switzerland in 77-78. At the end of his year in the U.S. he with his parents traveled across the states Mennoniting their way. The night they stayed with Fisher's in Talcum, Kentucky, Ulrich met Tammy Gribsby, one of the girls in the church at Talcum. They agreed to write and a year later Ulrich returned for a visit and proposed.

"Because of his experience with U.S. Mennonites, when he returned to Switzerland Ulrich took a C.O. position which resulted in a 3 month jail term (since the Swiss don't recognize the C.O.'s). That completed he is back again and we have just attended the wedding in Talcum, Kentucky!"

Ruth Davidhizar
Goshen, Indiana

Mennonite-Your-Way Directories are available by completing the form below.

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A Brotherhood Of Typesetters

by Jan Gleysteen

Last year we were asked to do a printing job for an international audience. "I am concerned," wrote the person placing the order, "that the typography doesn't look 'too American' . . ."

There was no need to worry. Most of the typefaces that have found world-wide acceptance are of German origin, followed at some distance by Swiss, British and Dutch designs.

A major share of beautiful and enduring types have originated from the Offenbacher School of Design under the inspired leadership of Rudolf Koch and his successors, Herbert Post and Hermann Zapf. What makes these artists additionally interesting was their strong commitment to Christian community.

Koch, the sensitive craftsman, lover of all things beautiful, and devout Christian was stunned by the senseless brutality of World War I. The experience left him ill and exhausted, but strengthened in his faith. For Koch calligraphy was not labor, but a release from tension. In one single year he completed—aside from his many other tasks—the entire Four Gospels, beautifully handwritten. While creating these manuscripts Koch became aware of the concepts of Christian community and brotherhood, a discovery that became an important factor in his life and work.

At that time Koch became acquainted with another pilgrim in search of Christian community, Eberhard Arnold from the Society of Brothers. The two men soon became close friends and co-workers. Koch transformed his school of design into a Werkstattgemeinschaft (Workshop community.) The work—much of it of a religious nature—that originated in the Gemeinschaft no longer represented the work of individuals but rather the efforts of the whole group. Koch, already well-known, made the point that his name should be used only in connection with his co-workers. The common Gemeinschaft symbol took the place of each artists' signature.

At the Workshop Koch taught honesty and integrity in the use of materials, simplicity and purpose in decoration. He recommended the avoidance of all things novel and gimmicky.

When the book publishing program started at Eberhard Arnold's Bruderhof in Sannerz, Germany (today: Plough Publishing House, Rifton, NY) Rudolf Koch made quite a number of trips between Offenbach and the community, and sent some of his assistants over to help set up the print shop. Koch provided a number of original cover designs for the early publications.

But the Sannerz Bruderhof was dissolved by Hitler's Gestapo in April, 1937. On the presses in the abandoned printshop was the first signature of a new edition of the **Hutterite Chronicles**, designed by Koch, an ambitious project that was never taken up again.

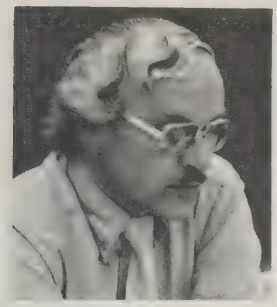
In 1952 when I visited the Offenbacher Werkkunstschule in post-war Germany I found Koch's guiding principles remarkably intact. The school was filled with earnest young men and women, most of whom were active in the Confessing Church (Lutheran). They still copied—and discussed—Bible texts and theological statements, and they shared a common life into which I was lovingly invited. Professor Herbert Post, director of the school presented me several proof sheets of his new typeface, Post Antiqua, which he had created while hiding from the Nazis during the last years of the war.

Successor to Koch and Post, and perhaps the most gifted of them all is Herman Zapf, now 62 and still very active. Though the mere listing of Zapf's accomplishments, positions and recognitions could fill several pages, he is also a follower of Koch and Post in the quest for a new and Christian community.

In a recent article Zapf's work was called "a yardstick of absolute quality." But the article went on to say: "More than a designer or typographer or teacher or even artist Zapf deserves to be known and appreciated because of the contributions he has made to furthering communication among people. Herman Zapf's supreme concern is never the single letter, but the fusion of such letters into a working text. He wants these texts to be legible, of course, but he seeks something more. He wants these texts to preserve a humane and gracious spirit, as of a man talking with his brother."

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in Tour-Magination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.





Being Separate... In Energy Use

by Kenton K. Brubaker

I am more and more uneasy about our idea of economic growth. We are told that gross national product should increase for a healthy national economy and that a private business must grow or it will die. (The alternative of growth is assumed to be stagnation and decline.)

I think there are two reasons why I find this disturbing. First, I am becoming more convinced that much economic growth is seriously exploitative of weaker systems or persons. Second, I am concerned that we have become evangelists for our style of economic growth in societies which are traditionally non-exploitative. In such a culture the growth doctrine can be very damaging.

I am a biologist so it may seem strange that I mistrust growth. Actually, I fear greed and exploitation, not growth. So if it can be established that economic growth may take place apart from selfishness and injustice, then I could accept the concept.

Growth is a biological idea. In order for matter to become more highly ordered and sustained in a living system, there must be a major and continuous input of energy. In many growing things, the input is radiant energy from the sun. In economies not directly dependent on the sun, this energy must be supplied in a different way. Most of our modern economy, including agriculture, is highly dependent on stored solar energy: coal, natural gas, and petroleum. These remarkable fossil sources of high quality energy, packets of solar energy processed for thousands of years, are what keep our modern economic system operating. Our so-called high standard of living is not so much a product of our brilliance as of our access to cheap, plentiful fossil fuels. When the cheaper forms of these energy supplies are exhausted in the next several decades, our growth economy will be in serious trouble.

Not all societies practice a fossil fuel dependent growth economy. Not all persons living in a growth-oriented society participate in the benefits, either. These societies or persons are not necessarily suffering from stagnation or undergoing decline. However, if they are being exploited by an external growth system, they may be forced to suffer deprivation.

A reasonable alternative to a growth economy is a system in equilibrium with its local resources. Such a society has learned to live within its means, especially its energy supply. For example, traditional agricultural societies have adapted their lifestyles to a solar energy economy. (The "energy companies" tell us this is impossible for us.) The Digo tribe of Kenya, has developed elaborate rituals to help redistribute wealth when one member of the society begins to accumulate goods beyond his fair share. The entrepreneur who does not share is looked upon as dangerous and must be dealt with in order to protect the community. Western economic concepts of private business have been devastating in such a culture. The ancient Jewish concept of the Jubilee was a ritual for redistribution of the products of economic growth for the good of the community.

Our so-called high standard of living is not so much a product of our brilliance as of our access to cheap, plentiful fossil fuels.

I have observed that Mennonite and Amish communities have not been doing very well in the area of economic equality. We so often pursue the individualistic concept of bigger and better at the expense of our neighbors. Young farmers are unable to acquire land because their corporate farming brethren outbid them. Mutual aid is often forgotten in a scramble to "add field to field." Farming has become a means of support for the implement and petrochemical industries rather than a method of converting solar energy into food. Only when we return to a biological concept of growth (converting solar energy to food) rather than an industrial concept (maximizing profits) will we be able to again start living within our energy constraints, it seems to me.

The object of vocations like farming is food production, not just making a better and better living. But food production in our modern growth economy is a highly complex problem. I believe that one approach to a re-thinking of our lifestyle priorities is to carefully consider our energy consumption patterns, whatever our occupation. Looking at the way solar energy flows into our economy, and utilizing this important source more efficiently, while minimizing our use of valuable fossil fuels, is one way of critiquing our society.

Kenton K. Brubaker is Professor of Biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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One-Eyed Memories

by David Augsburger

Three words of Menno-wisdom.

Perceive no evil, recall no evil, repeat no evil.

What words are these?

Words of love? (Love is blind thus it perceives no evil.) Or words of forgiveness? (Forgiveness is forgetfulness, thus it recalls no evil.)

Or words of denial? Words of avoidance? Words of fantasy that if the past is rewritten, its painful memories repressed and only the best reported, it will never be repeated.

Not true. What we do not report in words, we repeat in life. What we do not learn from the past we will relearn in reliving and reliving and reliving.

One blinded generation blindly follows another into the same binds.

Only when we are able to recall and report are we free to repent. Otherwise we replay and replay and replay.

This insistent replication of past difficulties and frustrations has multiple causes, but the most prominent and the most available for change is this process of closing one eye when viewing the past. Pleasant memories are often magnified to fill the whole field of vision while the unpleasant aspects are not noted. By blinding one of memories' eyes, we walk unaware into the same pitfalls. When we refuse to see each other as whole persons, good and bad, wise and unwise, then we destine ourselves to reproduce the less desirable side. One blinded generation blindly follows another into the same binds.

"Never say anything about your elders but what is good."

"Never criticize anyone after they are gone."

"Never disagree with what our fathers did or didn't do or with what the last generation believed or did not believe."

In journalism it is called whitewashing. In history, it is called prejudice, in science it is called bias, in human relations it is named kindness. Such kindness is the unkindest cut of all; it cuts off the possibilities of truly loving those in question and of freely learning from the conflict that goes unreviewed.

Love prizes another, warts, doubts, faults and all. Kindness chooses to make use of all the data which a person, a life, an experience, or a tragedy has to offer us.

I want to invite no blind loyalty from my children, my students, my successors. I want them to love me and be loved by me enough to learn from my blunders.

As I grow older, I am coming to recognize that I offer a mixed inheritance to my daughters, students, colleagues.

I will leave a legacy of how not to see things and do things, as well as a gift of how to.

I will leave a burden of how not to choose, act, live as well as a model of how to.

I will leave a problem of how to unfreeze a status quo I've fostered and open it again to the free flow of the Spirit.

To deny this two-sidedness is to defy reality. To demand that those who follow blind themselves in one-eyed loyalty ("If one of memories' eyes offends you, pluck it out.") is non-human nonsense.

The demand for such perfection is a major motivation in religious personalities. For many persons, it is the central project of life. "My wife can tell you that I'm not always perfect," a friend of mine said in a half serious confession. (Translation: "Usually I'm quite perfect, but my wife is close enough to me to point out a few weak spots.")

Wisdom is the ability to perceive both good and evil in virtually anything, anyone, any situation, and not back away in disappointment or dismay. Both can be useful in learning from life.

Wisdom is the alertness to see the contribution made by both strengths and weaknesses, and not idolize the one and scandalize the other. Both are necessary in our humanness.

Wisdom is the awareness of success and failure, of health and unhealth in my own life, marriage, work, service, and the willingness to affirm the usefulness of both in being there as a whole person for others.

Wisdom is the acceptance of myself, my past, my roots, my heritage without needing to defend, distort or deny to make them acceptable.

Wisdom is found in being whole, not in having "it" all together; not perfection but completeness is the goal.

So perceive truthfully, recall truthfully, repeat and report truthfully. It is the truth, deny it if you will, that sets free.

David Augsburger is associate professor of pastoral care and counseling at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, and the author of a new book, **Anger, Assertiveness, and Pastoral Care.**



Musical Criticism In the Mennonite Press

by Peter Letkemann

Recently I have been asked to write reviews of Mennonite musical events for Mennonite periodicals. I have had to ask myself three basic questions: 1) What is the purpose and function of music in the Mennonite Community? 2) Who is the Mennonite Community? and then, 3) What is the purpose and function of a review?

In my first review I tried to answer the first question: "Within our Mennonite tradition, music has had two main functions: As a vehicle of praise to God, our Creator; and to bring people together and involve them in a shared, community experience." I elaborated on this in a later review: "In all our music-making we must strive to combine musical excellence with communication of our faith, with its distinctive witness to peace, love, and concern for the poor and oppressed. And we must strive to do this in the spirit of praise to God."

The Mennonite Community by nature is not primarily an ethnic-cultural-Germanic community, but a community of faith. Because the Mennonite Community is not at all homogeneous, reviewers or critics can be useful agents of communication between the creative artist and the public — a kind of cultural middleman.

This is not to say that music cannot communicate directly! Each person in the audience has the ability and the right to judge for himself whether the music has communicated to him or not. The critic is not there to tell people how to make up their minds, but to act as an agent to facilitate the communication process.

The critic who does not attack what is bad is but a half-hearted supporter of what is good.

Contrary to the notion that music is a "universal language" that speaks for itself, I would defend the need to talk about music. The problem for the critic, of course, is *how* to talk about the music, the composer, the performer and the performance.

Is the review merely to be a report, or can it contain an opinion? Should the reviewer place value judgments — good or bad — on the music or the performers, and if so what are his criteria for judgment? Is there one set of criteria for Mennonite performers and another for non-Mennonites? What is the value of a review "after the fact," i.e. after the performance is over? Is the review directed toward the composer, the performer or the reader? Should the reviewer act as a personal advocate for a particular composer or performer? In the end, does the review say more about the reviewer than about the concert, using the concert as an excuse (as Anatole France has suggested)?

The review is first of all a report. There is a great deal of musical activity among Mennonites which needs to be shared with the whole brotherhood.

However, the review is more than a report: It needs to evaluate this activity in musical terms and also in terms of "how" it communicates and "what" it communicates to and about Mennonites. The critic who does not attack what is bad is but a half-hearted supporter of what is good. But he must remember the Biblical dictum to give his opinion in love. The critic should speak out of the community for the community, taking both the individual and the community into account.

His musical criteria should be the same for Mennonites as for non-Mennonites — we must strive for musical excellence — giving praise, encouragement or admonition where necessary for musical excellence or lack of it.

The reviewer should not act as an advocate for any particular composer or performer. He should view himself as an educator, who needs to encourage and promote all types of music and performers to the readers. However, in addition to musical criteria, the reviewer must also be knowledgeable about the biblical and historical principles of our faith and judge the performance in light of these. The music and the performance should be consistent with our principles.

In this sense the review is useful and necessary even for those who were not at the performance. More than being merely a report of musical activities, it can hold up a vision of music that seeks to unite Mennonites as a community giving expression to their faith in praise to God.

Peter Letkemann is on the staff of the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Thursday the Rabbi Walked Out, Harry Kemelman, Wm. Morrow and Co., 1978, 251 pages. $8.95

Harry Kemelman's seventh story about Rabbi Small serves up a delicious, intriguing and thoughtful feast. Well, brunch might be a little more like it. There's been a murder in Barnard's Crossing — a millionaire who hated Jews.

Hugh Lanigan, the chief of police, is Catholic. But he ends up needing the counsel and investigative mind of Rabbi Small, and his charming wife Miriam.

Not that the rabbi is your automatic hero. The women want more involvement in the religious services and there's a movement under foot to kick out the mild but stubborn rabbi.

The religious insight makes the story interesting, in addition to the gentle but natural unfolding of the tale. It's believable when you read it, and you think about Barnard's Crossing and the rabbi for a long time afterwards.

The story has a profoundness in its complex simplicity. It should be enjoyed by all generations.



Gilbert E. Friedberg

Harry Kemelman

Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed, Philip Hallie. Harper & Row, 1979. 293 pages, $12.95.

Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed is an adventure. More than that, it is a rich encounter with Andre Trocme, a man who could barely contain the life that thrived within him.

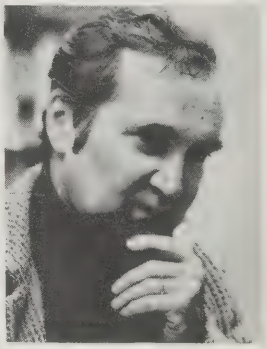
Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed is the account of a tiny French mountain village, Le Chambon, whose people, without a big program or a promise of funds, gave cover to thousands of Jewish Children and adults during World War II. What the town did have was Andre Trocme, a man with a spirit to match his hulking body.

The story is told by Philip Hallie, a Jew, jerked from his professional study of ethics and philosophy when he uncovered the profound story of peasants who risked everything to help Nazi fugitives.

Why people would do so with no other motive than goodness is a theme underlying the events in Le Chambon.

If the book has any fault, it may be that it is a wee bit sluggish. But that is really just a shadow of a criticism since it is rich in spirit, anecdotes, and suspense.

The story is powerful. It is a gift from history. It may be the model that weary or compromised Christians need to show them how to act.



Linda Rogers

Philip Hallie



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All That Jazz — A frenzied parable probing the nondepths of human life. Roy Scheider plays the workaholic film director who faces failure and death. Vivid, graphic, and troubling. (8)

American Gigolo — Trashy film about a trashy life. Times and afflictions of a male prostitute. Character is one-dimensional. (3)

Being There — An endearing tale of a retarded man (played wonderfully by Peter Sellers) who is suddenly powerful in a media-drunk society. Very clever. (9)

FQ's 10 Best for 1979

Breaking Away (Yates)
Being There (Ashby)
Kramer vs. Kramer (Benton)
Head Over Heels (Silver)
All That Jazz (Fosse)
The Tree of Wooden Clogs (Olmi)
The Black Stallion (Ballard)
Apocalypse Now (Coppola)
Starting Over (Pakula)
The In-Laws (Hiller)

The Black Hole — Another science-fiction yawn, this one by the Disney people about life on the edge of a hole in space. Truly unimaginative. (2)

The Black Stallion — One of the most gorgeous and imaginative boy-and-horse stories ever filmed. Full of adventure and beauty. A classic film for both adults and children. (8)

Cuba — Havana during the last days of Batista. Promises more than it delivers. Somehow never jells. (3)

The Electric Horseman — Jane Fonda and Robert Redford star in this top-notch tale of a cowboy and a T.V. reporter. The cowboy has turned T.V. merchant, but he pities his showhorse and decides to kidnap the valuable beast. Makes some subtle points. (7)

Going in Style — A trio of senior citizens decide to rob a bank. Tender, funny, and suspenseful. George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are all excellent as the threesome. (7)

The Jerk — Steve Martin shows great promise in his cinematic debut. A wacky, crude, but winsome story of a rags to riches tramp. Far out. (7)

Kramer vs. Kramer — An excruciating confrontation between a husband and a wife over custody of their son. Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep lift this compassionate drama to superb statue. (9)

Luna — Bertolucci's overwrought soap opera about an opera singer's incestuous flirtation with her teenage son. Lacks credibility and unity. (3)

The Onion Field — A sometimes taut tale about the death of a policeman, criminal justice and its failures. Wavers between potboiler and profound. (6)

The Rose — Bette Midler plays a grossly-unhappy, self-destructive rock star, patterned after Janis Joplin. Depressingly squalid, but poignantly sad and insightful. Stirs and sensitizes. (7)

The Runner Stumbles — Why must the films which have the best opportunities to be profoundly religious always be plastic and stagey? A priest is tried for the murder of a nun whom he loved. Barely brushes the surface. A major disappointment. (5)

Star Trek — Apart from the special effects, it really goes nowhere. Trite story about battling a superior intelligence in space. (3)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

"We're looking for a new manager."

Applications are now being received for the position of manager at The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534 (717/768-7171). Position should be filled as early as April 1, but no later than July 1, 1980.

The People's Place

We'll miss Joanne Ranck, our manager since The People's Place opened in June, 1976. She is getting married to Doug Dirks of British Columbia in May. They will be living in Victoria, British Columbia. Our deep thanks and best wishes will go with Joanne. Her contribution has been very significant and far-reaching. May God bless her and Doug.

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DR. MARTIN MARTY, Professor, University of Chicago Divinity School; Associate Editor of *The Christian Century*
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DR. RICHARD MOUW, Professor of Philosophy, Calvin College, Michigan

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Mennonite Mamas

by Katie Funk Wiebe

"Aren't there any jokes about Mennonite women?" asks a reader.

Not many. Such jokes are sparse though Mennonite women are plentiful. Mennonite jokes use men, especially influential men in public positions, as the butt. Mennonite jokes are about any part of our creed we say we believe in — but tiptoe away from. Mennonite jokes are about our great strengths — our honesty, frugality, and dedication to work — and sometimes what these traits lay up for us in the bank.

Jokes, generally, work hard at deflating and reducing obnoxious power to a size that can be handled. Jokes look for the chink in the armor — of the militant or the pacifist. Like a mosquito, they aim for that one small unprotected spot of bare flesh — or, in the case of women, for the hole in their apron.

If we had proud, overbearing Mamas, like the Jews have, pulsating with a strong vigorous love, protecting while pushing little Mennos and Annas into prominence, we could joke about them. But who heard of a Mennonite Mama doing that for her child?

If quilt-making affected congregational policy, we could find numerous jokes about women from that area, but since nothing of epic proportions is discussed over the quilt frame — only such things as why the preacher cut his sermon short on Sunday or why the deacons aren't looking after the sick — that's also barren ground for jokes.

A friend suggests I merely change the pronouns in some jokes to "she" to give women the full ERA humor treatment. I tried it. It didn't work, for I came up with: "One morning two Mennonite preachers were relaxing on the golf course. The older one said to the younger one, swinging her golf club high . . ."

Unwilling to give up, I submit the following while realizing I haven't found the hole in the apron, only identified the size.

The gatekeeper at the Pearly Gates was new. He looked out to see a modestly dressed woman in shawl and apron at the door. "Who are you?" he asked. "Mrs. Menno Simons," she replied quietly, eyes downcast. The list of families by that name in his admissions book was long, very long, and being inexperienced, he couldn't figure out which of the many names listed she belonged to — whether Menno A. or Menno B., or perhaps even Menno A. B.

He turned to her again. "What was your maiden name?"

"Anna Baptist," she replied, again patiently, as if she had been through this before. He picked up another large book of names which contained all the Baptists due to arrive soon. He couldn't find her name there either.

"Have you no other name by which you were known on earth?"

"We were also known as Mennonite Brethren," she replied.

At that he jumped up, stalked to the back room, and hauled out a huge book. "Why didn't you tell me that at the beginning? I've got lists and lists of Mennonite Brethren, River Brethren and Brethren in Christ — but I thought they were all male fraternities, and I never expected them to turn up here. It's a good thing I didn't throw these books out."

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and columns, and an English teacher at Tabor College.



The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submission to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

Out of the World, Mixed, And Original

by Dwight J. McFadden, Jr.

Growing up in Chicago as a city dweller I learned to accept all kinds of people. My most memorable days were when I lived in an extended family with twenty or more in our household including grandparents, uncles, aunts, parents, brothers and cousins.

I first came in contact with Mennonites at Goshen College after being recruited from my high school. When I arrived at Goshen College I was surprised by the coldness and naivete of some of the first persons I met. I later found out that not all Mennonites are cold.

Goshen College didn't really understand me as a black person and I found myself trying to understand them more than them understanding me. I found out that in time I knew more about Mennonites than they knew about themselves or their own history. I was crushed by one experience at Goshen College when I was told by an academic advisor that I should have gone to a trade school rather than coming to college. I was also informed that I was poor in many ways by Mennonite standards, but I thought I had a rich experience growing up on the streets of Chicago learning how to survive. Goshen College indoctrinated me through my education and through the lives of a few real Christians.

I grew in my faith as I went through the hardship of taking the stance of a conscientious objector. I struggled with my draft board for two years with my church behind me in order to get a CO classification. I had been drafted three times. When I had a meeting before my draft board one of the members said to me, "You can't be black and Mennonite; Mennonites are Germans. You can't be a conscientious objector and be from the city." These brothers didn't know about conversion or the growing pluralism of the Mennonite Church. After this experience I served two years in 1-W. I often wondered if all Mennonites had to struggle this hard to become CO's. I found out later that they didn't.

When I married my wife who had been Mennonite all her life, a number of persons wondered how this would work and raised questions about what would happen to our children with interracial parents.

My children say that they are glad that they are black and Mennonite, but I'm not sure that they fully understand what they are saying. One of my sons surprised me when he said, "I'm proud I'm black and Mennonite and a McFadden because my dad is someone important." He went on to say, "That makes me important too." It will be important for my three sons, D.J., Tony, and Joel as second generation Mennonites, to be Christians first and then choose whether they want to be Mennonite, or if that mixes well with being black.

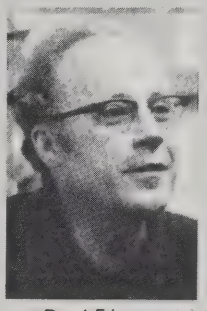
Some Mennonites ask me what Mennonite church I grew up in in Chicago. I have to tell them that I am more like Menno Simons and other founders of the Mennonite Church. I was Catholic and found something in the Mennonite Church and the Bible that affected my life. I chose the Mennonite Church, it didn't choose me. I came as a believer and by choice.

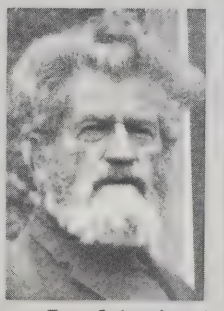


Dwight J. McFadden, Jr., now of Elkhart, Indiana, is Associate General Secretary for Black Concerns for the Mennonite Church.

The editors welcome Mennonite members of minorities of any nationality to write stories dealing with their own experiences of belonging to a minority group. Manuscripts should be no longer than 400 words.

Center for Mennonite, Amish, and Hutterite Studies


Paul Friesen


Tom Schenk


Dorcas Hanbury

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Visual Arts Conference

March 21-22, 1980

Friday, March 21 — 8:00 p.m.
"More-With-Less Pottery — Using What's at Hand to Have an Aesthetic Experience," lecture by Paul Friesen, Hesston, Kansas

Saturday, March 22
9:00 a.m. — "Fabric Art — How I Go About My Task," lecture by Dorcas Hanbury, Chesapeake, Virginia
10:30 a.m. — "Pottery Workshop I" — Paul Friesen; "Fabric Art Workshop I" — Dorcas Hanbury; "Drawing Workshop I" — Tom Schenk
1:30 p.m. — "Pottery Workshop II" — Paul Friesen; "Fabric Art Workshop II" — Dorcas Hanbury; "Drawing Workshop II" — Tom Schenk
3:30 p.m. — "Stories of How Some of My Favorite Paintings Came to Be," lecture by Tom Schenk, Southwest Harbor, Maine
7:00 p.m. — "Favorite Visions by Other Artists" — Friesen, Schenk and Hanbury
7:30 p.m. — "An Open Conversation" —Friesen, Schenk, and Hanbury

Information and reservations available from The People's Place, Intercourse, PA 17534. Phone: (717) 768-7171.

The People's Place

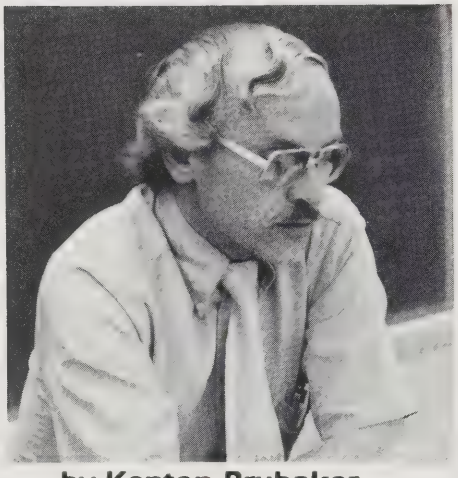
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Coming in festival quarterly—

two new columns!

"Energy Watch"



by Kenton Brubaker

Kenton Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College. His particular burden is living responsibly and nonviolently, especially in relation to resources and energy. Last year on his sabbatical, he and his wife, Emma, travelled (by public transportation) to communities and churches across the continent to take part of the good news of how to live carefully and yet happily.

"Energy Watch" will be Kenton Brubaker's thoughts about how a nonviolent people can respectfully use energy and resources, his observations, some models of what works — a mix of philosophy and practical pointers.

"Second Sight"



by Hubert Brown

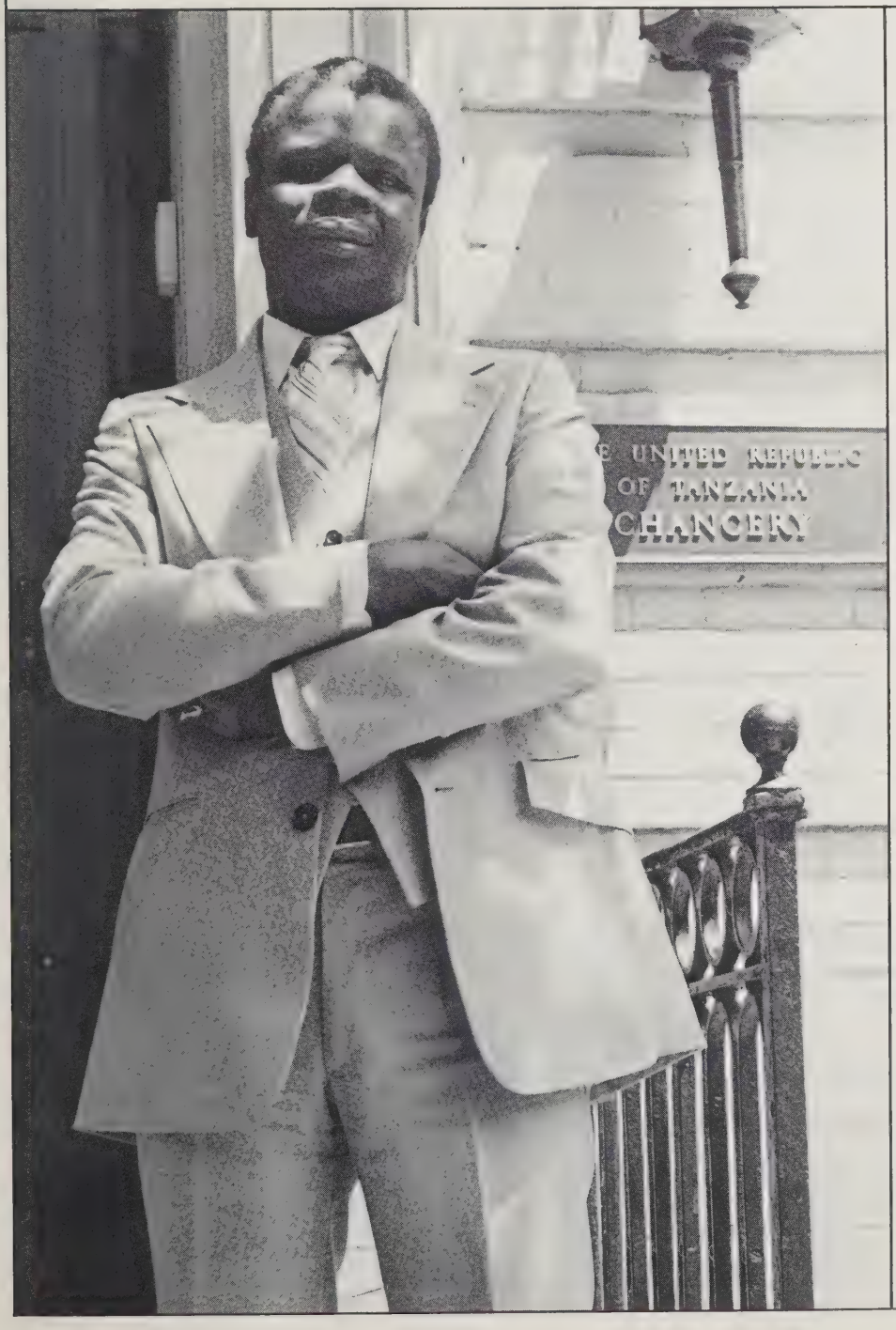
Hubert Brown has just become a counsellor in student services at the University of Michigan. Until very recently he was secretary of Student and Young Adult Services, an inter-Mennonite ministry. Hubert pastored the Calvary Mennonite Church in Inglewood, California, last year. He's the author of the book, "Black and Mennonite".

"Second Sight" will be Hubert's chance to call things as he sees them. Committed and clear-eyed, Hubert will put his laser beam on how faithful we are as a people of God. His perspective? A black leader well acquainted with the urban world and his Mennonite roots. He'll work on his memories, his observations.

May, June, July 1980

festival quarterly

exploring the art, faith, and culture of Mennonite peoples



Josiah Muganda on Should Mennonites Be Involved in World Diplomacy?

Also in this issue —

On Losing A Political Race

I No Spik Inglis

How My Life Has Shaped My Writing



More About the International Subscription Fund

(And How You Can Help)

It is time to authentically involve sisters and brothers from Zaire to France to Indonesia to Honduras in our conversations about how our faith results in living. **Festival Quarterly** is attempting a start at that interchange.

But many who want to be part of the discussion cannot afford **Festival Quarterly's** subscription fee (though small by North American standards, it may represent a whole week's income, elsewhere).

It is now possible to assist persons overseas (excluding western Europe but including Central and South Americas) to receive **Festival Quarterly** magazine free of charge.

You may donate gifts to the newly established International Subscription Fund under Mennonite World Conference. Then, overseas persons who want to receive the **Quarterly** can apply through their congregations or church organization to Mennonite World Conference (see page 28 in this issue). It's that simple. Applicants must have an adequate command of the English language.

If you would like to help foster this international sharing and fellowship, you may send a gift to **Festival Quarterly** International Subscription Fund, Mennonite World Conference, 528 E. Madison St., Lombard, Illinois 60148. Mennonite World Conference will issue you a tax-deductible receipt. And our family/faith ties will be strengthened.



Editors Can Be Martyrs, Too

When should an editor quit? Who thought up this headache of a magazine anyway? Here I sit with half my head blanketed by a killer cold, wondering if it's worse to be drugged or to suffer naturally. Not only are my hearing and thinking partly paralyzed. So is my pride. I'm still waiting for two articles for the already late "current" **Quarterly.** That, I agree, should not happen to any self-respecting editor.

Funny how when things go bad, all fronts seem to join forces.

I'm beginning to take personally Kate's thumb-in-mouth (removed only to accommodate body-wrenching sneezes). Is it a cold that's turned her whiney and snail-paced, or is she compounding my inadequacy signals by suggesting that not only am I failing as an editor, but as a mother, also?

Even ten-month old Rebecca seems party to all this. Fiery red blotches have shown up on her chin and shoulder. What rash is trying to make its home in her wiry little body? Is her food so bad? Dare I call the doctor again?

In my innocence period I held that parents of whimpering kids (and editors of magazines that had to keep fighting to stay out of the trenches) lacked management skills and grit.

Now that I've entered my martyrdom period, my intentions and determination are feistier than ever. Despite that, I don't have always-pleasant cherubs and an always-on-time magazine. It's time to assess what really matters.

Merle and I will worry about our children. But let me do a little public stewing about the **Quarterly's** schedule difficulties. Why is it so hard to issue the magazine on time?

95% of our features are created from scratch. Rarely do we reprint or carry freelance articles. We believe that discipline is part of why the **Quarterly** is read.

One wrinkle: only 85% of the articles come in on schedule. When we've fashioned an issue, paying attention to the mix of writers and subjects, proceeding to the printer without a promised article is a little like accepting major surgery. These methods obviously swell the load for a very part-time editor.

Then recently we've taken on a new challenge — to invite brothers and sisters from around the world to share their wisdom in the **Quarterly.** I've both welcomed and fought the development. It means doubling my work. It takes time to locate, then contact writers and thinkers. I can only write and read English, so we need time to translate my queries and writers' responses.

I have a loathing for the efficiency of North American mails. Now I find myself at the mercy of international mails. I've taken dictation by phone from Michigan to keep a deadline, but I don't plan to do that from Hokkaido or Hamburg.

So what's it worth? Do readers care if we're on time? Does it count if our content is more international? Can we be snappy and scheduled all at once? Would a larger staff be a dream come true or a diluted vision?

My ear has opened enough to hear reader response. Meanwhile, I'll keep doctoring, wiping my nose and two others, and pushing on planning the fall issue. Maybe it will be out before the snow flies.

—PPG

Memories

Have you ever noticed how most people in time of crises reach back into their past for memories. Memories to sustain and give heart.

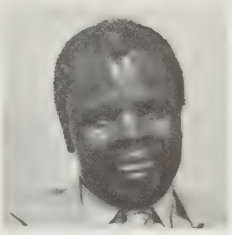
Many folks debunk memories as nostalgia. Sweet fluffy nothings from an outdated landscape. Maybe so. But why then, in tribe after tribe, are the keepers and translators of the memories also the keepers and translators of the vision?

Remember Hezekiah? Could he have saved his people from false gods and utter destruction if he hadn't reached back to revive his sacred memory of the Passover? Is cherishing our past, both personally and communally, as much of a trifle as many pretend? Can we survive the crises we face as a people all over the world without clear memories?

Every tribe in every time must find ways to cultivate memories. Otherwise we're lost.

—MG

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4 **Comment**
7 **Letters**
9 **Publishing Notes**
11 **Mennonite Books in Review**
How do we do justice to the publishing "explosion" going on among Mennonite groups? The books reviewed here, admittedly, are only a few of the total being released.
We tried to treat seriously a likely best-seller by getting three points of view on Doris Longacre's *Living More With Less.*

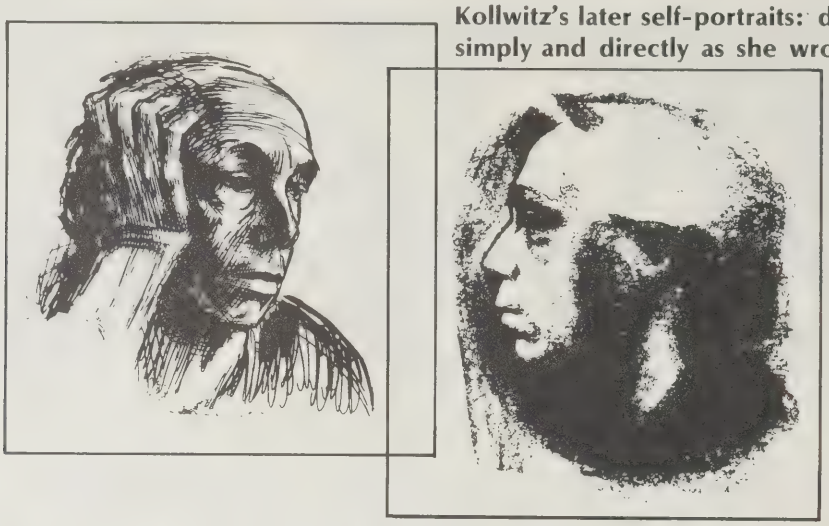


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14 **Should Mennonites Be Involved in World Diplomacy?**
Josiah Muganda, who is in diplomatic services, lays a convincing argument for Mennonites to participate in this arm of government.
15 **On Losing a Political Race**
Frank Epp, who was within sight of winning a seat in the Canadian Parliament, reflects on what he's learned by running and losing.
16 **Guidelines for the Sojourner**
With his tongue in cheek, Cal Redekop looks at the parallels between two different, yet similar magazines, read by many Mennos.
18 **DisQuest**
We're launching a new feature. Each quarter we will pose a question; then listen to the varying responses from our people around the world. One way, we hope, to work at conversation among the world-wide fellowship.
20 **How My Life Has Shaped My Writing**
Helen Good Brenneman's story is moving. So is her writing—and there is a connection.
21 **Spring Profile**
22 **The Lapp Watercolors**
24 **Creatively Aging**
25 **Worldwide News**
We welcome readers' help in digging up the worthy stories from our people, internationally.
26 **Quarterly News**
27 **Cultural Calendar**
29 **Second Sight**
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Kollwitz's later self-portraits: drawn as simply and directly as she wrote her name.

The Art of Experience

by Theodore F. Wolff

This essay on art and its role among people of this century was occasioned by the opening of a Kollwitz exhibit this spring at the Galerie St. Etienne in New York City.

Kollwitz's direct simplicity of style and her choice of subject matter are of special interest to Mennonites who have lifestyle and peace concerns.

Kaethe Kollwitz deserves to be called great. Not for being an artist of great genius or profound originality — for she was neither — but because she committed her entire being to furthering the cause of humanity through her art.

She looked life squarely in the eye and took it as it was. Unlike almost every other major artist of our century, Kollwitz accepted life in the raw. She created in order to ease the pain of living, to reconcile individual tragedy with universal human suffering, to grant dignity to grief. She never ran away, never pretended, never told a lie in her art. She said only, "This is the way it is. What shall we do about it?"

A Kollwitz show is always an event. At least it should be considering the quality and dimensions of her art, although some prefer that art remain a veil held elegantly between what we know and what we wish. Or to be a handsome symbol of a better and higher existence.

We want art to stand surrogate for life, to be drained of everything which reminds us of our vulnerability. We want art to place us at the center of the universe and thus relieve us of our nagging sense of incompleteness.

But Kollwitz will have none of that. She will not let us off the hook. She confronts and unsettles us, reminds us of our human interdependence, and forces us to see art within a moral framework. Rather than placing us at the center of the universe away from human crisis, she puts us smack in the center of the battle for human survival.

Some of us cannot forgive her for that and insist she has no place in the formal and transcendent realm of art.

The truth of the matter is that she doesn't really belong in the mainstream of 20th-century art. She is too direct, too uncompromising, too compassionate. But that exclusion is our fault, not hers, and reflects discredit upon our values, not upon hers.

She is a direct, unblinking, yet feeling realist in an age when realism in art tended toward the hysteria of expressionism, the clinical detachment of the German new-realists, the Romantic nostalgia of the regionalists, the bittersweet longings of Wyeth, the monumental unfeelingness of the photo-realists, etc. Of them all, she is the only one who grappled with life's conditions rather than tried to avoid them.

There is catharsis in every one of her prints, the releasing of tensions accrued by avoidance of starker realities. While she faced life raw, her art permits us to face it with grace. She transforms the rawness and the joy of living into images which have the power to heal. Nothing in her art is intended to shock or to create dismay. If she digs deeply it is only to reinforce the truth of what she saw and knew. One goes willingly to her for reaffirmation because one knows her love and compassion, her faith in human dignity and worth, spring from total knowledge and experience of the best and worst of life.

The joy of new motherhood has seldom found such simple and moving expression as in her prints of young mothers with their infants. But she turned her back on nothing human. Everything man experienced was cause for celebration or compassion. There are few images in 20th-century art as powerful as her 1903 print of the squatting mother holding the body of her child, the 1907 etching of the mother searching for her son on the battlefield at night.

She drew beautifully, but one is seldom aware of it, for everything was directed at giving maximum expression to the humanity of her subjects. Her self-portraits are a revelation. The earliest show her as a young woman calmly looking out at the viewer. They are direct studies in which character and technical skill are equally important. But as she marries, loses her son in World War I, shares her physician-husband's care and concern for the poor of Berlin, lives through Hitler's hatred for her work, endures the death in battle of her grandson, we see her gradually change. Her later self-portraits, drawn as simply and directly as she wrote her name, are among the great human documents of this century.

Kaethe Kollwitz had a great heart and spirit, a powerful talent, and the courage and persistence to fuse them into an art which documented the full range of human existence. By doing so she did honor to the art of our time and to us.

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Festival Quarterly *regularly offers "Comment," a column featuring speeches or essays from the larger world, which because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.*

festival quarterly

The **Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith, and arts of the various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and art are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live. Copyright © 1980 by Good Enterprises, Ltd., Vol. 7, No. 2. All correspondence should be addressed to **Festival Quarterly,** 2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. Second-class postage paid at Lancaster, PA. For U.S. readers: one year—$5.00; two years—$8.44; three years—$11.88. All other countries: one year—$6.00 (U.S. funds); two years—$9.95 (U.S. funds); three years—$14.24 (U.S. funds).

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

On the Cover — *Josiah Muganda, a Mennonite diplomat in front of his office building, the Embassy of Tanzania in Washington, D.C. Photo by* **FQ** */Beth Oberholtzer*

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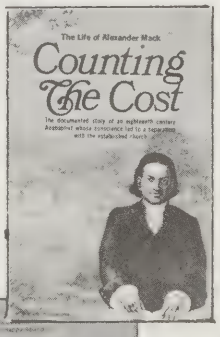
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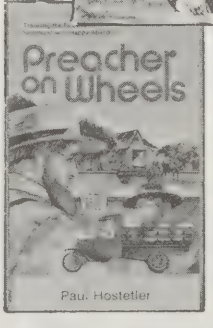
COUNTING THE COST
Alexander Mack preferred not to be known as the founder of the German Baptist Brethren. But from his spirit and conviction came the impetus and direction for the family of churches now commonly referred to as the "Brethren."

"I am enthusiastic about the publication of a biography of Mack," comments Brethren historian Donald Durnbaugh. "We have really done little to perpetuate his memory. A study of his life is not only worthwhile, but it is also essential for understanding the Brethren." **$6.95** paper, **$9.95** cloth.



PREACHER ON WHEELS
In an entertaining new biography, *Preacher on Wheels,* Paul Hostetler tells the life story of Eli H. Hostetler, a minister always on the move with his family and with all sorts of wheeled machines.

Eli Hostetler's eldest son, Paul Hostetler is in the position to give the reader a firsthand account of a life filled with a wanderlust for spreading God's word and for fixing machines. Reared in an Old Order Amish home, Eli Hostetler later joined the Brethren in Christ Church. **$2.25** paper.



The Brethren Press ELGIN, IL 60120 800-323-8039

WHAT'S NEW AT THE PEOPLE'S PLACE?





In THE AMISH STORY MUSEUM —

The Henry Lapp Collection is now a part of the Amish Story Museum. The Lapp paintings are exquisite water or tempera colors done by an Old Order Amish artist who lived from 1862 to 1904. Also included in the exhibit are several pieces of Lapp furniture, — a bed, chest, and night stand.

The Aaron Zook Collection of 3-dimensional carved paintings has been rearranged. Children's activities and a quiz are not-to-be-missed features of this journey.

The Amish Story Museum now houses the largest known collections of 19th century and 20th century Amish folk art.



In THE THEATER —

"Who Are the Amish" is our new 3-screen documentary, showing every 35 minutes from 9:30 a.m. until 5:00 p.m., daily except Sundays in our theater.

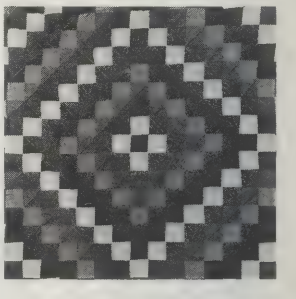
Designed to examine and experience the essence of these people's faith and spirit, this new screen feature uses nine projectors to answer many questions about the Old Order Amish way of life — through rich photography, narration, and music.

In THE PEOPLE'S PLACE SHOPPE —

We have a new shoppe! In the building immediately east of us, we have shelf after shelf of books, stretching floor to ceiling. We have many new titles by and/or about our people, and an expanded cookbook and quilt book section.

Here, too, are our Henry Lapp print reproductions, quilted wall hangings, and art cards. And there's a special room full of crafted toys for children.





The People's Place

In the village of Intercourse, PA 17534
Daily except Sundays — 9:30 A.M.—9:30 P.M.
November through March — 9:30 A.M.—4:30 P.M.
Telephone: 717/768-7171

My purpose in writing is to compliment you on two particular articles. I was delighted to read Harold Miller's, Kenyan solutions to Kenyan problems. How refreshing to find a Westerner who concedes that, "Indigenous structures across Africa serve the climate, geography, and people far better than Western buildings." It is encouraging to find a group of Westerners affirming these people and utilizing their skills rather than trying to persuade them to changing their whole life style.

A special thank you, too, to James and Jeanette Krabill for showing us that others do not necessarily see us in the 'great and wise white father' image we have cast for ourselves. Even though I am a Canadian, I say "us" because we Canadians are just as anxious to cling to our "abundance and wastefulness" as our American cousins, regardless of the cost to our environment or the detrimental effect on other nations.

I could go on with my thank you's — to Jan Gleysteen, Katie Funk Wiebe, David Augsburger and others. You really are publishing a fine magazine.

Ruth Reesor
Maple, Ontario

We thought the "A Generation of Hotshots" was an "insightful" and perceptive comment on the way things are in too many places.

Faire Snapp
Denver, Colorado

We are really enjoying the Quarterly — from a distance it becomes even more a benefit.

Helen Lapp
Kingston, Jamaica

I've been a subscriber to Festival Quarterly for about a year now, and while I am not a Mennonite (although I do have some Pennsylvania German roots), I've appreciated many of your columns and feature articles. In a world and a culture that is so much in flux, people need the sense of stability that is offered by a rich and clear-cut tradition. And on the other side of the coin, perhaps this very stability is what enables Mennonites to work so consistently for justice in the world.

I wanted to ask for permission to reprint David Augsburger's column, "Talking Up — Talking Down — Talking With" (which appeared in the August-September-October 1979 issue of *FQ*) in the spring issue of Evangelical Women's Caucus *Update*. I think Augsburger has some salient thoughts that biblical feminists would find worth pondering; certainly the way we talk to each other says an awful lot about how we really perceive each other. I'd be grateful if you could get back to me on this as soon as possible, as the spring issue will go to press in a few weeks.

Best wishes in all your work. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Ann Moor, Newsletter Editor
Sunnyvale, California

I am in Zaire with Mennonite Central Committee teaching Art and English in a mission school in the "bush" and will be returning home at the end of my term this summer.

I have been writing songs for a number of years. Several that I've written here in Zaire I am enclosing for your consideration, in the event that you may be publishing songs in the Festival Quarterly in the near future.



EMBMC/David Fretz

Harold F. Miller

I very much enjoy reading the Festival Quarterly that my parents send here to Nyanga.

Thank you very much.

Paul D. Zehr
Nyanga, Zaire

We really enjoy "Festival Quarterly". Although we get many papers, too many, "FQ" doesn't come as often, and I, for one, read it pretty well from cover to cover. My husband, a busy farmer, and not as much of a bookworm as I, rarely does.

God bless you and yours.

Helen L. Funk
Laird, Saskatchewan

We enjoy reading FQ — its wide variety and appeal to those interested in the (Mennonite) arts and culture is commendable.

Miriam L. Weaver
Harrisonburg, Virginia

I am writing to inquire about the possibility of reprinting "Things That Life Is Too Short For" by Doris Longacre in a recent issue of the Festival Quarterly. May we reprint the piece in the Mass Media Newsletter, and, if so, what credit line should we use?

May I also take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy the Quarterly. Although I must read a number of publications in connection with my work, I always look forward to the Quarterly as a personal treat.

Thank you for your consideration of my request, and I will look forward to your response.

Janice P. York
Editor, Mass Media Newsletter
Baltimore, Maryland

I like your idea and approach to subscriptions. We always enjoy the magazine and especially the editorials.

Ken Hartzler
Newton, Kansas

There are some good things in FQ but I'd like to see a larger circle of coverage of People in the Arts, particularly profiles of various persons not yet mentioned in your quarterly.

Allan Eitzen
Barto, Pennsylvania

As a Mennonite involved, and in fact sold on the liberal arts, I believe your publication is particularly applicable. I'm at a point in my pilgrimage where my Mennonite identity is unclear. I appreciate your treatment of the Mennonite heritage as being both culturally and religiously oriented. Too often Mennonitism is regarded by its members as being the spiritual track, when in fact the cultural aspects equal or even outweigh the spiritual/religious dynamics. In any case, keep up the good work!

Kirk L. Shisler
Harrisonburg, Virginia

I must admit that I have been somewhat dismayed at the nature of Festival Quarterly's content. Consistently, articles feature Mennonites who already have a wide forum for expression. They teach at our church colleges, speak at church conferences, publish in other church periodicals. I find it hard to enthusiastically endorse yet another periodical whose articles could as readily appear in Christian Living or The Mennonite.

However, I think there is a place for a periodical portraying serious and unique contributions to art, culture, and ideas among Mennonites including former Mennonites and those who are not active in Mennonite congregations and schools. I hope that as Festival Quarterly becomes more secure in its financial base and readership, the editorial policy will broaden its portrayal of serious creative work.

Rebecca Pries
Boston, Massachussetts

I hope Festival Quarterly will continue to flourish. I believe it is filling a place.

Dave Schellenberg, The Messenger
Steinbach, Manitoba

I sincerely appreciate the time and effort put into FQ. For the editor I'm sure four issues a year must be plenty. For the reader, however, it is not often enough. I thoroughly enjoy reading each issue. It is very interesting and informative. I, of course, do not always agree with everything in the magazine and I appreciate your being open to criticism as well as affirmation.

I appreciate very much your commitment to the quality of the magazine and to serving the church.

Marlin King
Hesston, Kansas

I appreciate the variety of articles in Festival Quarterly. Also the international flavor you are planning to add. It would be a disaster to discontinue this most interesting magazine. Let's keep it going!

Pauline Yoder
Goshen, Indiana

Sorry, but I missed renewing, but we really must have it to see what all you are up to! Basically we feel you and we 85 yr. olds are on the same team. God bless you!

Milton Brackbill
Paoli, Pennsylvania

I am a recent subscriber to the Festival Quarterly and would like to tell you that yours is one of the few magazines which I read from cover to cover. It is also gratifying to me to find in your contents names that I remember from my years during MCC service and my years as librarian of the Mennonite Biblical Seminary.

Magdalen F. Kim
North Newton, Kansas

We enjoy Festival Quarterly and hope it continues. The only thing we do not like is the column on films and movies. We do go to movies once in a long while but one is better off not seeing most that are produced. I cannot see the merit of reviewing and rating some of the trashy ones that find their way into this column. Hope you will discontinue this.

Oscar R. Miller
Berlin, Ohio

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, *2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.*

Herald Press Herald Press Herald Press

Gifts for Graduates



Want to Challenge Someone?

The Weight
by Joel Kauffmann

A timely novel for any graduate facing "the weight" of the draft. Written to hold the attention of young adults, **The Weight** will help them examine their own stance as peacemakers in daily life.
Paper $5.95, in Canada $6.90

And Then Comes the End
by David Ewert

A nontechnical understanding of the major themes of New Testament eschatology. Ewert believes that a properly understood Christian hope leads to holy living and faithfulness in missions, to a spiritual alertness, and committed discipleship to Jesus Christ. Study questions included.
Paper $6.95, in Canada $8.05

Traveling This Summer?

The Israelis
by Frank H. Epp
photographs by John Goddard

A sequel and parallel to **The Palestinians** (Herald Press, $10), **The Israelis** allows 99 Israelis to tell their side of the Middle East conflict. Both books highlight the human dimensions of war and deep desires for peace on both sides.
Hardcover $13.95

From the Other's Point of View
by J. Daniel Hess

Shows not only how grossly we North Americans fail to understand Latins but also how much difficulty Latins have in trying to understand us. Before you leave, find out how your cultural identity affects how you see life and learn to appreciate the South Americans' point of view.
Paper $7.95, in Canada $9.20

Have a Special Event Coming?

Meditations for the Newly Married
by John M. Drescher

This beautiful gift-boxed book will help the newly married couple fulfill their dreams and the great realities God reserved for those entering marriage.
Hardcover $7.95, in Canada $9.20

More-with-Less Cookbook
by Doris Janzen Longacre

The gift for every season! For the graduate going off to college or starting a new household, here are over 500 recipes that call for basic ingredients that provide a balanced diet while conserving the world's food resources.
Wirebound $7.95, in Canada $9.20

Herald Press

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• **The Believers' Church in Canada** (Mennonite Central Committee, Canada and the Baptist Federation of Canada, 1979) is a collection of papers presented at a May, 1978 study Conference in Winnipeg, called to examine the current condition of "Believers' Churches," especially Mennonite and Baptist. Editors are Jarold K. Zeman and Walter Klaassen. Subjects addressed in the compilation are divisiveness in Believers' Churches, contemporary worship forms, political responses, the question of justice and power, Biblical authority, evangelicalism and global mission.

• **Which Way Women?** (Mennonite Central Committee Peace Section Task Force, 1980) is a collection of 42 articles, plus biographies and poetry about women and faith issues. Edited by Dorothy Yoder Nyce, the articles have been written almost entirely by Mennonites and cover early Anabaptist women, women in ministries, Jesus and women, women and consumerism, parenting, singleness, sexuality, feminist theology and minority women.

• **Conversion: Doorway to Discipleship** (Mennonite Brethren Conference, Hillsboro, 1980) is another collection, this one centering on the impact that individual faithfulness should have on the surrounding world. Editor Henry J. Schmidt has gathered chapters by J. A. Toews, Hans Kasdorf, John Unger, John Regehr, Werner A. Heidebrecht, and Paul G. Hiebert. Examined are Biblical teachings, child conversion, conversion in the church context, cross-cultural perspectives, and more.

• A history of Mennonite Central Committee is being written. Three volumes were published this spring by Herald Press: Volume 1, **From the Files of MCC: About Origins, Russia (USSR), Refugee Work;** Volume 2, **Responding to Worldwide Needs: In Europe, The Middle East, Africa, Asia . . .;** Volume 3, **Witness and Service in North America: Peace Witness, Mental Health, Voluntary Service . . .** Editors C. J. Dyck, Robert Kreider, and John A. Lapp tell the story through letters, minutes, reports, and other primary documents.

• David Ewert in his new book, **And Then Comes the End** (Herald Press, 1980), looks at New Testament eschatology as pastoral and ethical guidance rather than a calendar of current events. His focus is on Jesus' and the apostles' teachings.

• Sand Hills Books (St. Jacobs, Ontario) continues exploration of their own local history and people with the publication of **Berlin, Canada: A Self-Portrait of Kitchener, Ontario Before World War One.** Paul Tiessen of Sand Hills edited this reprint of the 1912 book, **Berlin: Celebration of Cityhood,** and wrote a new introduction which includes letters and diary entries by Gordon Christian Eby, great-grandson of Christian Eby, the Mennonite bishop who founded Berlin (Kitchener).

• **Nineteen Nineteen** (Ainsworth Press, Waterloo, 1979) is more local history from Waterloo County, Ontario; this volume, a collection of stories about a Mennonite Hunsberger clan and their community in 1919. Written by Albert Hunsberger and illustrated with pencil sketches by his son, David Peter, **Nineteen Nineteen** is told from the point of view of a 10-year old boy.

• Mennonite Churches in Brazil, Uruguay, and Paraguay have begun printing their own adaptations of the North American Mennonite/Brethren **Foundation Series** Sunday School curriculum. Five translation groups have been working on **Kein Anderer Grund** (**No Other Foundation**) and **Gott halt sein Versprechen** (**God Keeps His Promise,** a Bible story book by Cornelia Lehn).

Dues at the rate of $2 per member and subsidy from General Conference Churches in the U.S. and Canada are financing the rewriting (with new illustrations from South America), translating and printing.

• **Gesangbuch der Mennoniten,** a hymnbook for German-speaking Mennonites, out of print for several years, has been reprinted in Switzerland. It is being used by Mennonites in South America, Germany, and a few churches in Canada. Faith and Life Press, Newton is the publisher.

• **Gospel Versus Gospel: Mission and the Mennonite Church, 1863-1944** (Herald Press, 1979) is the story of what drew Mennonites into missions, what influences they faced as missionaries, and what was happening to Mennonites at home in those years. Author Theron F. Schlabach's point of view is that Anabaptist theology and the peace emphasis were over-shadowed by adopted Anglo-American Protestantism. This is volume 21 in the series, "Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History."

• Editors of the **Brethren Encyclopedia** (Brethren Press, Elgin, Illinois) are looking for historical photos and engravings, pre-World War II, and especially before 1900. Scheduled for publication in 1983, the Encyclopedia will include pictures of Brethren life — baptisms, love feasts, church services and meetings, home and farm and business scenes, clothing styles, meeting houses, barns and buggies.

• A cookbook featuring Low German recipes, cooking methods, and sayings is being compiled to sell as a fund-raising project for the Mennonite Immigrant Historical Foundation in Hillsboro, Kansas, says the Foundation's treasurer, Jan Schmidt.

• **With,** the youth magazine of the Mennonite and General Conference Mennonite Churches now includes "Registration update." The new feature is designed to alert young readers of the latest in the U.S. government's proposed return to military registration, and to help discover appropriate responses from nonresistant Christians to these developments.

• Menno Claus, Vineland, Ontario, is asking for short stories, paragraphs, or "even sentences about 'growing up Mennonite.' " These submissions (on a range of subjects from "Frugality" to "The Minister Comes to Visit") will be collected into a book or booklet.

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Goshen College—
for young people (of all ages)



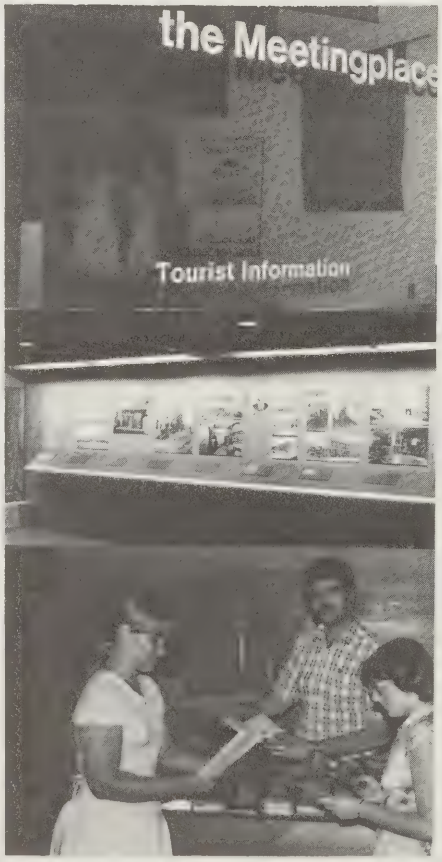
Music Week at Goshen College is meant to provide high school sophomores, juniors and seniors with an experience in music which is inspiring, satisfying, and which builds confidence and a feeling of self-worth. Who can measure the value of an event which facilitates young people making music together, creating harmony and beauty in the midst of a world which is too often discordant.
—Doyle Preheim, Coordinator



Drama Week means work: demonstrations, lectures, laboratories and rehearsals. It also means fun and recreation. The rewards include self-discovery, friendships, and greater confidence in focusing and releasing energy for individual and group work.
—Roy Umble, Coordinator

Goshen College
Goshen Indiana
46526

Music Week • June 15—21
Drama Week • June 23—27



The Meetingplace is a multimedia journey through Mennonite history from Switzerland in the early 1500s to the Canada of today. The experience includes captioned photos, recorded narration, significant artifacts, a scaled-down version of a cave used for secret meetings, a replica of a Mennonite meetinghouse. There are automated slide sets and special effects. **The Meetingplace** presents both historic and contemporary Mennonite ways of life and basic beliefs. The journey is intended to cause the visitors to reflect on their own roots and values.

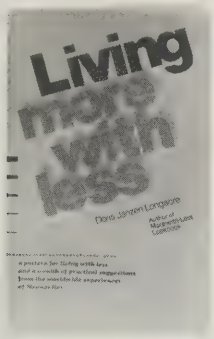
New this summer: the film *"Mennonites of Ontario,"* produced especially for **The Meetingplace** by the Mennonite filmmakers John Ruth and Burton Buller, acclaimed by critics "the most comprehensive and accurate portrayal of Mennonites in Ontario yet available."

Each Saturday night at 7:30: *Hazel's People,* a heartwarming feature-length film produced by Merle Good and Burt Martin.

the Meetingplace
33 King Street, St. Jacobs, Ontario, N0B 2N0

Books! Books! Books...

mennonite books: in review



Three points of view on Doris Longacre's new book.

Living More with Less, Doris Janzen Longacre. Herald Press, 1980. 288 pages. $6.95

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)

Reviewed by Emma LaRoque

Apparently, I met Doris Longacre in 1976 at a graduation picnic. A pleasant woman began to tell me she had been reading my book. Perhaps to keep the conversation alive, I mentioned the "Good-For-Nothing Cookbook" — my affectionate interpretation of the **More With Less Cookbook,** a grad gift. Several weeks later a friend wrote to me: "My dear dummy, that woman was the author of the cookbook!" Everafter that I planned to write to Doris to explain to her the "contextualness" of it all, and that I liked her cookbook, even if it deemphasized meat menus. After reading **Living More With Less** I know Doris would have had a good laugh with me. In this, her last creative effort, Doris' love for life and her intense desire to enrich it comes through.

Living More With Less is a grassroots encyclopedia of suggestions from a wide variety of Mennonites who have struggled to live differently from the luxurious and wasteful norms of the North American affluent society. Since I did not grow up in such affluence, I found some of the suggestions "old hat," and certainly, the wholistic approach of the book has been a tradition with Native North Americans.

Ironically, while many Mennonites strive for "creative deprivation," many minorities yet struggle against involuntary deprivation. But Doris is painfully aware of this fact, and minimizes neither the complexities of powerlessness, nor the responsibilities of those pampered with power.

Food, furniture, cars, recreation, housing, funerals, weddings — how and what we choose determines the spiritual quality of our lives. It probably even carries political implications for our individual choices are not unrelated to the powers that be.

My biggest disappointment with this book is that only about 1/3 of it contains Doris' own insights and challenges. With disarming simplicity, Doris exposes the North American system, carefully centering her analysis on the prophetic teaching of the Old and New Testament.

Doris leaves us quite a legacy of ideas to choose to live more with less.

A Cree Metis, Emma LaRoque is an author and lecturer for the Department of Native Studies, University of Manitoba.

Reviewed by Paul and Alta Erb

Doris Janzen Longacre gave literary expression to her life in two Herald Press books: 1.) **More-With-Less Cookbook,** 1976. 310,000 in print, July, 1980 and 2.) **Living More With Less,** July, 1980. Illness from cancer interrupted the writing of the sequel book.

"If I could have just six weeks of good health, I could finish," she prayed on October 12, 1979. Doris died on November 10. The manuscript was nearly enough completed that her husband, Paul Longacre, and other helpers, could finish it.

Ronald J. Sider wrote the introduction. Ken Hiebert designed the book.

The new book is the creative climax to Doris' life. It describes the path which "she carefully charted and joyfully trod." It is a pilgrimage and a call to simple, Christian living.

Part I gives the basic principles: (1) "What does the Lord require of you, but to *do justice,* and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?" (2) *Learn from the world community.* (3) *Nurture people* (entering into the sufferings of God's people). (4) *Cherish the natural order* (a technology that is gentle toward the earth). (5) *Nonconform freely* (self-discipline).

The discussions are freely illustrated from ideas of people she has worked with including nationals from many countries who have dared to work out the teachings of the Bible.

Part II is living testimonies of 310 persons, contributors of ideas and experiences. This is the outstanding feature of the book: not theories, but actual accounts of "how we did it." These witness on (1) Money; (2) Clothes; (3) Homes; (4) Homekeeping; (5) Transportation and Travel; (6) Celebrations; (7) Recreation; (8) Meeting-houses; (9) Eating Together (not another cookbook!); (10) Strengthening Each Other (much Biblical and spiritual emphasis).

Good indexing guides the reader through a mass of brotherly helpfulness.

Paul and Alta Erb have been living more with less for their 63 years of marriage. Both are retired professors; both continue to write and teach.

Reviewed by Rudolf Dyck

In our society where wastefulness has become a virtue by keeping the Gross National Product growth above zero it is refreshing and somewhat unnerving to read Longacre's **Living More With Less.** Here, finally, is a compendium for enjoying your life and strengthening your relationships at a greatly reduced cost. With hundreds of examples submitted by people in many different vocations Longacre has provided an encyclopedia of ideas on good clean simple living.

She has stated her concern with "our unbelievable carelessness with God's gifts" in simple, nontechnical language. She does not pretend to any expertise in economics or technology. As such the book comes off straight from the heart without the belaboring of complex issues.

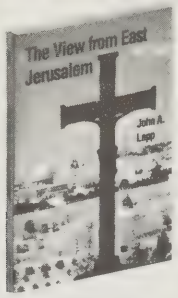
I also like the book because it is not a diatribe or guilt-raising sermon. The author has clearly seen the uselessness in that approach and instead deals with practical examples that are only too often lacking in books with a similar purpose. The "average" Christian will surely be grateful to her. The book will sell.

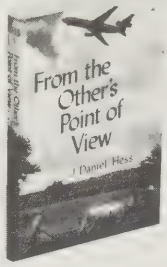
However, the reader will close the book not knowing whether the author appreciated the full extent to which we are in debt to the present system — a system which probably would exhaust us if we tried to live outside it. Although the author attacks waste on all fronts the reader should be cautioned to avoid the temptation of trying to solve everything at once. Still, the merit of the book, in my opinion, is its statement in a variety of ways that if our society makes us sick, then our sickness keeps our society sick. I sensed her saying that societal renewal

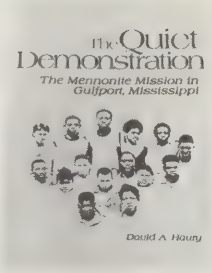
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Books! Books! Books...









The View from East Jerusalem, John A. Lapp. Herald Press, 1980. $4.95.

Reviewed by Anna K. Juhnke

John Lapp's year in East Jerusalem produced a book that is really two timely introductions to Middle East events.

The first five chapters and the appendix clearly outline the issues between Israel and the Palestinians. Lapp sympathizes with the Palestinians, who are not only victims of Israeli expansion but also, like all Arabs, victims of "the other profound anti-Semitism" held by Western Christians through the centuries. His analytical approach might have been made more vivid by anecdotes; a map would also be helpful.

Chapters 6 to 13 are essays on the entwined religious and political trends of the broader Middle East. These are especially useful because their subject matter is less well known, such as the deteriorating situation in Lebanon, the religious conflicts in Israel, and the problems of Eastern Christians.

Perhaps most important is Chapter 7, on the resurgence of fundamentalist Islam throughout the Arab world. However, Chapter 7, like several others, is limited in length and depth by its original form as a column in **Christian Living.** It also shows signs that the book was hastily put together and carelessly edited. The second paragraph, which lists some manifestations of Muslim vitality, is unclear about which countries it refers to. The same paragraph is only slightly altered for re-use in Chapter 12.

Rapid publication was essential, however, to make this book available to North American Christians amid the hysteria about the Middle East in 1980. Lapp's voice of reason, justice, and love is a helpful guide through the conflicts, toward the vision of the *shalom* community—a vision shared by Judaism, Islam, and Christianity.

Anna K. Juhnke is an English professor at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

FQ price — $4.45
(Regular price — $4.95)

From the Other's Point of View, J. Daniel Hess. Herald Press, 1980. 270 pages. $7.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

At first glance, this book appears to be designed as a college text on intercultural communication. One should not judge this book, however, by its appearance (the cover is interesting, the title a bit awkward). It is very readable, useful, and enlightening.

The book is significant at several levels. Anyone who goes to live or visit south of the border should be concerned with the values, attitudes, tensions, and lifestyles which are part of the Latin American cultures. More important, however, is the need for every North American Christian to understand life in the rest of the world. We desperately need reminders that we are part of an exploiting culture.

The case studies, illustrations, photographs, and diagrams are very provocative and helpful in giving focus to communication problems. The author writes from his own experience; he directed a Goshen College international program in Costa Rica for four years. His familiarity with that culture gives the book greater credibility and authenticity.

As a professor of communication at Goshen College, Hess encourages the development of new attitudes toward our Latin American neighbors: "I propose something of quite modest dimensions: to remind the reader that if we all knew a bit more about the nature of communication across cultures, we might not be so cavalier (arrogant, flippant, presumptuous) about our role in world community."

We very much need that sort of nudge.

This book would be appropriate in certain churchly settings: an adult Sunday school class, a missionary support group, and so forth. It should have broad exposure. Its purpose is important.

Wilfred Martens, a novelist and poet, is Professor of English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.

FQ price — $7.15
(Regular price — $7.95)

The Quiet Demonstration: The Mennonite Mission in Gulfport, Mississippi, David Haury. Faith and Life Press, 1979. $6.95.

Reviewed by Darlene Driedger

This book is a case history of Camp Landon, Gulfport, Mississippi. The study is of special significance because the Gulfport project began as a Civilian Public Service (CPS) Unit in 1945 concerned with improving sanitation conditions in the area. It later developed from a CPS unit to our first national voluntary service program. A major motivation for voluntary service came from women who wished to join the CPS men in worthwhile, Christian service.

Haury traces Gulfport's history from its beginning as a unique CPS unit through the following thirty years as various service programs such as Bible clubs, recreation centre, Fresh Air program, radio broadcasts, teaching in the public schools, released Bible study time in the schools, home repair, home visitation, etc. were implemented.

The Gulfport unit is of particular significance to Mennonites because it provided many of us with our very first experiences with Black people. Almost all of the volunteers had never before experienced a one to one relationship with Blacks or segregation.

The work at Camp Landon was a "quiet demonstration" which contributed to civil rights. Most of the research for this history indicates that the leadership involved in the project felt that a more active peace stance would have failed.

The author is to be commended for the extensive research and documentation done in the writing of this study.

One criticism of the book is that at times the account becomes too detailed and the layperson may wish that the author would express himself more concisely.

Darlene Driedger, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is Executive Secretary of the Manitoba Association of Social Workers.

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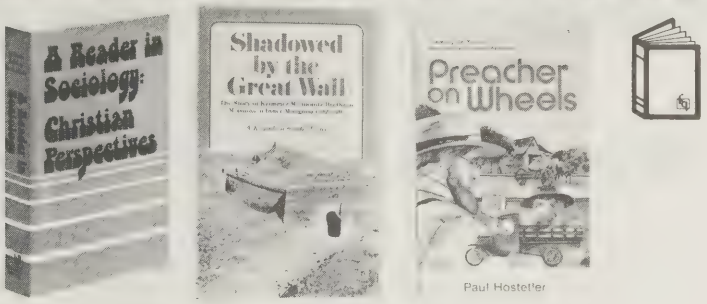
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A Reader in Sociology: Christian Perspectives, Charles P. De Santo, Calvin W. Redekop, William L. Smith-Hinds, editors. Herald Press, 1980. $12.95.

Reviewed by Jacob Peters

Christian Perspectives in Sociology contains a collection of relatively independent articles exploring the Christian point of view on sociological topics. The forty articles, written by Christians from diverse denominational backgrounds, make the reader aware of the existing tensions between sociology and Christian values. By focusing on seven substantive areas the book challenges students to rethink the place of sociology in everyday life and the role of Christian faith in the discipline of sociology. The message is integration, not compartmentalization and rationalization.

The book is designed as a supplementary text for first year sociology students. A brief introductory note to the students sets the parameters for the articles and provides a launching pad for the student. The majority of the articles are very readable, stimulating and thought-provoking. Each article ends with a set of questions that should provoke individual reflection and group discussions. For example, what is the role of a Christian sociologist? Do you think that Christians err in "over-feminizing" Christianity or "over-masculinizing" Christianity?

Sociologists teaching in Christian colleges should welcome this book of readings. It is a rare resource afforded sociologists and should be useful in developing a critical analysis of society from a Christian perspective in the classroom.

Jacob Peters is a sociology professor at The University of Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

FQ price — $11.65
(Regular price — $12.95)

Shadowed by the Great Wall, A.K. and Gertrude Wiens. Hillsboro: Bd. of Christian Literature of the General Conference Mennonite Brethren Churches, 1979. $3.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

The great romance between Christian missions and China will likely never end. Between 1850 and 1950 the center of mission interest if not activity for American Christians was China. J. Hudson Taylor, John and Betty Stam, the China Inland Mission, Yale in China represent only the tip of the iceberg. The new turn in China-American relationships is already stimulating new mission interest. Mennonites are no exception. Even before the China Mennonite Mission Society was established in 1905 individuals representing all groups were working in China with other boards. Seven Mennonite boards operated programs in China between 1905 and 1950.

This memoir written by a veteran couple tells in very brief compass "the story of Krimmer Mennonite Brethren Missions in Inner Mongolia (1929-49)." This story is especially fascinating since its location among Mongolian peoples meant a somewhat different culture than all other groups worked with. Because of the location and the repeated instability from warlord bands of the 1920's through the Japanese occupation and the Revolution itself, it was difficult to establish a work of any permanence. The mission compound at the headquarters city Chotzeshan was repeatedly vandalized. There were several evacuations on government orders. And of course little if anything is known since the missionaries left in 1949.

This book preserves some of the story of this mission. There is very little analysis or assessment. That is the remaining task for the historian and missiologist.

John A. Lapp, a historian and writer, is Dean of Goshen (Indiana) College.

FQ price — $3.55
(Regular price — $3.95)

Preacher on Wheels, Paul Hostetler. Brethren Press, 1980. $2.25.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

Paul Hostetler subtitles this book about his father Eli, **Traveling the Road to Sainthood with Happy Abandon.** Eli H. Hostetler was born into an Old Order Amish family of eleven children. Paul relates many amusing family stories which he learned from his father. He also tells why his father left the Amish and joined the Brethren in Christ where he eventually became an enthusiastic and energetic minister. Eli established several new congregations and generally had the new group housed and functioning before the church authorities had given their approval or, in some cases, even knew about them.

The stories in each chapter somehow revolve around the theme of wheels—wagon, motorcycle, buggy, automobile, tractor, toy, truck, cider press, mill, etc.—because Eli was an inventive fellow whose wheels in his head turned as rapidly as any of his machinery. Paul is a witty writer and the reader will enjoy his metaphors along with the tales he tells.

The classic story of the Hostetler family, some of whom were massacred and others of whom were captured by the Indians, is included. Stories of conscientious objector experiences in both World Wars appear here, too.

This delightful account of the Brethren in Christ in Ohio and Pennsylvania is a good companion piece to **Counting My Buttons,** by Esther Pence Garber, a story of Church of the Brethren people in Bridgewater, Virginia, and written from the female viewpoint, but both are about rural life a generation or two ago.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — $2.05
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Should Mennonites Be Involved in World Diplomacy?

by Josiah Muganda



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer

Diplomacy is the art of dealing with people so that business is done smoothly. It is a skill used in handling human affairs without arousing hostility.

Diplomacy is reasonable foreign relations between governments and among nations, employing facts and conciliation, especially in situations of stress. It is a way of managing a country's affairs by its agents abroad. Such agents are the Ambassadors, Ministers and Officers under them who receive directions from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at home.

True diplomacy is patient, persevering, nonviolent and persistent. It is considerate and unselfish as well as understanding.

Diplomacy is not thwarting or threatening. Proper diplomacy is not objective, but it is ready to examine and weigh facts, then make suggestions, offer opinions and propose alternatives.

However, since diplomats are not of their own final authorities, they have to adhere to their instructions and should never depart considerably from formal instructions of their home government, "for the one who is sent is not greater than the one who sent him."

Diplomacy and Christian Virtues

In my judgment, diplomatic qualities and approaches seem to match with Christian virtues and aspirations in many ways. At least they don't conflict with each other. Diplomacy requires one to listen to the other person, try to understand his views, reasons, complaints or grievances; then have faith in him and in what he says, and accept him as he is.

Diplomacy is peace-making at conference tables and dinners. Through it misunderstandings, human woes and miseries have been reduced. Diplomacy has diverted wars, has reached agreements and has produced mutual respect and cooperation. The world would have been in chaos if there were no diplomatic consultations.

I think Jesus was diplomatic when he said, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless like doves." (Matthew 10:16) The world is full of situations like wolves: hunger, greed, selfishness, ignorance, illiteracy, poverty, arrogance and diseases. A true and responsible diplomat, like a true Christian, can be wise as a serpent and help his country acquire or increase modern technology, social change, economic improvement, trade, educational facilities or opportunities, modernization of agriculture and food production. However, a wise diplomat must be selective in whatever he recommends to his country, for "not all that *glitters* is gold."

A diplomat, like a Christian, is called to be harmless as a dove. He does what he is instructed to do in the name of his government and for the benefit of the nation. Therefore, he should avoid being self-congratulatory, self-aggrandizing and self-conceited.

Diplomacy is neutral. Christians who are genuine can use it to serve their Lord and mankind as "good and faithful servants." I don't see, therefore, why Mennonites cannot be good Christian diplomats.

When the Apostle Paul said, "I have become all things to all people," he preached diplomacy. To the Jews, he became a Jew. To the philosophers, he philosophized convincingly and logically. To the Pharisees who were doctors of the law of Moses, Paul theologized. To the Romans, he used his Roman citizenship to claim his rights. To the people who were offended by eating meat, Paul did not eat it when among them. Through diplomacy, Christianity was spread from Jewish culture into gentile cultures. Without diplomacy, Christianity would have remained a child and sect of Judaism.

Should Mennonites be involved in Diplomacy?

Yes. Mennonites have been involved in diplomacy without being aware of it. The formation of Mennonite Central Committee is a case in point. Through this organ, the Mennonite church works cooperatively as Christian witnesses, being good stewards, sharing their material goods, expressing their concerns and working on peace strategies. This organ has given them toleration of one another, burying their petty difference of sub-cultures.

Through diplomacy, Christian love and understanding, the Mennonite church is an institution with constitutions and mission boards, colleges and seminaries, besides being a body of Christian believers. Without understanding and compromise, there would have been either too many insignificant Mennonite colleges and seminaries, or there would have been none at all.

Mennonites have been engaged in diplomacy ever since they decided to start mission movements. Planning and contacts by the mission boards to government agencies and to other foreign missions were made through diplomacy. Missionaries studied local languages and cultures. This was nothing but a diplomatic way of wanting to know and understand the people they were sent to.

Though by modern standards, we tend to criticize missionaries who destroyed African cultures, customs and norms, they did so only after they had convinced the African church elders that African cultures were not biblical. They did so not by thwarting or threatening, but by persuasive powers and convincing logic.

Education and medicine were the two tools used by missionaries to attract converts and followers.

The mission boards have left the young churches to practice their own polities which are slightly different from polity practiced by mother churches. A Tanzanian Mennonite Church member is not restricted from accepting employment as a policeman, becoming a member of a political party or working for his government in any field and capacity. The Lancaster Mennonite Church to which we are attached has accepted our church structure and our practiced polity. "He who is on your side is not your enemy."

Diplomacy in its truest sense is patience and nonviolence. It is not arrogance unless it is used by arrogant people.

Let the peace-loving people, the non-violent and the non-resistant Christians, light their candle and put it on a hill, so that it can shine beyond their borders: To bring peace where there is trouble, love where there is hatred, abundance where there is hunger, educability where there is ignorance and illiteracy, confidence where there is doubt or uncertainty, and light where there is darkness. This is the role of true diplomacy. It is also the role of true Christian love.

Josiah M. Muganda is currently a counselor in Education and Cultural Affairs at the Embassy of Tanzania in Washington, D.C. He is a member of the Tanganyika Mennonite Church; a graduate of Eastern Mennonite College, New York University and Howard University.

On Losing a Political Race



by Frank H. Epp

Mennonites don't like losers any more than anybody else. Even church statesmen have to be successful people.

Frank Epp with Canada's Liberal Party leader, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

The editor has asked me to write about politics and about losing, and to be very personal about it.

The politics in question are Canada's recent federal elections. In 1979 the Progressive Conservatives ousted the Liberals who had formed the government since 1963. In 1980 the Liberals were again returned.

I should have been part of the return, but I lost in my bid for election to the House of Commons. It was my second run as Liberal candidate in the rural-urban riding of Waterloo, population c. 100,000 with 70,000 eligible voters, of which about 51,500 went to the polls in both elections.

I lost both times — in 1979 by 5,665 votes and in 1980 by 155 votes. Actually, I lost not only these two times, but quite possibly in perpetuity, because almost every reference in the media identifies me as the one who was "defeated."

The losses could be many. A friend asked me after the 1979 election: "Frank, has your role as a church statesman been enhanced?"

I had not thought of myself in those terms but we proceeded to analyze the situation. Together we agreed that my position had suffered.

For at least three reasons: I had entered politics. I had chosen a "questionable" party; and, I had lost.

And losing was the bigger problem. Mennonites don't like losers any more than anybody else. Even church statesmen have to be successful people. So we reasoned.

In some way I lost what I sought most in recent years — to be a mediator between contending parties in the Middle East and to be a spokesperson for maltreated minority groups.

However, my book **The Israelis,** a companion volume to **The Palestinians** published in 1976, wasn't out yet (it appeared on book shelves 10 days after the election), and a well-organized extremist lobby, using a malicious letter-writing campaign and slanderous election-eve advertising quite possibly robbed me of that image and role in the public mind. Some say the agitators also lost me the election!

Be that as it may, winning and losing are really relative, depending on how one measures wins and losses.

For example, has the winner won if in 1980 he has lost most of the 5,665 — vote margin he had in 1979, and has the loser lost if he has managed to all but close the gap?

Friends were gained, more than I ever had before! Over 20,000 people voted for me and seven hundred came forward to work for my candidacy to telephone and canvass 40,000 households, donate over $20,000, display hundreds of signs, and, in ways too many to list, promote the campaign.

Many of them say they would do it again, even if it meant losing again. That's loyalty and a priceless friendship.

Jewish leaders came forward to offer brave support. Said one, a former member of Parliament from another political party, publicly for all to read: "There are some things persons cannot defend themselves against . . . I had to be defended by my Christian friends and in the case of Frank Epp it may be necessary that he be defended by a Jewish friend."

Again, that kind of identification is worth more than electoral success. It can nurture one's soul for a lifetime.

There are other gains and rewards I could cite, such as new insights on the political process, on mass communication, and on the nature of the church's witness as well as a renewed family partnership and conversation.

A significant ongoing political role arises from an ex-officio status as delegate to all conventions and executive board meetings of the party, including the leadership convention anticipated in the next few years.

All in all, I consider the running to have been worthwhile, even if only because I outran myself in more ways than one. It was a time of learning and maturation, an invaluable experience with which to face one's later years.

Most important for me has been growth in the conviction that, while many governments, in whole or in part, are of the devil, Government itself is of God.

When he created an environment with a wealth of resources and a people to live in it, he had in mind an orderly relation between the people and those resources, the people with each other, and the created with the creator.

His creation, and the government he wanted, is in deep trouble. We now have 4.5 billion people scrambling for unevenly-shared, dwindling resources; and false gods everywhere are pretending infallibility and reaching for ultimate power.

And too many of his people, who claim to know somewhat of his will and governmental plan, are sitting on the sidelines getting all they can get for themselves, enjoying the luxury of every privilege and criticism, while assuming few of the risks and responsibilities.

Will I do it again? It is too early to say, but of this I am sure. If I don't run again, it won't be because the conviction has worn thin.

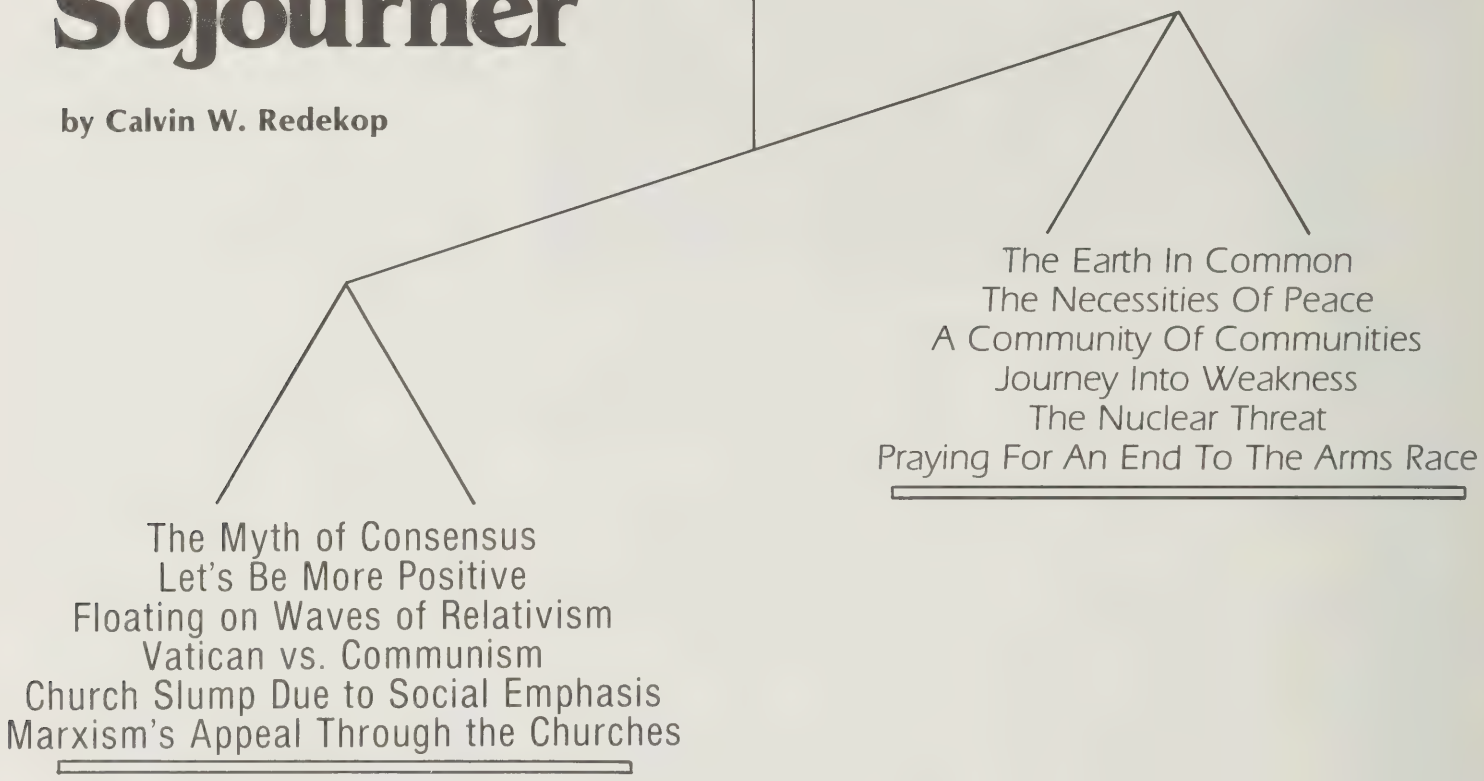
On the contrary, the circumstances will have to be very powerful to overrule both the calling and the conviction. Winning isn't always essential, but participation in the process is. For me at least it has become an obligation.

Frank H. Epp is an author, professor at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, and active in MCC Canada.

Guidelines For the Sojourner

by Calvin W. Redekop

Where Do We Get the Clues For Our Views??



Mennonites form their political opinions from contacts with a variety of sources, including religious magazines. **Festival Quarterly** *asked sociologist Calvin Redekop to look at two periodicals which influence some Mennonites.*

I have not recently met anyone who feels his views or ideas or perceptions are false, or even stupid. Rather everyone thinks his ideas are just a bit superior. Personally I often think that my perceptions are just a cut above the rest. Allow me to give you some proof of this — on second thought, space does not allow, so I will proceed with my argument. On the rational level, each individual can be considered as a more or less integrated bundle of ideas, opinions and perceptions on a vast array of human experiences.

Some philosophers, like Descarte, have proposed that man is rational, that the idea is an independent event, of which all men are capable. Others say we only *think* we think, and that we really merely reflect the world around us when we cogitate (think). One philosopher goes to the extreme to say, "Man ist was er isst" which translated says man is what he eats. (Feuerbach should not really take credit for that statement because it was actually the turnips he ate which made him say those words.)

As is so often the case according to the philosophers, the truth lies (!) somewhere between the extremes; that is, we form our opinions and beliefs *partly* on noble rational levels and partly on what we eat. However, let me say that the "eating theory" of thought should be taken with a grain of salt, because it is an extreme explanation of the view that we develop our beliefs, convictions, opinions and thought patterns as a response to what we experience via the newspaper headlines, billboards, neighborhood gossip, the weather, and sometimes possibly even a book.

This ambiguity about how I think bothers me, for as I look at the magazines that clutter my study, and the pictures that hang on the walls, (I have a *nice* pencil drawing of myself done by a well-known artist, but it does not stay hung because someone in my immediate family keeps taking it down) and analyze the music I listen to, I am aware that I am in the process of making a particular self out of myself, and how do I know I am making the right me? What if I were to read the **Atlantic Monthly** instead of the **Saturday Review?**

What if I had Gauguin prints (mass produced of course) on the walls rather than originals by Robert Regier and Daniel Wohlgemuth? In fact an even more terrifying change is taking place in my personality at the moment — I'm shifting from basing most of my world view on the **Mennonite Weekly Review** to the **Mennonite Reporter,** and I have no idea what that will do to my Weltanschauung (a disease suffered by those who think the things they think make a difference).

So I stare in catatonic mystification at the maze of magazines in my study and wish I knew what was going on in all those other perspectives which I am missing, and which I am sure are imperative for me to know so that I can be a totally whole being. But there are occasional reassuring experiences, such as my discovery of the **Festival Quarterly,** which is bringing me closer to the real self which I am sure Plato

would agree exists for me out there somewhere.

Maybe my quandary has been experienced by others? (Actually, I ought not be too concerned since I had to admit earlier that I consider myself brighter than most, but it may be profitable to at least fake a bit of humility once in a while for the sake of communication with others.) So back to the original question: Are there guidelines for the sojourner? In this case, for the Christian sojourner.

Let us focus the question further for analysis. Let us say there actually are two magazines entitled **Guidelines** (for today) and **Sojourners.** Let us assume they are both edited by Christians and that they circulate among friends we all know. What difference does this make?

We could analyze the "thought patterns" of the editorial staffs of the two magazines which themselves are most likely based partly on what they eat, read, see and hear. We could analyze the thought patterns of the subscribers of both magazines in terms of *their* eating patterns, etc., or we could analyze the influence of the magazines on the readers since these magazines are part of the Feuerbachian diet.

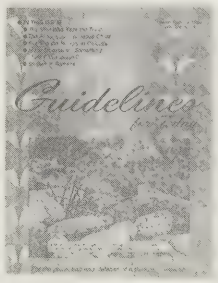
We must simplify some more. Let us look at a few of the ingredients of these postulated magazines and then evaluate how they nourish the intellectual metabolism of the readers. Let us say that **Guidelines** is edited by a staff which is concerned about themes which keep recurring: capital punishment (it is approved as a necessary work for the state); homosexuality and other such deviances (they are severely condemned); Communism (it is godless, un-Christian and un-American); social justice activities on the part of Christians (shown as being totally unbiblical); separation of church and state (it is strongly supported — but with the tacit support of a strong America with the mandate to fight Communism); protest and witness to the state and government (it is strongly prohibited for the Christian since the two Kingdom theology teaches Christians have no right to interfere in a God-ordained institution which bears the sword for a purpose). Space prohibits review of other themes.

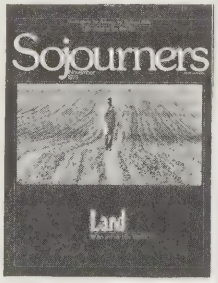
Let us say that **Sojourners** stresses a number of themes including: capital punishment (it is totally out of harmony with Christ's teaching); economic inequality and exploitation both domestically and internationally (it is un-Christian and wrong for the nation); militarism and armaments (they are politically wrong and cannot be pursued by a nation which considers itself civilized, much less Christian); stewardship and ecology (seen as a major biblical theme); dictatorships and human oppression (roundly scored as immoral and un-Christian).

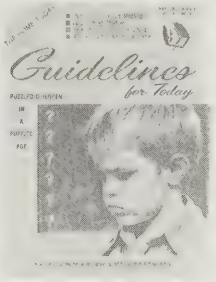
So far these two magazines would appear to be diametrically different and contradictory. But there are similarities too! Both stress the need for conversion and regeneration — Christians should express their faith in ways which stress love and concern for others. Both stress the need for the regeneration of the Church — the lack of effectiveness of Christian witness is the watered-down nature of the body of Christ.

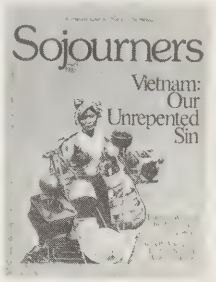
Further, both teach the life of peace and nonresistance. The Christian cannot fight, kill or destroy (**Guidelines** is categorically opposed to abortion, while **Sojourners** does not speak categorically on it). The separation of the Church from secular power is upheld by both, although **Guidelines** as indicated above, expresses approval of the military action in Vietnam and Cambodia on the part of the United States in its fight against Communism.

Social justice is supported by both, but **Guidelines** would limit it to privatistic behavior, while **Sojourners** would not separate individual and private acts of social justice, and stresses the need for institutions and nations to act justly as well.









More similarities and differences could be postulated between these two; a few philosophical differences should be noted. **Sojourners** assumes that although the state is not Christian it must be judged by Christians and called to account for its actions; **Guidelines** on the contrary says the state is accountable only to God. On the other hand, homosexuals need to be restrained and convicted of their moral transgressions. The tacit support for the USA's fight to destroy communism as well as the homosexual position creates a curious position which is difficult to understand — it looks like a selective morality.

Guidelines is curiously silent on economic injustices especially the structural economic inequities created by corporations, multinationals and governmental organizations in reference to the poor. **Sojourners** on the other hand seems almost obsessed with the reality of structural evil.

What if these analyses were true and that these magazines actually existed? What difference would it make on the readers and their construction of their selves? Or to bring it back to my question: Why should I read either magazine and what effect would it have on the self I am creating?

I suppose I would read **Guidelines** if I needed to be helped in my need to reconcile my commitment to separation from the state and still enjoy material success. How else can I understand **Guidelines** supporting the fighting of Communism? Naturally if I valued the status quo, I would want the homosexual behind bars and all the criminals executed (it makes me safer, and affirms the importance of the state in its job to do the dirty work). If I was not sure of what my larger Christian responsibility was, it would obviously be logical to disparage social justice on the larger scale as being unbiblical, and retreat to personal piety. I am not sure why **Guidelines** should defend nuclear energy unless it reflects hope in unending economic progress (or so the nuclear enthusiasts would have us believe).

I guess I would read **Sojourners** if I needed to be educated on the social dimension of the Christian faith; but some of us were given that education "upon first reading Menno." I guess I would read **Sojourners** if I needed educating on the institutional and structural aspects of injustice, but I am a sociologist. Obviously a lot of Fundamentalists, Evangelicals and others need it. And if I needed to be informed that Christians can and should witness to, influence, and call the state to account for its actions, then I would read **Sojourners.** But I am not sure I can accept that last point totally, and find myself veering ever so slightly back to **Guidelines.**

If I needed a strong authoritative magazine, both would do, although the contents are very different. But how do I know what I need? So I am back to my catatonic stance. All I know is that I am in the process of creating my perceptual grid (there must be a shorthand way of referring to the way I perceive the world and react to it), with everything I do, including the magazines I read. As I gaze at the Paul Friesen vase and platter on the table, I notice some similarity between it and my morphology — that seems ominous, but I like its shape! Or should I contemplate a square objet d'art instead?

Calvin W. Redekop is a sociology professor at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, a writer, and solar energy advocate.

THIS ISSUE'S DIS-QUEST

ECONOMICS: "Is one economic system more Christian and less oppressive than another?"

NEXT ISSUE'S DIS-QUEST:

SYMBOLS: What symbols are important to your group? How did your symbols develop? How do you discard symbols?



Luis Correa is Executive Director of Menonita Colombiana Para el Desarrollo, headquartered in Bogotá, Colombia. This response was translated from Spanish into English by Blanca Duque Quintero and Linda Shelly.

In order to determine whether one economic system is more Christian and less oppressive than another, we need to start by analyzing, at least superficially, the two big economic systems which are competing for acceptance: capitalism and socialism. Unfortunately I am not an expert on either of these systems and so will need to limit this to what I see daily and read occasionally.

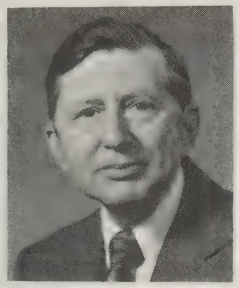
Henry Kissinger called Latin American countries "the third world," or "under-developed nations," simply because they didn't register imported currency and production equal to that of European countries and the United States. It is as if to say the good things of a country are not its people or its possibilities, but rather its money. Is that really just or Christian?

In Colombia there are ten financial institutions that control all the investment funds and the most powerful companies in the country. They control the stock and bond markets and set values. Many poor people make investments hoping to receive good dividends from their savings. Recently the government discovered that in one resale of stocks, the most powerful of these institutions made a profit of 200,000,000 pesos (approximately $4½ million US). Consequently the government passed a law prohibiting any one of these institutions from controlling more than 10% of the savings of any company or bank. What happened? The stocks lost value and many thousands of small investors lost their money. (Three Mennonite friends lost 85,000 pesos — almost $2,000 US.) Speculation on stocks resulted in tremendous inflation that affects the economy of our country. What the government failed to do in the law was to protect the savings of the people; the owners of these institutions can spend their vacations in Europe or Miami.

The transportation industry, the real estate business, and the drug traffic control the economy of our capitalist country where the poor are the ones who suffer all the consequences of rising costs of food, transportation, rent and services. Capitalism is anti-Christian, inhumane, cruel, unjust, oppressive, materialistic and exploitive.

Would socialism be closer to the ideal? The definition of "socialism" says that this system gives the state the power to control the conditions of private life, economics and politics, *placing the collective interest above that of the individual.* In other words, it would be the establishment of an equalitarian society where individuals utilize their intelligence, capacity, gifts and abilities for the common benefit — a world where natural riches are exploited and utilized for all people, rather than for multinationals or others with money.

Socialism isn't concerned only with the method of production. Its essence is in the equality of all, in each person's human worth and right to shape his own destiny and that of his country. At least with respect to the New Reign of which Jesus spoke in Matthew (the Sermon on the Mount), socialism does come closer to an economic system that is more Christian and less oppressive.



John Rudy is General Manager of Financial Services for Mennonite Mutual Aid. He lives in Goshen, Indiana.

My personal response to this question is simple, maybe too simple: It's difficult to be a faithful follower of Jesus in any economic system. I know from experience that it's tough under capitalism. I doubt it would be any easier to be a Christian under socialism or communism. It might be harder.

It seems to me that no economic system is more Christian than another. Every system is man-made. Not God-ordained or God-designed, but the product of human beings. And since unredeemed human beings operate the system there is plenty of room for people to be ruthless, oppressive, greedy. Sin thrives under every economic system.

Perhaps it would be equally appropriate to say that Christianity has prospered under various economic systems. The system has often seemed incidental. People of God, led and empowered by His Spirit, have demonstrated faithfulness throughout history, in different economic orders.

Now, I have to admit, that I'm pretty thoroughly steeped in capitalism. I'm biased. And for good reason. It's the only economic system in which I have any experience. I was born into capitalism. I've never lived under socialism or communism. And I have no plans to move.

Maybe a confession would be in order: It's hard for me to criticize a system which has been so good to me. Under capitalism and democracy I have enjoyed freedom. I've had the liberty to choose my vocation, to earn adequate income from my labors, to receive interest and dividends, to realize capital gains, to accept an inheritance, to help my children, to contribute to the work of the Lord. Really, I don't have very much to complain about.

However, I have no intention of baptizing capitalism, because capitalism, like any system, has its evils. People can exploit each other. Some will be unscrupulous. Some will do anything for personal gain. Some will be grossly unjust. Some will take advantage of the poor. Some will even cloak the system in righteousness.

But is socialism or communism inherently any better? No, I don't think so. People abuse and misuse power. Citizens can be oppressed. Leaders can be ruthless. Many can be deprived of the dignity and resources they need.

I differ with those who assume the sinfulness of capitalism and the saintliness of socialism and communism.

Sure I get upset with the weaknesses and inequities of the capitalistic system. I even get angry. But I sense no calling to try to overthrow the system. I accept it as a given. By God's Spirit, and with the help of my Christian brothers and sisters, I've got to find ways to be faithful. Right where I live and work.

My Anabaptist Mennonite heritage offers me helpful admonition: Remain ill at ease with the system! Any system!

So I refuse to cast my vote in favor of any economic system. Regardless of the system in which I live here on earth, I am called to be a pilgrim and a stranger. A foreigner. An alien. A citizen of heaven.

To me, the question before us is irrelevant, purely academic. The important question for me is this: How can I be more faithful right where I am, under capitalism?



Ahmed Haile, from Somalia, is a student at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana.

Christianity is about a universal truth where people of all races are united under one God, one Spirit and one Lord, while economics deals with only things (material) which are scarce. There are many ways to solve the problem of scarcity.

When it comes to choosing between socialism and capitalism or any other economic system, there is no difference, because none of them are based on Christian principles. In Christianity there is no socialism nor capitalism; there is no Jew or Gentile, because all walls or barriers were destroyed by unity in God. Besides that God has given men a revelation to distinguish good from evil.

There are Christians who are in favor of capitalism over socialism and vice versa, choosing between the lesser of the two evils. But, this notion contradicts Christian beliefs.

Socialism promises to deliver classless society where everyone is equal. There is no poor nor rich and everyone will have shelter and enough to eat. It claims to be the only way that men can solve the problem of scarcity. So far it has been proven the opposite. The U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe have lower standards of living compared to their counterparts in Western Europe and the United States. Socialism has increased the level of violence, bloodshed and starvation in the Horn of Africa and Southeast Asia.

There is no freedom of religion because it is the number one enemy of the socialist state ("the opiate of the people") and therefore must be eliminated. As long as religion exists, they believe the class struggle or the revolution will never succeed. Religion gives false hope of life after death.

Capitalism promises to deliver freedom, equality and liberty to all people. Whether you believe that capitalism is less oppressive than socialism depends on your experience. In the name of capitalism Africa has been colonized and dehumanized by capitalist states in Western Europe and the U.S.A. Many Afro-Americans were dehumanized in the name of capitalism when they demanded equality, freedom, and liberty. They were given equal but separate facilities. They are suffering today in the inner cities of the United States.

In Southeast Asia millions of innocent people were bombed for the self-interest of capitalism and millions are suffering from the effects of bombing, or starving in refugee camps in Southeast Asia.

The Mennonite Church believes in the separation of church and state. We know that there is no economic system which is based on Christian principles. Therefore to say that one economy is more Christian and less oppressive is contradictory to the church's teaching. Our guide should be Matthew 25:35-36. "For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me a drink . . . I was naked and you clothed me."



How My Life Has Shaped My Writing

by Helen Good Brenneman

Helen Good Brenneman is a prolific writer. Many readers may not be aware of the handicaps she surmounts when she produces an article or book. Explained her husband, Virgil, "Helen's numbed hands do not allow her to type well enough to do manuscripts. Neither can she read what she or anyone else types. She is therefore dependent on others to get her writing done like the . . .[following article] . . . which was dictated to a friend who read it back to her to make corrections."

Her latest book, **Joy Comes in the Morning,** *is scheduled for release this summer by Herald Press.*

As a child I grew up near Washington, D.C. and at the age of 11 began my writing career with a poem about a robin which I submitted to the junior page of the **Washington Star.**

Between the ages of 11 and 16 I was a junior columnist for the **Star.** When I was a junior in high school I worked on the school paper. And when I was a senior I was delegated to teach the journalism class and edit the school paper.

As I became a young adult, I wrote many articles for church papers, but I did not begin writing books until after my first child was born.

We brought our first child home from the hospital the day after he was born. Why so soon? Because a sympathetic doctor knew of our financial state (my husband was in college) and made it possible. We had an eighteen-year-old helper who knew no more about babies than we did. We had three baby books (including the famous Dr. Spock's) and looked up all problems in the index of one of these books.

One day I was calling directions from one of the books for giving the baby a bath. When the door opened exposing the baby to the December air, I called out, "Shut that door!" It was the doctor who entered laughing at our inexperience.

After that episode it occurred to me that during the many adjustments to the baby's birth I had not opened the Bible, thereby missing the many helpful Scriptures which would have made my life easier as a young mother. As a result, I looked up these words of wisdom and wrote the book, **Meditations for the New Mother.**

Soon after I wrote this book, I tackled a job which was a dream realized. My husband and I had worked in a refugee camp in Gronau, Germany and during this time we witnessed a number of miraculous reunions of refugees who lost each other during the post-war trauma. One of these refugees arrived one day from a distant part of Germany and told us of looking for his family for four years during the war. To his astonishment his wife and 3 children were living right there in the camp. A joyous reunion followed. Getting together many of the refugees' life stories, I wrote **But Not Forsaken,** a novel depicting their lives.

When I wrote **Meditations for the Expectant Mother** I was not pregnant but memories of that fearful and wonderful time were still fresh in my mind. Our foster daughter, Loretta (Mrs. Jack Birky), was pregnant at the time of the publication of the book and I dedicated it to her.

Some time after the writing of these two books I accepted a 1/3 time assignment from the Mennonite Publishing House, writing a 3-year series of family worship materials. As one deadline followed quickly on the heels of another, I learned to give the best part of my day to writing and to live and breathe the materials as I cared for the needs of a husband and 4 school-age children.

Seven of my nine books were written since the onslaught of Multiple Sclerosis. I sufferd a major attack of this disease at the age of 38, while our family was living in Boston, Massachusetts, where my husband had a Danforth Fellowship to attend Boston School of Theology. Soon after we moved to Boston, I lost all use of my legs, all use of one hand and the partial use of the other. During my month-long hospitalization, I dreamed that when I returned home from the hospital I sat right down at my typewriter and typed.

After learning to walk again, I returned home, but I was afraid to try the typewriter. When I finally summoned the courage to try I found I could type and after a few weeks was up to my old speed and accuracy. While I was in the hospital I received many words of comfort from friends in different states. I used these words to write a book for those who are sick, **My Comforters.** In this, I contrasted the words of my friends with Job's miserable comforters.

Although I've always considered myself one of the privileged women of my time in that I've been able to use my gifts in a satisfying way, I've had sympathetic interest in the feminist movement. In **Ring a Dozen Doorbells** I endeavored to show how 12 of my women friends found fulfillment in useful and satisfying lives.

Later I wrote a book, **The House by the Side of the Road.** My husband calls this my Christian hospitality book. The inspiration came from our ten years of life in a typical parsonage.

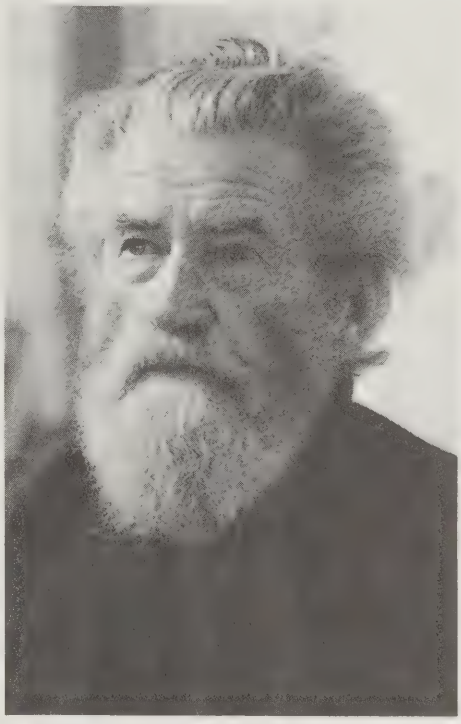
As a result of M.S., I felt myself greatly handicapped. During my period of adjustment I called another handicapped friend one day. In answer to my question about her health, she replied, "Well, I'm coping." I found that thought a challenge and took an interest in the word *cope.* As a result of my thinking on this subject, I wrote the book **Learning to Cope,** dealing with my own adjustments as well as those of some of my handicapped friends.

My husband used to say that "a woman *with book* is much like a woman *with child.*" While one is in this condition she is completely absorbed in her circumstances and there is relief for neither until birth has taken place.

I think there is no other vocation with as many compensations as that of writing. I could never visit as many young mothers as I have fellowshipped with through my writing.

Writing has become so much a part of my life that I cannot experience any deep emotion without expressing it in words. I am thankful that even though I am legally blind and greatly handicapped, I still can share my thoughts through the help of friends.

"A blessed curse it is"



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer

"If I had a chance, I'd become a recycled Mennonite."

For thirty years after Tom Schenk was expelled from Goshen College in the early 30's, he had virtually no contact with Mennonites. He still has only limited interchange, but he cherishes his Mennonite connections and hopes his daughter can attend a Mennonite high school in the near future.

Tom Schenk looks twenty years younger than his 76 years. He is obviously overjoyed that things have turned out so well. His first 60 years were full of low spots, but he survived. And he's living his second life now as though it were his first. "My uncle just died at 102, and I'm going to beat him!" he chuckles.

Tom Schenk has the type of face most artists wish they could paint, let alone wear. Tanned and rugged like a sailor's ruddy visage, his beard and bushy eyebrows add a sense of character and mystery to his otherwise small, short physique.

His deep scratchy voice booms forth in a surprising sweep. Tom Schenk the man seems a mixture of fire and charm. His painting by contrast appears more docile and reserved.

The stories and adventures of his life could fill several volumes; a page-long portrait can barely sketch the outlines of this artist. Born in a log house near Elida, Ohio on November 2, 1903 to Andrew and Rhoda (Stemen) Schenk, he and his six brothers and two sisters were "very poor but very happy."

Schenk's story is one of continued conflict and partial resolution. He was expelled from Gomer High School when he was in the eleventh grade. He had a conflict with Mr. Lappin, the principal. Schenk shares the tales of his life with relish. One senses an attitude of "what happened couldn't be helped."

Schenk's memory is vivid. He recalls word for word (or nearly) innumerable conversations he's had over the years. He remembers who still owes him money, who complimented his art, and who refused to buy it.

He recalls with fondness his conflicts with the likes of H. S. Bender and J. C. Wenger which led to his dismissal from Goshen in 1934. "Whose are the great big boots that crush these flowers?" he remembers asking.

Tom Schenk now lives and paints at his home in Southwest Harbor, Maine. His wife Annie also paints. Schenk appears vibrantly happy, and lights up every time he speaks of Annie and their daughter Penny.

He favors landscapes and seascapes, although he is best known to Mennonites for portraits. The most commonly used woodcut of Christopher Dock, the schoolmaster, is a Schenk original from Goshen days. He has also painted Menno Simons. In recent years he has painted three Anabaptist leaders as well as all of the presidents of Eastern Mennonite College.

But his favorite paintings are not Mennonite in subject: a scene of fishermen, a poignant painting of refugee girls, and a soulful portraiture of an elderly French couple.

Fire and strength mellowed by tenderness and charm — this seems the Schenk byline. He creates about three dozen paintings a year and sells them as fast as he finishes them.

Consider this man's experience: He designed the Coca-Cola sign at Columbus Circle in New York City; he travelled through the Carribean and to Europe on aircraft carriers, taking pictures for the Navy; he painted gas pumps for Gulf in Lancaster County; he spent six years doing theater posters in New York; he had a two-year stint with American Weekly as a story illustrator; he designed greeting cards for two years; and he did ad work for everyone from Packard to General Electric. He even designed a war-bond poster. He drew bridges for the Pennsylvania Highway Department, and he worked for the Charles E. Cooper studios in New York. At one point he had 120 men working under him in the Air Force.

Perhaps his greatest honor as an artist came in 1953 when Ford Motor Company celebrated its 50th anniversary and Schenk was selected from a group of 187 artists to design the cover of the anniversary issue of Ford Times. He was also commissioned to do eight additional paintings for that issue.

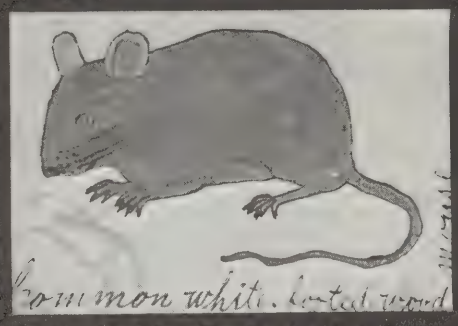
But his dream of a studio in Paris was not achieved until the early 60's. There he met Annie and started a new existence. His first marriage had its good moments but "I was like a pilot on a transport plane who's climbing and climbing and climbing to find a plateau and level off — but I had no time to go back and visit with the passengers. Now it's like I'm on automatic pilot."

But Schenk admits to wanderlust. He even confesses that many of his early years he spent as hobo-artist. He continues to relish that attitude. "I find out if I'm almost broke, I go completely broke by getting a good meal; then I have no choice — I have to dig in and do something." He remembers how he felt as a boy. "I had this unrest, this itch, this feeling that there was a big world out there waiting for me. A blessed curse it is," he murmurs.

He loved his parents and felt encouraged and supported in his creativity at home. He wishes the Mennonite Church would have been as helpful, claiming he'd still be in the church if art had been as accepted sixty years ago as it is now.

So who is this sailor with a brush? "I'm just a good-natured rebel," he says. And how will he be remembered by future generations? "I left little bunches of flowers along the road," he smiles, fingering his beard.

The Henry Lapp Paintings





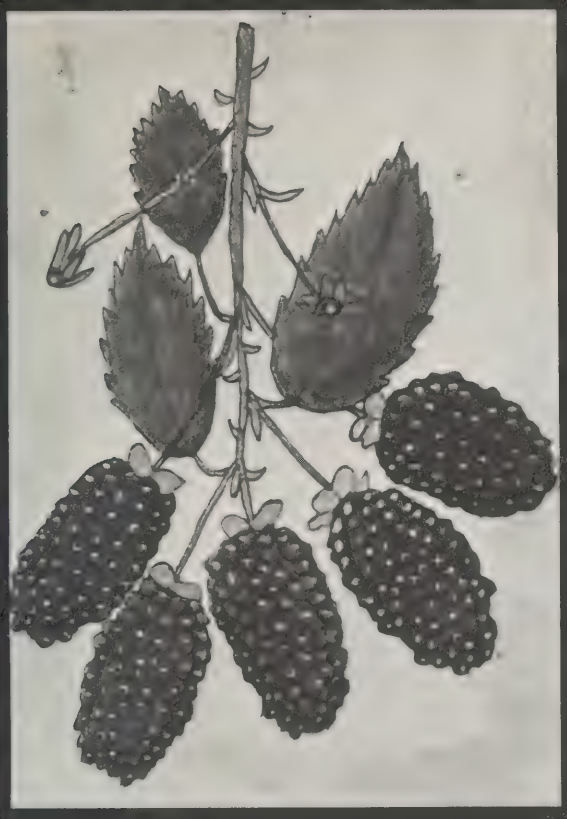
Henry Lapp was an Old Order Amish cabinetmaker from eastern Lancaster County, famous for his handsomely styled furniture and the unusual shades of color he used to decorate it.

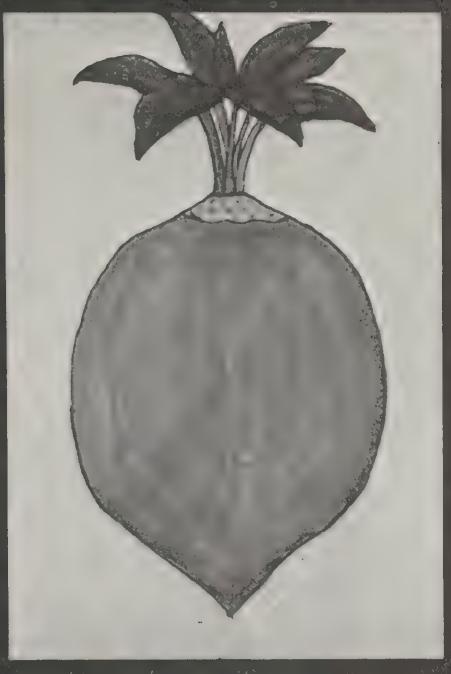
He lived from 1862 until 1904 and his personal story is nearly as intriguing as his artistry. A severe speech impediment and some hearing loss kept him from communicating easily with his customers. So he developed a notebook of sketches to show prospective buyers what he could build. Several years ago this notebook was discovered. The Philadelphia Museum of Art, now holder of that book, issued reproductions of it in 1975.

Now another Lapp treasure has been unearthed. Henry made paintings as well as furniture, and some of these exquisite primitives are now surfacing.

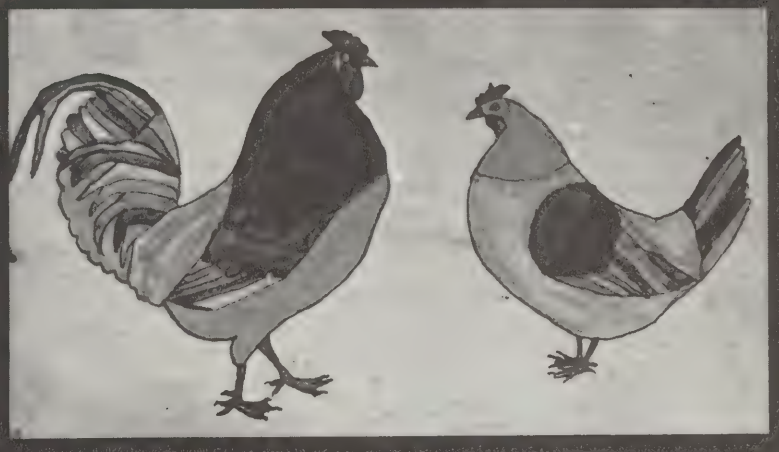












The subjects are from his world — pomegranates, a mouse, a horse, blackberries, a turnip, chickens, and a double distelfink. The paintings are small with a whimsical touch; their colors are brilliant.

Family who remember Henry believe he made the paintings simply because he enjoyed doing it. They were presents to the people close to him. Several of the drawings have "Elizabeth Lapp" (Henry's sister's name) stamped on the back, leading historians to believe that she did some of these water- or tempera-colors.

But nieces and nephews who remember "Henny" and "Lizzie" (neither ever married) are sure that Elizabeth never painted. Likely, the stamp indicates that Henry gave the drawings to her.

It is a bit of drama and a lot of rich color from what is often perceived as a stark and restrictive world.

In May, 1979, The People's Place in Intercourse, Pennsylvania acquired the heart of the Henry Lapp painting collection. On July 1, 1980, they were unveiled to the public, along with several more of his paintings, loaned by other collectors. Henry Lapp's shop was within two miles of Intercourse, so much of his artwork is now in its native community. It is the largest collection of nineteenth century Amish art in the world, that is known to art historians.

I'd Like to Become 100

by Elvera Goering

My interest in old people is not based on pity or duty or some picket-carrying social cause. I like them for what they have given me.

I started working with old people as a social worker in Minneapolis, Kansas, eight years ago. They shared many things with me—a cup of tea, garden vegetables, a piece of cake, and—most precious—pieces of their lives: the death of a spouse, loneliness and pain, hopes, thoughts about death.

These people helped me reassess the purpose of life. I learned economic productivity is not a valid measure of human worth. Many of them—apparently totally disabled—had tremendous resources to share.

Fred was a lonely old man nearly 80 who lived in a hotel room. He used to visit me in the office every Wednesday at 8:00 a.m. He always shaved and dressed in clean jeans. It was his special day. We'd spend an hour talking about his favorite TV show **Wild Kingdom,** about his children, or some interesting history about the town. One morning Fred barely made it up the steps. The weekly walk was getting to be too much for his heart. Evidently my concern was more obvious than I realized. Fred came around the desk, took my hands, and tried to comfort me. When Fred died a few weeks later my tears were for me. I missed him. He had given me so much love.

Elva's husband died young. She worked hard to raise her son who later burned to death. Elva's serenity amazed me. I visited her only once. She was piecing a quilt. "You know," she said, "people complain of being lonely and I can't understand it. I read, I sew, I watch TV, I play solitaire, and when I get tired I go to bed. I'm never lonely." Her death a short time later was not a sad occasion. She had accomplished her tasks and was ready to pass on. Elva showed me serenity.

Effie's life was a struggle. She tried to live on less than $100 per month. She fought fear. She was not used to living alone. Arthritis made movement very painful. Her hearing and sight were failing. She struggled with loneliness. She still longed for her husband who had died 10 years ago.

Effie waited eagerly for her children and grandchildren. A love for music and her strong religious faith kept her going. She played piano and harmonica and listened to her religious records. Her favorite verse in her big-print Bible was from Psalm 91. "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High, who abides in the shadows of the Almighty, will say to the Lord, 'My refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.' " Effie's death and courage in the face of difficulties was inspiring.

Sarah was placed in a nursing home to recover from a broken hip. As soon as she became mobile with a walker she talked about going home. Her doctor, her family, and I (her social worker) advised her to stay in the nursing home. But Sarah was stubborn. After several weeks of arguing she went home. Sarah was right. She spent several happy months at home cooking her own meals and keeping house before falling and returning to the nursing home. She proved she could do it. Her independence and refusal to bow to our wishes was admirable.

Mary was bedfast but could get up—with help—to eat her meals. "Don't you get bored or lonesome?" I asked. "No," she replied. "Lots of friends visit me. And I spend time thinking about how good people are to me. I have happy thoughts." It was obvious to me why she had many friends. She was pleasant, a joy to visit. Her patience and joy were a contribution to everyone around her. I was reminded about letting our lights shine.

I have many other happy memories of contacts with older people—the 90-year-old woman who guessed at my age—about 70 she thought. The woman in a wheelchair who kept tugging at the bottom of my skirt during our interview. She finally advised me to sew on a ruffle; my skirt was too short. A retired baker who told me how to bake a good pie. The man who ordered a bottle of John Deere pop.

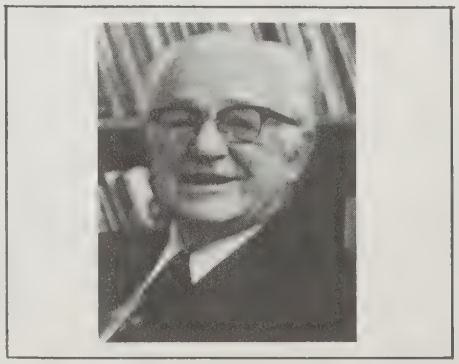
In trying to sum up what old people have shared with me the following words come to mind: love, concern, serenity, faith, wisdom, courage, patience, humor, joy. After writing these words I realize they closely parallel the fruits of the Spirit listed in the Bible.

My contacts with older people have been so positive that I would like, God willing, to live to be 100. And if God does give me the grace to grow very old, I hope he gives me the grace to grow old as beautifully as some of the people who have shared so much with me.

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Survey Alerts Congregation to Aging

Tilman Smith, Goshen, Indiana remains tireless in his efforts to make growing old less fearsome and congregations more responsive to their aging (and middle-aging) members. Recently he helped draw up a "Congregational Survey of Older Persons," intended to raise awareness of the resources and needs of older persons in our congregations. The process used in gathering the data is crucial. Ideally, a younger and older person should team together to complete the form with each older person in the congregation.



"When congregations find out what their needs and resources are," said Smith, "then they're in a position to ask for help. The contacts that develop within the congregation from doing the Survey are important, too."

The Survey is being distributed by both the Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries and Board of Missions, Box 1245, Elkhart, Indiana 46515.

Smith is also putting finishing touches on a book manuscript, **In Favor of Growing Older, Spotlight on the Middle Years.** "It's aimed at the young and middle-aged," explained Smith, "because it's pretty hard to tell a 65-year old, 'this is what you should have done.' "

The book is planned with thirteen chapters, (each followed by discussion questions); among them, "Your Mind Can Improve with Age," "Beyond Tiddlywinks: Exercise and Humor," "Selecting the Right Retirement Living Option."

Editors' Note: *How do we begin to learn of our sisters' and brothers' lives around the world? How do we increase our knowledge and, consequently, our caring for our peoplehood?*

Mails are slow; building contacts is a long process and an expensive one. News is not scanty, but our gathering is limited.

With those qualifiers in mind, **FQ** *offers its first attempt at highlighting the energy and inspiration alive among us — around the world. We ask earnestly for help in uncovering the examples, events, stories and people from among us who demonstrate creativity and faithfulness.*

Anabaptist Center Thriving in Tokyo

An Anabaptist Center is off and running in Tokyo, Japan. Open since Spring, 1979, the Center has classroom area, houses the beginnings of a library, and offers lodging and meeting rooms.

The building and its programs belong to the Mennonite and Brethren in Christ Conferences in Japan, each of whom appoints a board member to oversee the Center.

Its vision is unfolding. Events planned during May and June include quilting and reading classes, an evening of visiting for the Tokyo Area Fellowship of Mennonite Churches, lectures on the Johannine Epistles taught by Gertrude Roten from the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, conference meetings, and pastor-missionary conversations.

Many people volunteer labor and ingenuity to the project. Michio Ohno is chairman of the Center and helps publish **Agora,** the bimonthly newsletter that is a mix of news and issue papers.

Gan Sakakifara, formerly a Presbyterian and a Professor of Economics, inspires much of the programming at the Center and has made available to the churches his 3500 volume library. Part of his collection is the Robert Friedmann library which Sakakifara purchased in 1970. He has also had published ten Japanese volumes of original and translated work on the Mennonites.

The Center operates on funds from guests who use its lodging facilities, from bazaar and book sales and from monthly dues ($2.50) paid by Center members. Members, according to the "Memorandum of Understanding for Japan Anabaptist Center," simply "agree to the purposes of the Center, pray for its work and help with programs and activities."

Brethren in Christ Missions worker John W. Graybill sees good personnel as the next frontier for the Center, "Program and finances are . . . important . . . but I believe to get this Center 'off the ground,' the greatest need is for a full-time staff with a variety of gifts to coordinate a program of wider ministries which will serve and strengthen our churches."

Anniversary in Fernheim

Fernheim is the second oldest Mennonite Colony in the Chaco of Paraguay. On July 4 and 5 that settlement will celebrate 50 years in Paraguay.

In 1930, 374 Mennonite families came from Russia to the scrubby woodland of the Chaco where Mennonite Central Committee had arranged for the immigrants to buy land. There the pioneers faced a typhoid epidemic, water and food shortages, poor transportation, and unfamiliar climate and environment.

Today the Colony numbers some 2,700 residents. They have published an anniversary calendar with 40 photos of the settlement's development and interchange with the Paraguayan Indians. Being prepared is a photography book, a history of the Colony's three Mennonite groups (MB, GC, and EMB), and an anniversary booklet. There will be a historical monument and an exhibit of articles from pioneer days.

There are three adjoining Mennonite colonies in the Chaco: Menno, begun in 1926 by Canadian Mennonites; Fernheim, started in 1930; and Neuland, founded in 1947 by Russian Mennonite refugees.

Elsewhere...

- Earlier this spring Brazilian Mennonites celebrated their arrival in that country 50 years ago. Held in Curitiba, the festivities included a worship service of thanks, dedication of a monument, and a historical photo exhibit.
- Sixty works of art by Daniel Wohlgemuth, the West German Mennonite artist who lived from 1876-1967, are presently on display at the Mennonite-related Heimschule Weierhof (Weierhof Boarding School) near the Weierhof in the Palatinate in West Germany.

  Nationally famous for his paintings, Wohlgemuth did watercolors, lithographs, sketches and oil paintings. Examples of all of those media are in the current display opened by Wohlgemuth's widow and two sons.
- The Meserete Kristos Church in Ethiopia is at work producing an Amharic songbook with musical notations. Many of the songs have been written by church members, and can be used more widely when published in book form. Until now these songs were available only on mimeographed sheets.

Weekly Paper Links Indonesian Mennonites

For scattered churches with little chance for face to face fellowship, a newsletter or paper can become a vital bond. **Berita GKMI** is the weekly church paper circulated among the Muria Mennonite churches in Indonesia. Its news and articles are written in Indonesian; it is put together by an editorial team of seven men.

The Indonesian Mennonite churches belonging to the GKMI conference were not begun by any particular mission group but by a Chinese man who had a religious experience through his own search and reading of the Bible. He and some friends and family worshipped and studied together and eventually wanted to join a larger church body. He began interviewing and questioning believers of other Christian faiths. One of these was a Mennonite missionary. It was this Mennonite the group felt most akin to, so they began calling themselves Mennonites.

The group has thrived throughout the years, growing in numbers and understanding of faith and being Mennonite, without the baggage mission fellowships often face as they join an already well established church. Charles Christano (pictured), president of Mennonite World Conference, hails from this church.

In addition to supporting a weekly newspaper, GKMI has its own mission board, PIPKA, that carries on evangelistic work in Indonesia, as well as a social services ministry.



Dutch Work On Peace

Struggling with the question, "Are we still a peace church?", Dutch Mennonites are launching a series of discussions on the subject for the coming fall and winter.

A newly organized Dutch Mennonite Peace Deliberation Steering Committee has helped focus the issue by preparing a guide built around the following topics: "What does peace signify in the Bible?" "What is the meaning of the Messianic Church?" "How can Biblical mandates be related to current issues?" and "How should the congregation conduct the discussions?"

Mennonites Join Winnipeg Folklorama

Folklorama is one of the city of Winnipeg's most popular cultural events. Spread around the city in some 30 pavilions during one week each summer, various ethnic and religious groups host a multitude of visitors from across the province and beyond. It is a moment for the cosmopolitan community to pay attention to the cultural "tribes" that give the city its flavor.

This year for the first, the Mennonites will have a pavilion. It will be sponsored by the Westgate Mennonite Collegiate in Winnipeg and the Mennonite Collegiate at Gretna, Manitoba.

From August 10 to 17, the Folklorama will be underway with the Mennonites situated at the University of Winnipeg. Visitors can sample *Einbacks* with farmer sausage, *borscht, fleischpiroschki, wereneki* with cream gravy, *fleisch-bubbat, plumi moos, rollkucken, fruitplatz,* and *porzeltji* in the Riddell Hall Cafeteria. There will be folk singing, poetry reading, and short dramas to watch while eating. And guests will be invited to participate in some traditional games: "schluesselbund" and "tjnipsbrat."

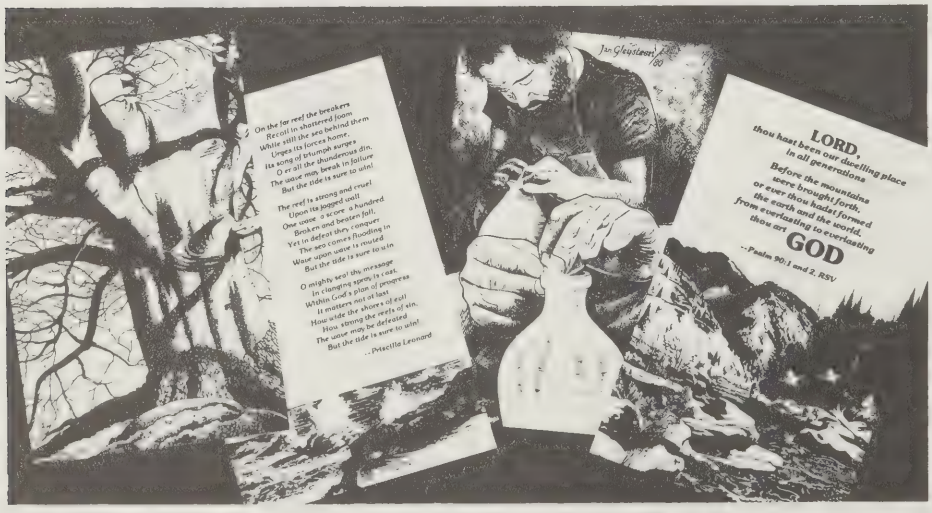
More classical performing will go on in the University's Centennial Hall. There, community choirs, school choirs, pianists, violinists, and vocalists will offer half-hour concerts and recitals.

In a display area there will be exhibits of handicrafts made by Mennonites as well as books and art, most of which will be for sale. The "Mennonite Story" will be told through audio-visuals; Mennonite Central Committee and Mennonite Disaster Service will have materials introducing their programs.

Why are Mennonites joining Folklorama this year? Explained John Friesen, chairman of the Mennonite pavilion committee, "It is a way to raise money for our schools. But we also felt that the Mennonites have contributed significantly to the cultural life of our province and we wanted to tell the community about the contributions we have made."

What kind of story will the planning group tell? "Our cultural life and our religious faith have always been linked quite closely," said Friesen. "Our literature, our art, the way we think, our 'Weltanschauung' and even our social institutions have all been influenced by our religion. This faith and the ways we express it must be projected in the Mennonite pavilion."

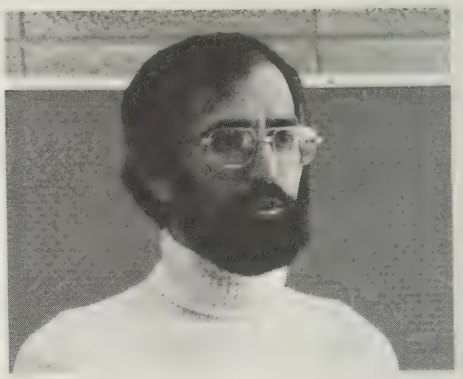
Commented Rudy Regehr of the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, about the event and its surroundings, "Many of the other pavilions revolve around liquor and food and dance. Ours will be food, fun, music, and drama plus some showings of Mennonite films and a book display of Mennonite literature. It sounds exciting; seems to have good leadership. I hope we don't end up discrediting ourselves. I think we won't, but it is possible."



Jan Gleysteen, who has been occupied professionally with design and typography in recent years, is drawing again.

"I had been out of illustration since 1968 or '69. I just had to get back into it. It's been fun. I've been working nights on it."

His drawings are appearing on the July, August, September church bulletins published by the Mennonite Publishing House.



Good Reflects on Year With Senator

Recently Delmar Good spent part of a year as a legislative assistant to Senator Mark Hatfield. It was a sabbatical for Good, away from his position as professor of economics at Goshen (Indiana) College. "I went," he told **Festival Quarterly,** "because I teach public policy in economics and finance. We Mennonites tend to use personal ethical models for public policy and it doesn't work. When I start to tick off the amount of our people in the public sector, it must mean we think it's okay. But we haven't done all our homework on political models. We want to moralize. We want to look at how pop ran his little mom-and-pop store when we go to work for a big accounting firm — and it doesn't work."

Based in Hatfield's Washington office, Good's job was to act as a middleman between the Senator and his constituency. He read bills; then drafted responses that reflected the Senator's position. Those responses were then fed into a computer and became the paragraph that went into letters to Hatfield's constituents. Good also monitored debates on the federal budget and drafted responses to that.

He found the year both mundane and exciting. "There was as much deadly routine as there is in grading papers," he commented. "There's a lot of dog work before you get to write the speech or the position paper. You are really a glorified secretary."

The ethics and temptations of Good's assignment had intrigue of their own. "You become an extension of that person you assist," he reflected on his relationship with Hatfield. "I'm used to being a college prof where you run your classroom like a demigod. But I think I'd be ready to go back and be a staffer, taking responsibility for being part of that man. But there are limits. I wouldn't work for just any Senator. I know that now better than before I went. It's a heady environment; it's seductive; it's power."

Despite the pitfalls, Good is convinced that Mennonites should not avoid public life. "We ought to get into politics, not because it's the next thing to do. But

Mennonites should be helping our communities with public policy. We should be involved in these public issues — and one of these times, there will be people who will want to take these issues to the national level — and there's nothing wrong with that.

"When you're in middle management you can't make the overall policy, yet you have to administer and carry out policy you may not agree with. But I do that at Goshen College. It's a matter of degree."

Potters Throw for Hub Club

The Out-Spokin' Hub Club has found a way to bless both an artist, and donors to their biking program.

Since bike-hiker fees cover only 2/3 of the cost of the Out-Spokin' ministry, the program (operated under the Mennonite Board of Missions in Elkhart, Indiana) goes looking each year for contributions in increments of $36. (There are 36 spokes in a bike wheel.) Donors become members of the Hub Club.

Explained Don Rittenhouse, Director of Development for the Bike Hikes, "Each year we select a different Mennonite potter to throw mugs that we use as gifts of appreciation for persons who help support Out-Spokin' through the Hub Club.

"To date we have worked with three artists: Dick Lehman from Elkhart, Indiana in '78; Paul Friesen from Hesston, Kansas in '79; and Jane Graber from Archbold, Ohio is working on the 1980 mugs. We give the potters minimum requirements (Out-Spokin' logo and the year must appear); then allow them artistic freedom in the task. It's been exciting to see how their products reflect their varying artistic viewpoints."

Revelation Performed As Drama

Stephen Shank, dramatic arts instructor at Goshen (Indiana) College has mounted a staggering challenge — the performance of the entire book of Revelation. Working from the Biblical text, Shank, for an hour and 45 minutes, brought to dramatic life, the images and characters of Revelation.

It was a marathon requiring physical and mental stamina and imagination. Without an intermission or help from any other on-stage characters (lighting, sound, and prop technicians did play an important backstage role), Shank clarified many themes of the book.

Shank will not be able to tour with the one-act drama. He and his family leave for Brussels in July to work with the Belgian Mennonite fellowship.

Solar Restaurant Offers Fellowship and Food

A nutritionally-minded, conservationally-conscious, and creatively-daring family has opened a restaurant near Greentown, Indiana. The establishment is the Country Cook-Inn, operated by Arlene and Gary Voorhis. Not only is the physical structure of the restaurant unique; so are its menus and procedures.

The building which appears to grow from the side of a hill was designed by architect LeRoy Troyer as a passive solar construction. It does have supplementary heating/cooling systems. Co-owner Arlene Voorhis explained that they recently used the air conditioning on a warm overcast weekend. "But it's not a



system using compressors," she said. "Rather, fans blow over cold water to cool the building. We had a second well drilled for that. And that was possible because we're in the country."

Each evening a standard menu is prepared. Guests need to make reservations so that the kitchen crew knows how much to prepare. In so doing, waste is cut dramatically. Guests choose only their beverage.

At lunchtime, soup is served to walk-in traffic. Fried foods are not available; soft drinks and ice cream are available for an extra (penalty!) charge. But that doesn't mean an ascetic and bland diet is offered. A variety of salads, homemade deserts and rolls, meats and vegetables are prepared each day.

The emphasis is simply responsible eating and good fellowship. Guests may eat and visit leisurely since the tables are filled only once each evening.

The Voorhis' children, their own siblings and parents keep the Inn functioning. It is a testimony to their commitment to make the experiment work, according to their own nutritional and ecological convictions.

"Thou Shalt Remember," an exhibit of 100 Tokens, Mennonite Heritage Center, Souderton, PA, Saturdays from 10 a.m.—4:30 p.m., Sundays from 2—4 p.m., **now through December 7.**

Mennonite Central Committee—Eastern Mennonite College (EMC) Transcultural Seminar, featuring workshops on education, health care, nutrition, tropical agriculture, EMC, Harrisonburg, VA, **June 16-27.**

Mennonite Central Committee Relief Sale, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, **June 21.**

High School Drama Week, Goshen (IN) College, **June 22-27.**

Art for Hunger Exhibit, sponsored by the Church of the Brethren Association for the Arts at the Church of the Brethren, Berchwood Blvd. and Lilac, Pittsburgh, PA **June 24-29.**

Elderhostel, a special program for senior citizens, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, **July 6-12.**

"Three Visions and a Prayer," drama by Lauren Friesen, at the General Conference Convention, Estes Park, CO, 7 p.m., **July 12.**

42nd Triennial Sessions of the General Conference Mennonite Church, Estes Park, CO, **July 12-19.**

"Spielzeit and Plauderfest," an intergenerational event of games and storytelling, at the General Conference Convention, Estes Park, CO, Sunday afternoon, **July 13.**

"Music and Drama in Worship," Family Music Camp, Camp Squeah, Hope, B.C., **July 19-25.**

Keyboard Weekend at Bluffton College, featuring classes in piano, organ, harpsichord, techniques for improving sight reading, 1:00 p.m. Friday, **July 25** through 4:00 p.m. Sunday, **July 27.**

MCC Relief Sale, Arthur, IL, **July 26.**

MCC Relief Sale, Fairview, MI, **August 2.**

MCC Relief Sale, Kidron, OH, **August 2.**

Mennonite Graduate Student Seminar, Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, IN, **August 14-17.**

MCC Relief Sale, Ritzville, WA, **September 13.**

MCC Relief Sale, Chilliwack, BC, **September 20.**

MCC Relief Sale, Goshen, IN, **September 27.**

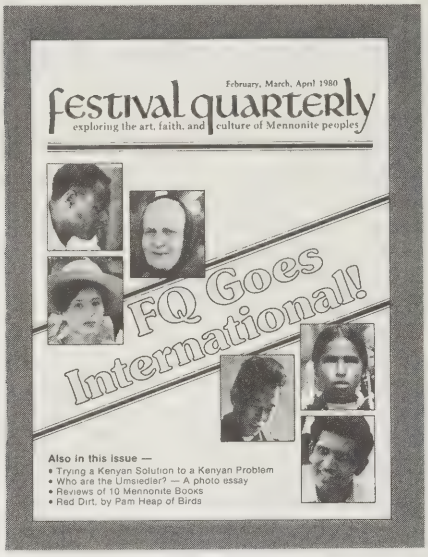
MCC Relief Sale, Fisherville, VA, **September 27.**

Second Mennonite Artists Contemporary Exhibition, Goshen (IN) College, **October 3-31.**

"Is There a Believers' Church Christology?", theme of the sixth Believers' Church Conference, Bluffton (O) College, **October 23-25.**

"Mennonites and Power," Eastern Urban Mennonite Student and Young Adult Services Seminar, Washington, D.C., **February, 1981.**

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Does the Church Breed Neurotics?

by Hubert L. Brown

This inaugurates a new **Festival Quarterly** *column,* **Second Sight.** *Here Hubert Brown, a black Mennonite leader, will put his laser beam on how faithful we are as a people of God; then offer an opinion on what he sees.*

Sometimes I have felt "a little less than," insufficient, or incapable. These inadequate "I'm not okay" feelings were occasionally reinforced by the Church. The Institutional Church with its power to reward and shun can virtually wreck havoc on the precious development of one's intellectual, emotional and spiritual well-being.

Throughout my life the Church has been defined as a community of love — a brotherhood or better yet, a peoplehood committed to love and warmth. But what happens when that love and warmth is cut off? What happens when the Church, rich in its traditions, ever fresh in its way of love in human relations theology, offers little or no loving care? The result can be devastating. As a matter of fact, psychotherapists indicate that certain neurotic symptoms develop when a person has been deprived of affirming love.

We need love. We need affirming love in our lives. For affirmation is the manifestation of inner radiance and healing presence. It is a part of the package of the fruits of the Spirit, as enumerated by St. Paul in Galations 5:22. I'm sure I've suffered from deprivation neurosis. I can think of at least two distinct times. One was back in 1973 when clearly I was an emotional wreck. I was out of work. I felt hopeless and helpless. I recall going to church on Sunday morning where the group sang the old Isaac Watts' song, "At the Cross." In that song the question is asked would Christ die for "such a worm as I?" Now before I went to church I was already feeling low down. Did I have to be reminded I was a worm. It seemed as if no one could see I was hurting. I was terribly uncomfortable being there. I wanted someone to show me some love.

People did talk to me afterwards as they passed by, while heading for the door. They would glancingly say "How is it going?" I usually responded in a mumble — "Fine." But underneath I was all alone and hurting. Sundays after that I experienced unreasonable fears and excessive anxieties. There was always that nagging feeling of being alone, hopeless, unwanted and unloved. I found that I had grown resentful. Clouds of mistrust, tension and lack of self-esteem floated around in my mental sky.

The other occasion I believe I felt unaffirmed was in having worked for the Church over a number of years. I had the feeling of not being liked. If you are not loved for who you are, then no matter what honor or achievement you attain you still feel empty, worthless and insecure. I felt this way.

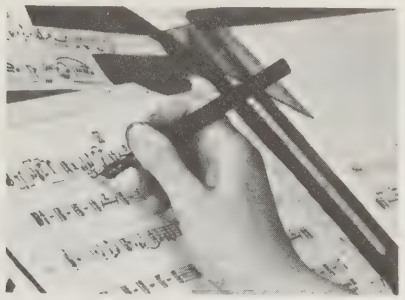
I had been a worker, a doer, an achiever, but I was unhappy because I felt unaffirmed. That feeling was reinforced when I became stalemated in my work. I had no place to go. I felt others expected less and less from me and I found myself growing less.

There was a kind of unspoken agreement that would condemn me to mediocrity. I had seen others who had settled into a diminishing organizational role. But I felt I was at least promotable.

All this prompted me to raise the question, does the Church breed neurotics? Does the Church contribute to the neurosis of some folks? There are many examples I could use. All lead me to conclude yes. The church must become conscious that in congregations as well as within its institutions persons need to be affirmed physically, intellectually, emotionally and spiritually. This is not to suggest that the Church has consistently overlooked the needs of its members who are suffering deep feelings of deprivation. We do find the Church throughout much of its history, dealing with the profound realities of hurt and brokenness and responding with tenderness. But all of us need to be reminded of the necessity for continued affirmation which can break the barrier of neurotic entanglements, particularly in our society with its superficiality and impersonality. Affirming love liberates. It magnifies the feeling of worth that each of us possess. "Let love be genuine," the apostle said.



Hubert L. Brown is a counsellor in student services at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. He is the author of **Black and Mennonite.**



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Living Like 1950

by Kenton K. Brubaker

Energy conservation is not just a good idea; it is an urgent imperative. Our energy consumption per person in the United States is twice that of citizens of West Germany, who in turn use twice as much as New Zealanders.

Why are we so high on the energy use scale? Barbara Ward in her marvelous preface to Amory Lovins' **Soft Energy Paths** diagnoses our illness as addiction; we are "gasoholics"! Having learned to consume prodigious quantities of fuel and electricity, we have come to see such behavior as normal and necessary, and we will do almost anything to support the habit.

It is quite revealing to compare our present lifestyle with that of 1950 when we used only about one third the energy we need today. What are we doing today that has transformed us into energy addicts? And are we happier and more civilized as a result?

Certainly we travel more. Jetting back and forth across the continent and the world is seen as a necessity of modern life. Also we need more conveniences: our own automobile, twice-cooked restaurant meals, frost-free refrigerators and electrically heated homes.

One hopeful sign of a change in energy use is a recent drop in gasoline consumption, down some 8-10 percent in 1979. True, this is due to rapidly escalating cost, but that is as effective a method to achieve conservation as any. In response to the question, "How high will the price of fuel go?," someone thoughtfully quipped, "As high as necessary!"

Morality is another incentive for conservation. The Paul and Doris Longacre family covenanted to reduce family electrical consumption at least 10 percent so that nuclear plants such as Three Mile Island would not be essential. At that time Doris told me that nuclear energy was being used to supply about 10 percent of the electricity in eastern Pennsylvania.

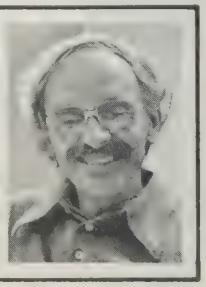
The whole phenomenon of using heat in a nuclear reactor to raise the temperature of water in our homes about 100° through the use of electricity is a rather strange exchange. Amory Lovins refers to this as analogous to slicing butter with a large chainsaw! There is obviously a lot of splatter.

I believe lifestyle decisions such as reduced electrical consumption are more important than invention of alternative fuels or development of solar technology. Perhaps they are even more important than increasing food production in poor countries or decreasing government inefficiency. I think conservation of energy becomes the primary lifestyle imperative for the 1980's. It is a moral imperative arising out of our sense of distributive justice. We will use less so that the poor will have access to more.

The main reason I feel conservation is so important is because this approach is so amazingly effective. Conservation lengthens the time we will have access to liquid fossil fuels. If our use of energy were to continue to grow at the rate it has over the past several decades (7%), we will find our known reserves of petroleum exhausted by about the year 2000. If we were to stabilize our use at current levels (a no growth policy), our supplies could carry us until about 2050. If we were to practice conservation so effectively that we could reduce petroleum consumption to 1950-1960 levels, and then follow a no growth policy, our known reserves could serve us for well over two centuries! That I find to be an amazing statistic.

Of course, reducing our total energy use to a national 1950 level means considerably less energy per person since our population has increased almost 50 percent in thirty years. Also energy use around the world is growing which is as it should be in the poorer countries. However, since we now use about 29 percent of the fossil fuels consumed worldwide, conservation in our country is highly crucial. I believe we would still find happiness, and civilization could go on in the United States at 1950 levels of fuel consumption. In fact, we might be happier, and civilization around the world more likely to survive.

Kenton K. Brubaker is Professor of Biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.



Family Vacations Can Be A Warm, Friendly Feeling

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Mennonames and Mennogames

by David W. Augsburger

"This is Gary Zook, the master of ceremonies for the banquet," pastor Paul Eppinger of First Baptist Church in Topeka, Kansas, said, introducing me to my host for the evening.

"Gary Zook," I say. (Guess what follows. I check out his roots, locate the Hesston connection. Soon we're discussing his relatives and our common acquaintances.)

"Oh, do you know what this is called among Mennonites?" He's a Baptist. He doesn't. "The Mennonite game," I say with a chuckle. (What's funny about this in-game of ingrown insiders inbred into an incestuous sameness investigating each other's ingroup kinships and inships?)

The next day as I'm mixing with the hundred participants at the seminar, I quickly spot the Mennonames worn by one-fourth of the group. They're guests from the local Mennonite fellowship. I find it easier to make conversation with them. I enjoy the instant connectedness, instant rapport, instant processing of who's who, what's what, and we's we and they's they.

That evening, reflecting on the day, I'm strangely discomfited. I remember the instant closeness felt as we shared our Mennoinstincts. But I also recall the genuine contact with people whose names were just names, so we had talked about present feelings, about present relationships, about present life issues. We had touched each other, something moved within us as we spoke of here, of now, of I and thou.

How can I explain this to myself? The *confluence* of one Menno-life flowing alongside another in familiar channels as we trace the streams is not true human contact, it is parallel closeness. But in the contact of one human life flowing life-to-life against another, meeting not as two pasts but as persons offering each other presence, being truly present each for the other, names, games, and other pastimes are, for the time being, laid aside.

(Learning: the game of the name offers more liabilities than assets. I will initiate it less, prolong it less, participate less because I value persons more!)

• • •

Kansas City Airport, I look up from my book, and suddenly I'm seven years old again. A family in plain garb has entered, the simple, dark, stern style of their clothing is the public sign of their community. Its textile boundaries surround parents and children with an invisible screen. I look at the youngest, I recall my own life within a plain world of a closed community. The signs of that closed system are still within me. Something within me automatically loves a wall, a community fence, a we-they wall.

The family sits. A living pioneer sculpture. The postures, gestures, facial expressions all show the solidarity of the family system. I'm reliving my own place in such a family when "out in the world." The boundaries provide a security, a fantasy that I am not really in this world. My real home is not the United States. I live in Egermier's **Bible Story Book,** in **The Martyr's Mirror,** in the **Gospel Herald** which we prize, save, and never, never burn at our house. "We are the people, the people of God. The world is the dangerous, lost, mistaken, seductive, fallen, 'out there' which we enter like a diver, for brief necessary plunges but holding our breath."

Awaking from my journey back to seven, I recognize with the eyes of a forty-year-old that plain dressing-valuing-living has many meanings, many motives, many messages. I have no judgments to make on its significance for present persons or communities. But at forty, I find the familiar old we-they walls still spring up spontaneously from some deep fissure down on the floor of my personality.

We anabaptists vs. they protestants.

We Mennonites vs. they Baptists, Methodists, et. al.

We pacifists vs. they militarists.

We teutonics vs. the rest of humanity.

We simple-livers vs. they waist-full consumers.

We, of the recognizable family names, of the memorable Mennogames vs. the new-name folks.

Learning: the name of the game is we-they dualism. It sets I vs. you. A community lives by the vitality of its central commitments. It can die within its clearly defined boundaries. I want to draw fewer lines and maintain fewer walls. I want to live by core values that have been interiorized rather than by external values that are worn against the world, braced against others, held between us as a defense, an offense or any kind of fence!

David W. Augsburger is associate professor of pastoral care and counseling at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, and the author of many books about communication and relationships.



Living More With Less
continued from page 11

must be preceded by personal renewal and growth. It is in this context that I like the idea of living beautifully with fewer resources.

However, the weakness of her approach, if there is one, suggests itself here. Her examples of simple living will not be attractive to many. They go back in time, appear old-fashioned and are not forward-looking e.g. wood stoves instead of solar panels. It is not just that people are spoiled — they want fresh technological solutions instead of going back to Gramma's lifestyle. Longacre doesn't hold out much hope for the science oriented person.

Furthermore, while dealing with waste in many forms the book never discusses why people, even as Christians, indulge in the overuse of everything from gasoline to flour. The truth is almost trite — we use and squander not so much because our values are decadent, but because things are so cheap. As resources become increasingly scarce and difficult to obtain the price will rise and stewardship as a result of self-interest will set in. Creativeness in the use of all material things will follow. The author has overlooked the fact that the price system brings about justice and stewardship although not necessarily in time to benefit future generations.

Similarly her concept of justice at the international level needs expansion. The author implies that the world's poor are so because we are rich. This is too simple. Poverty has many causes, one of which is the lack of credit institutions for capital formation. Another is the problem of over-breeding, particularly in relation to developed resources. Callous and corrupt governments in the third world is a further cause of poverty. Seldom is poverty, in my opinion, caused by exploitation by the multinational corporations. Even the left-leaning economist, Galbraith, made the comment that far worse than exploitation is the case of not being exploited at all. For some unknown reason western writers enjoy self-flagellation. Longacre is no exception — even though cartels like O.P.E.C. are setting the terms of trade.

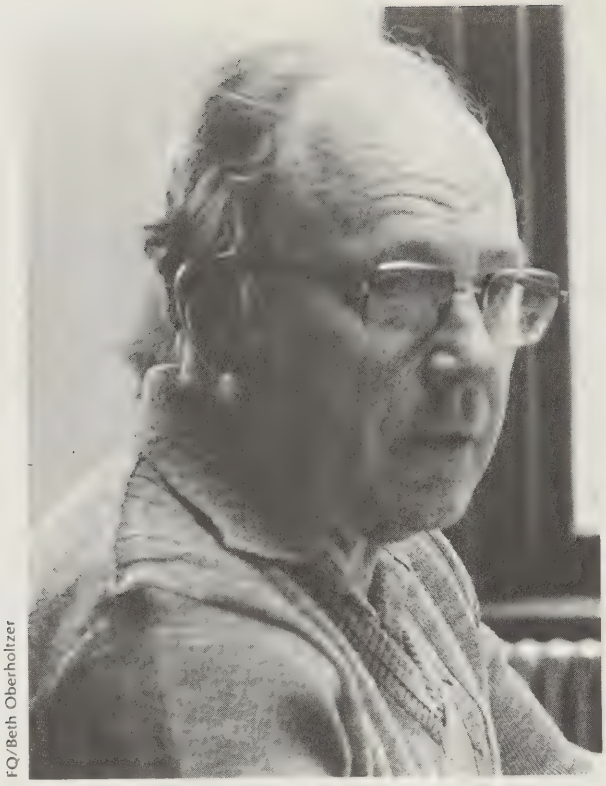
It may seem difficult to comprehend but with the formation of cartels our wasteful living has actually begun to bring about a more just distribution of wealth between rich and poor nations. This does not condone our lifestyle but suggests how divine justice is delivered.

In part II the author zeroes in on specific areas of living such as clothing, transportation, homes and money etc. In each case excesses are adequately described and examples of simpler living shown. The correct moral behavior is clearly implied. At the end of this section, however, I became somewhat uneasy. Do

continued on page 33

So You'd Like to Make Pottery?

by Paul Friesen



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer



Paul Friesen is an accomplished potter, now reclaiming some of the methods he observed Indian potters using while a child in that country. He is an art professor at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

Why not try something new as a vacation activity; one that could give you new appreciation for the common ground of the area you live in! Try making pottery by some unsophisticated processes that are centuries old.

Don't start out with the yellow pages to find the closest ceramic shop that sells pots for adoption to groom and clothe with colored glazes. Rather, dig your own clay out of the earth. Don't hesitate to ask people if they know where clay deposits can be found. Inquire from your local county agricultural extension department. Or get information from the geology department of your state. Your local library likely has books or periodicals that will give assistance for both locating clay and processing it. Here is a procedure that has worked for me.

CLAY: Clay comes in various colors: red, buff, grey, blue, etc. When it is wet it feels soapy. Dampen the clay and roll into a coil the thickness of a pencil. If it wraps around your finger without the coil cracking apart, it will work well for pottery. Give the clay that test before taking it home.

Most clays need to be cleaned. First allow the clay to dry. Then break the larger chunks into walnut-sized pieces. Fill a pail half full of water and pour the clay into it. After the clay has soaked several hours, stir the mixture into a slip so you can screen the gravel and roots out.

After screening, allow the clay to settle for several days, then siphon off the surface water and pour the thick clay slip into a drying vat. You can make a vat by tying a large piece of canvas cloth together at each end; then suspending it hammock-like between two posts. Pour the clay into the hammock. The excess water will eventually evaporate. When the clay is the consistency of play dough, it is ready to wrap tightly into plastic bags for storage until you are ready to work with it.

CONSTRUCTING POTTERY: For your first pottery, I'd suggest that you make small pinch pots. Take a lump of clay the size of an orange. Hold it in your hands with your fingers to the back side of the lump and your thumbs together in the front. As you rotate the ball in your hands, slightly push your thumbs into the ball and at the same time pinch the clay between the thumbs and the fingers. This action both shapes your piece and thins the walls. When finished, the walls should be about a quarter of an inch thick.

Your first pieces will likely have some hairline cracks in the surface. These can be healed by sponging the surface with a damp sponge or cloth. Do not over dampen the clay. When finished, the piece is ready for drying. It is best to let pieces dry slowly, for several days.

FIRING: When your pieces are dry, they are ready to be fired. Several different techniques can be used; I'll mention only two.

First, the barbeque grill. Start a very small fire with either charcoal or small pieces of wood and allow the fire to burn down to only warm coals. Place the pieces of pottery on the grill above the coals for a slow warming. Too fast a temperature change will cause the pieces to break.

It is best to prop some pieces of tin around the pottery as well as over the top. This acts as a kiln chamber and helps hold heat around the entire piece. Then begin stacking charcoal and wood pieces around the outside of the tin. Stack the fuel in such a way as to form a beehive. The top of the beehive should be several inches above the tin on the top of the pottery.

When the beehive is complete, start the bottom of the fuel ring burning. Do not encourage the fire to burn fast. A slow start will guarantee better success. Once the fire has been started, there is nothing more to do than sit back and wait till the fuel has burned down to ashes. Remove the pottery with a stick or metal rod because the piece retains heat for some time within the ashes.

If you live where there are no ordinances preventing you from open hearth fires, I suggest you try firing your pottery the way the Southwest Indians do. Place a sheet of old tin or a cultivating disc atop several cement blocks. Start a fire below the disc and let it burn to coals. Place your pottery on the disc and cover them with pieces of tin as suggested in the first method. For fuel, use cow chips stacked around the disc to make the beehive. Start the chips on fire at several locations at the base of the beehive and let the fire take its own course. Firings should take about two and half to three hours. To fire faster is to risk losing your pottery.

My first attempts were learning experiences. The results were anything but success. With persistence, time will pay off.

The **Ceramic Monthly** magazine has had articles on primitive firing. You may want to look these up for other methods which I have not mentioned. A couple of books on the pottery of Santa Clara and Ildefonso Pueblo's, published by the University of Albuquerque Press, will give you some information on both process and firings as done by the Indians.

AN UPDATE ON

HAZEL'S PEOPLE



We do not promise that this is the last ad you will ever read about HAZEL'S PEOPLE, but we thought it might be time for a realistic update.

Many readers have been loyal and enthusiastic supporters of our motion picture effort. Many of you have lived with us through the excitement of production, the delight of record-breaking theater runs of the film in many Mennonite-related communities, the satisfaction of as many good reviews as there were bad. (We toyed several times with running an ad reprinting our bad reviews, but we never had the guts to risk it.)

Publicity notices and ads tend to highlight the good news aspects of a project. For instance, HAZEL'S PEOPLE is scheduled for presentation as a Thanksgiving special on many of the PBS educational TV stations across the country this fall. HAZEL'S PEOPLE became the first movie ever shown on Christian network television when it was featured as a Father's Day special on June 15 on the 700 Club's Christian Broadcasting Network, a hook-up of 1400 cable television systems. Ted Turner's Superstation wants to show it, and there are several syndication deals in the works.

That's the current good news about HAZEL'S PEOPLE. The not-so-good-news headline is simple: This movie never reached as many people as we hoped it would. It was not a total failure, but at best (to date) could be ranked as a "qualified" failure.

A lot of people think we made a killing on HAZEL'S PEOPLE. As of this moment, we've lost about a third of a million dollars, give or take a few thousand. The film has been a financial nightmare, and has constantly threatened to wipe out our other projects. At this point we've pretty well neutralized the losses and are hoping for some recoupment.

From blizzards in Sioux Falls to projectionists' strikes in Indianapolis to tornado watches in Houston, this movie has seemed doomed. Not to mention the newspaper strike in New York. At one point ABC was seriously talking about a spin-off series from HAZEL'S PEOPLE similar to "Little House on the Prairie." But that fizzled, as did two dozen other "almosts."

But we'd do it again, if we knew everything we know now, in spite of the torturous financial pressures. It has in fact reached many millions of theatergoers and television viewers. It has shown in many foreign countries (we just sold New Zealand). It did become the first movie to be shown on CBN, and it is scheduled as a Thanksgiving special on many PBS stations. A movie's life goes on and on. Above all, we did maintain control of the project personally so that the film still has its charm and integrity (hundred of films end up on someone else's shelf or get tied up in litigation).

It's now over seven years ago that we made this film; it has seemed much longer. We felt an update was only fair to all of you who suffered with us through these years. It never took off like we had hoped; it lost all the money we put into it plus many thousands besides; it aged us more than we wish; but it touched a lot of people and it will continue to touch and change lives through television and church and school showings for many years to come.

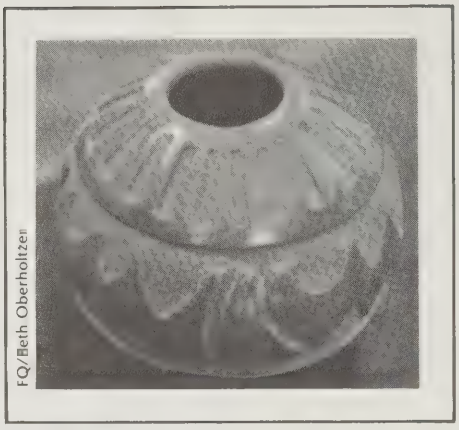
So may we thank each of you for your interest and support. Thanks for your letters and suggestions. If you know of some church or school whom you believe should show it, let us know. The rental program continues to grow (write to HAZEL'S PEOPLE, Paradise, PA 17562).

And here's our wish for all of you: May God bring a newness and freshness into your life which will be wonderful and "happy as the grass was green."

—Merle and Phyllis

A Parable

by Alice Parker



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer

Alice Parker is a composer, conductor, and graduate of Juilliard School of Music. At home in New York City, she has worked closely with Mennonite music; she composed **The Martyrs Mirror** oratorio, **The Family Reunion,** and **Singers Glen.**

Once upon a time a traveller came to a strange land. He was met by friendly folk who invited him into their homes where they fed him on simple, wholesome food and gave him rest in their clean and uncluttered cottages. He was grateful for their hospitality, and rejoiced in their quiet virtue, but one aspect of their lives astonished him.

In their homes at different times of day, they conversed in a language different from any he had ever heard. It fell on his ear with sweetness, although he understood not a word of it, and he was fascinated by the change in their appearance as they spoke. The language seemed to have a mysterious power: quiet, undemonstrative faces became filled with life.

As he journeyed through the land, he wondered at the power the strange language had over the people. Never did he find one inhabitant, old or young, who remained unmoved, or silent.

Near the center of the land, the villages became closer together, the cottages larger, the farms more prosperous. Here the people gathered into central buildings for their conversations, some of which continued for two or three hours. Whole families journeyed to these meetings, which often lasted until after dark had fallen.

In the city, he found the largest meeting house he had seen, filled with objects to delight the eye and comfort the body, and he waited with impatience for the speaking to begin. When the great room was filled, and the first sounds began, he looked around him in astonishment and dismay. For only a few people were speaking, and they talked in everyday tones, with only the faintest hint of the old tongue. Their faces were blank, as were those of the listeners.

"What can have happened?" he thought. "Even though I cannot speak that language, and do not understand its meaning, the power and beauty of it seizes me. How can they have lost it?"

He turned to his neighbor to ask, but was silenced by a reproving gesture. Much disheartened, he left as soon as he could. The food and lodging in the city was in no way equal to that of the countryside: it was as if the people had drawn their virtue and their strength from the mysterious language, and when it disappeared, they became as other men. But now in the countryside fields which once had been planted were now overgrown with brush, and the cottages were unkempt. Little friendliness met him.

Driven by hunger, he followed a faint trail through the grass to a cottage half-hidden in a thicket. At his knock, an old woman opened the door.

"How long have you lived here?" he asked her.

"Many years and many days," she answered.

"Was it always like this?"

"For many years and many days."

"Was it like this when you were young?"

"Ah, when I was young . . ." She thought a moment. "It's been so long since I remembered. Then, there were many cottages, and the fields were green."

"What happened, Mother?" he said. "Tell me. I have journeyed far and seen many things. In this land I have seen simple folk who raised their families in quiet contentment. The most wonderful thing I heard in all my travels was the language the simple folk spoke. Do you know that language?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "I have not heard it spoken since I was a child. Ah, that was a sad day, when the stranger came."

"The stranger? Who was the stranger?"

"He came from the land beyond here — a land, he said, rich in cattle and sheep, in fine clothes and ornaments, in wise men and beautiful women. And he brought us a gift."

"What was the gift, Mother?"

"A gift to the young people, he told us. A language of our own, so that we could express our own thoughts. We could travel anywhere, he said. No longer would young men have to stay at home and keep to the old ways. No longer would young women have to seek husbands from their own villages. All young people could build a new world as they wanted it."

"And what happened then?"

"He taught us the language. It was easy to learn, and as soon as they mastered it, the young people left. They went to the city, or to different lands . . ."

"I left, for a time," she said sadly. "But I missed my home, and my family, and the old ways. When I returned, my parents were gone: the farm was deserted, and the fields overgrown."

"And the new language," the traveller continued. "What was that?"

"It seemed good at first," she said. "The odd thing was, as you learned it, you forgot the old speech, and it lost its power over you. Children were unable to talk to parents, and parents to children. As we grew older, the new language lost its savor, and we could not find the old one again. So the land became empty, and our voices were stilled."

They sat in silence, while he pondered her words. Finally she spoke.

"When you heard the old language — were the children speaking?"

"Yes, even the littlest joined in. But not as I neared the city."

"Ah, then. Perhaps it will survive. But it must be learned in each generation," she reflected. "Fathers must teach it to sons, and mothers to daughters. For its value lies in the speaking of it; and the speaking of it unites the speakers; and the speakers become one. And our farms flourished, and our families grew, and life was good. Now . . . it is gone."

"Not wholly gone, Mother," he answered gently. "I have felt its magic, and been under its spell, though I understand not a word. Perhaps one day a stranger will come from the other direction, and bring the old language back."

"Perhaps," she said. "After many years, and many days."

Going Visiting

by Jewel Showalter

I'm sure I've romanticized my childhood in Ethiopia. Kindly memory tends to shade out the mosquito bites and boring rainy-season days, to rest happily on Awash River picnics and swimming vacations.

Another thing I've probably romanticized is our family's togetherness. I don't ever remember being left with a baby sitter. We always went along, or stayed with one parent, or maybe we just didn't go to the many activities that militate against family togetherness today.

Daddy had his office at home and we got peeks at people coming and going for counsel and discussion. Mother did his secretarial work and we were always free to run in and ask for help on difficult algebra problems or to glean sympathy for the latest splinter. (Plentiful thorn bushes afforded lots of opportunity for interruption!)

Two things have surprised me — to see how excited our children are about visitation night and how much neighbors seem to appreciate the visits.

Now as the phone rings in invitations to attend meetings, seminars and retreats from Oregon to Florida and local church activities fill up every night with Yokefellow, entertaining, evangelism group, prayer cell, work night — we wonder what it means to be a *family* involved in mission.

What I've said about travelling with children — that it's always easier to stay home — I'd have to say about visiting with children.

Our church has designated Wednesday night as visitation night for making new and follow-up contacts in the community. So instead of using the children as an excuse to stay home Wednesday nights (what I always feel like doing) we've decided to go visiting as a family.

Since we recently moved from an isolated country farm house to a home on Walnut Street in the village of Mechanicsburg, we've started by visiting the homes closest to ours — across the street and beside. People are warm and receptive — but I sometimes wonder what they really think. They've probably never received such a visit before. We never have. Usually the conversation turns in a very natural way to spiritual things when Richard or I answer opening questions about his occupation.

Two things have surprised me — to see how excited our children are about visitation night and how much neighbors seem to appreciate the visits.

"Who are we gonna go see tonight? Do you think they'll become Christians? Can we go visit Josh's Dad?" the children query.

Sometimes during a visit our three end up glued to a TV set — especially fascinating since we don't own one, or make new friends of children they have not yet met.

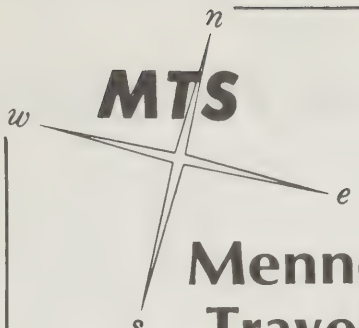
After our last visit Chad chided, "Why didn't you talk to them more about Jesus?" Each visit is unique. One person will share disappointing experiences with churches and spiritual struggles, yet another wants to show off an extensive remodelling job.

Now if I'm ever tired and feel like begging off the children urge, "Come on, Mommy," or "Can I go with Daddy anyway?" They act like they're going to a party!

How long will the excitement last I wonder. When will self-consciousness, apprehension, and fear of strangers enter? Are they just fascinated with going away — watching neighbors' TV's and munching forbidden potato chips, or have they really caught the lasting excitement of a life given to mission — the unsurpassed joy of seeing lives transformed by His grace?



Jewel Showalter spends her time mothering her three children — Chad, Rhoda, and Matthew — and writing an occasional article. She and her husband, Richard, live in Mechanicsburg, Ohio.



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Living More With Less continued from page 31

we really want a set of moral behaviors which are identical for everyone? Surely there are different levels of maturity present among us, different levels of technological dependence among us, different patterns of lifestyle stemming from the demands of different vocations among us.

Let's be frank, Mennonite colleges jet their faculty members to conferences in other countries, teach high-powered micro-economics and still debate Anabaptist principles. Similarly, Mennonite business people employ intensive electricity-consuming machinery with the intention of replacing employees in order to cut down the cost of manufacture. Everything in the above examples is seemingly contradictory with the **Living More With Less** ethos and yet is necessary if ideas are to be disseminated in the learning process and if capital is to be aggregated with which to create further jobs in our present system.

Longacre's values of simpler living, as worthy as they are, must be applied with discretion and discernment and never as normative for everyone. Only then can we hope to be spared the embarrassment of contradictory living patterns in a technological era.

Rudolf Dyck is a Winnipeg businessman and former Associate Professor of Business at Goshen (IN) College.

Back Home

by Sanford Eash

Orpha and I have been in the great Southwest. Coming and going, I'm sure we didn't see all of it. We have travelled thousands of miles, and the scenery changed all the time, yet it never really changed. There are the flat lands with the mountains and the canyons in the background. In the south it's grass, cactus and mesquite; north 300 miles it's cedar and pinyon brush and grass. But I guess my thinking is a bit one-sided; I am thinking of home!

We spent some time with the Navajo shepherds on the Indian Reservation. Their methods are still the same as the Bible describes them. They watch their flocks out on pasture and bring them back to the fold at night. It's their way of life. It is beautiful. Some who have left it for jobs off the Reservation have come back. To them it's home.

Just west of Navajo land is the mighty Grand Canyon. How that little Colorado River ever managed to run through that big hill and make such a mighty big wash-out, I don't know. The experts can't agree, so I have to believe that the Creator in His wisdom allowed it to happen.

Downstream about 250 miles a lot of that little Colorado River is ditched off and waters the million acre Imperial Valley in California. A railroad surveyer a hundred years ago discovered that Valley lies about 40 feet lower than the Colorado River. Twenty years later a group of ranchers decided what to do about it.

That water brings life to the Imperial Valley. The soil is good and they can grow most anything from alfalfa hay to the vegetable crops. They are always at work in the fields, preparing the soil, sowing or harvesting. The farms are big and so is their machinery. They tear up the stubborn soil with plows that can go two feet deep. Then they beat it back into fine shape with more huge tillage tools. They hire Mexican help to do the hand work and also run the big machinery. I can only imagine how hot it gets in the summertime. But the work goes on all year, and often around the clock. To a midwestener it doesn't look like a happy way of life. But I am not at home there.

So I think of home. Nature's rain, freezing and thawing mellow the soil. We plant in the springtime. We enjoy the beauty of the early summer, and we are ready for the harvest when it comes in the fall. We have to depend on the same Higher Power that cut that Grand Canyon to bring us timely rains. He usually does. So we have our seasons. They are always changing and I like it.



Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. Sanford, with the help of his wife, Orpha, is writing regularly. Together they also do a lot of traveling.



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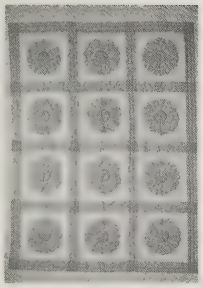
...Of stunning, snow-covered Alps uncluttered by billboards and electric wires ... artistry in flower-gardening; red, white, and yellow tulip fields ... a bouquet of roses at teatime ... add up to an experience of gracious, simple living like you've never dreamed of before. You'll want to bring some of these ideas home.

You'll get new ideas about the meaning of church as you travel through historic places with like-minded "pilgrims," arriving at new insights into church as a fellowship as everyone participates in the life of the group, insights you'll want to take home and put into practice as so many others have.

With the participant list in hand and a readiness to get acquainted as they travel, people learn to know people. There will be frank and open discussions. No holds barred.

The excitement of adventure stirs as fellow travelers learn so much together. When you get home, you won't say: "I've *been there.*" You'll say: "I've *experienced it.*"

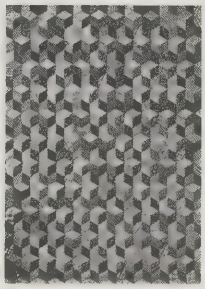
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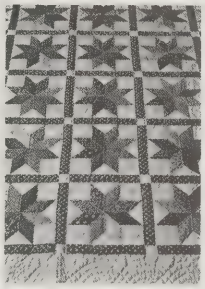
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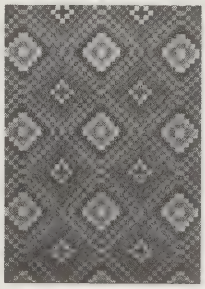
2. SPRING FLOWER



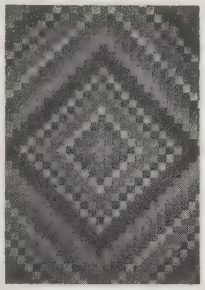
3. TUMBLING BLOCK



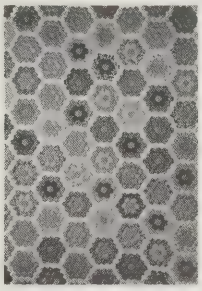
4. MIMOSA TEA LEAF



5. GRANDMOTHER'S SQUARE



6. TRIP AROUND THE WORLD



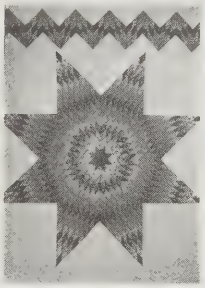
7. FLOWER GARDEN



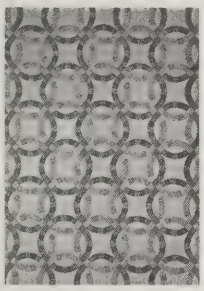
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Mennonite-Your-Way Directories Still Available

Now in its fourth year, Mennonite-Your-Way is still going strong! "We're really getting requests for **Directories,**" said Alma Zeager, who is overseeing the operation while Leon and Nancy Stauffer and their children (pictured) are in the Philippines.

The current **Mennonite-Your-Way Directory** (published in May, 1979) lists nearly 1,700 households who have asked to be registered as hosts for traveling "brothers and sisters." In addition, there are the names of 60 contacts in 35 foreign countries who have offered to provide a range of services to travelers, from information to beds. Also included are short articles, suggesting "What to see in . . ." 16 Mennonite communities.

Travelers' tips are given; so are ways to keep children happily busy in the car, ideas about nutritious and economical eating on the road, and ways to relate worship to the new experiences the trip brings. A Swap and Exchange section allows for house-, camper-, plant-, and pattern-swapping.

The idea has proven to be more than a fad. Wrote one couple recently, "We finally have had the chance to Mennonite Our Way! And what a great experience it is. We've found warm welcomes, deep fellowships in the spirit, good new friends!

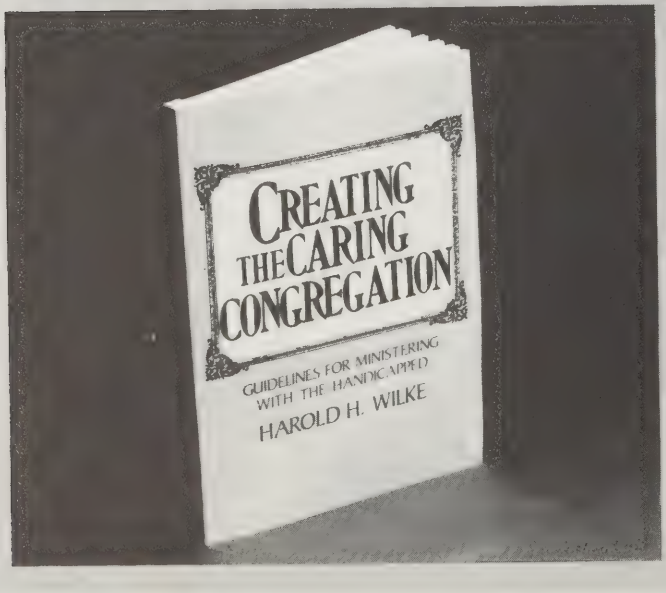
"We visited first in Brutus, Michigan. We had the joy of fellowship with many of our hosts' church family.

"Thank you for making these great opportunities possible. We would like to offer our mobile home as an 'open home' —it has always been—but not 'registered' as such. We have a guest room and would love to share it."

Directories may be ordered by using the Quarter-Order in this issue, page 12A, Section C, or by writing to Mennonite-Your-Way, Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538. Bulk prices are available on request.

Creating the Caring Congregation

Guidelines for Ministering with the Handicapped



In this long-overdue volume, Harold H. Wilke speaks boldly for the most disadvantaged and overlooked minority in the United States—the handicapped. Handicapped himself, Dr. Wilke has been actively involved in a number of programs on behalf of the disabled, including the creation of The Healing Community—an organization devoted to restoring handicapped persons into the mainstream of society.

In *Creating the Caring Congregation*, Dr. Wilke addresses the specific needs of the handicapped and discusses how the church can—and must—provide assistance and show love and concern. This is a timely book which should be read by every church member. $3.95, paper

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Sub-Saharan Postpartum Prattle

by James and Jeanette Krabill

In many parts of Africa today, bearing children remains the undisputed primary purpose of marriage. Among certain ethnic groups, marriage is in fact celebrated only when the future wife provides evidence of her fecundity by becoming pregnant or by bringing one or more children into the world. (The wedding ceremony in some such instances takes place on the same day that the young maiden "delivers.") In other cases marriage rites are performed without this much desired "proof," but the union is not considered entirely stable and certainly not definitive until validated by offspring.

Sterile couples are thus regarded as "unable to fulfill anticipated marital responsibilities," such a state leading traditionally to either divorce, the addition of a second wife, or in some rare cases the quiet, discreet replacement of the sexually impotent husband in question.

It is therefore a great pleasure for us, after over five years of "legal cohabitation," to announce as of 3:20 p.m., February 25, 1980 and the arrival of Matthew James Neff Krabill, the end of what must have seemed to some observers to be a nuptial knot rather loosely tied.

• • •

A word of precision concerning the 3:20 p.m. hour of birth is perhaps in order. As it turns out, no fewer than four clocks or watches were present in the delivery room when the new-born arrived, each instrument registering a different time with a variance in readings of twenty-five minutes between the four. Someone, therefore, had to decide when Matthew had in fact been born and we, being the parents, were given first choice.

The head mid-wife, though slightly amused by our predicament, was little inclined to sympathy. "Oh, just pick any ole time," said she, "it doesn't really matter. Before the white man arrived in these parts, we never even knew in what year we were born and no one seems to have suffered." Which we thought was a good point.

• • •

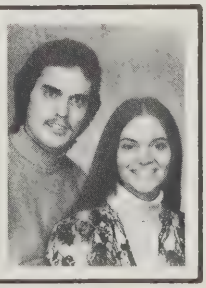
It was our privilege to obtain, as early as February 11, inside information regarding our child about to be born. A visit from Gabriel? Heavenly hosts in the skies over Abidjan? No, but our landlord had a dream in which he held in his hands a tiny baby girl, which in Africa, according to him, must be interpreted in opposite terms to mean that a son was on the way. Having had nine children of his own—and having dreamed correctly what each one was to be—it came as no surprise to our landlord when two weeks later we announced the arrival of Matthew . . . a baby boy.

• • •

An incident related to Matthew's coming reminded us again of the rapid transition from "old" to "new ways" taking place in Ivory Coast today. Our first night home from the clinic called for celebration in our corner of the village. Excited shrieks from the children, sound advice from the aged and our landlord's gift of a squawking chicken all confirmed what we'd often heard about African hospitality. So much for the "old ways." As for the "new"—two of our friends sent a message with the other well-wishers that first night informing us that "unforeseen circumstances" had forced them to "postpone until tomorrow seeing the baby." We later discovered that an exceptionally good film on television had been the culprit.

• • •

The most common remark made by villagers concerning Matthew is his "near baldness"—at least when compared to African babies who generally begin life amply coiffed. One old gentleman here finds this phenomenon to be proof of the white race's intellectual superiority. "Black babies," says he, "come 'ready made' and at the peak of their potential, while white ones are born with the possibility for development and growth." It appears that our job in Ivory Coast may include trying to correct a few myths.



James and Jeanette Krabill, Mission Associates under the Mennonite Board of Missions, live in Ivory Coast, West Africa, where they are available to the independent African churches.

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Not a Typical Breakfast, But...

by Glenda Knepp

We've just experienced a joy-full holiday. A happy time for me was sharing a breakfast with seventeen assorted relatives. While the food was not our main focus, it did make a definite contribution to our circle of happiness, love, and contentment. There's something about eating together . . .

I like to talk about food. Let me tell you what we had. We ate at 9:30 and, yes, that heavy dose of protein kept us very well until late afternoon. Remember, I'm not recommending this as a typical breakfast, but as a special occasion celebration.

Fruit Juice
Cheesy Scrambled Eggs
Sausage Chunks
Fruit Compote
Apple Nut Coffee Cake

To erase any frowns, let me quickly explain about the sausage. It was a beef and pork combination, not highly seasoned, made locally, and absolutely free of the usual sausage additives. In natural casings, it was superb. I guess I'm saying — don't limit yourself by thinking as you read about the horrors of sausage and bacon, "I'll never eat them again." You may have to swallow your-words or choke on some fantastic sausage!

Here are the recipes for the eggs and coffee cake. The fruit compote was a compose as you go thing of fresh orange and grapefruit sections in their own juices, with a few added banana slices and a drizzle of honey.

Cheesy Scrambled Eggs

Sauté:
- 2 T chopped onion
- 1 T oil

Add and mix together:
- 5 eggs
- 1/3 C milk
- 1/8 t pepper
- 1/4 t salt

Add:
- 1/3 C grated cheese

Cook over medium heat, turn gently as mixture cooks. It's done when cooked through, but still moist and glossy. Serves 4-6, depending on your eaters.

I use a wire whisk for mixing.

Salt is optional; I omit it, and no one knows except me.

This is a gorgeous recipe for the microwave, for those of you with that energy saver. Follow the same steps, only:

Use the High setting.

Check and stir gently every two minutes.

It takes a grand total of 5-6 minutes!

While the food was not our main focus, it did make a definite contribution to our circle of happiness, love, and contentment. There's something about eating together . . .

Apple Nut Coffee Cake

ww = whole wheat

Mix well:
- 1/2 C oil
- 1/2 C honey
- 2 eggs
- 1 t vanilla
- 1 C yogurt OR 1 C sour milk

Add:
- 2 C ww flour
- 1 t baking powder
- 1 t soda
- 1/4 t salt

Fold in:
- 2 C unpeeled apples, finely chopped

Drizzle topping onto batter.

For topping, combine:
- 1/2 C chopped nuts
- 1/4 C honey
- 1 t cinnamon
- 1 T oil

Bake 350° 30-35 minutes. Let cool slightly before cutting. It can be cut in 16-20 pieces, so it serves a bunch!

Many joy-full celebrations to you all!

Glenda Knepp from Turner, Michigan is the mother of two sons, active in a food co-op and a Concerned Parents Group in the public school system.

Potential for Peace

by Jan Gleysteen

What is the largest single item in international trade today? Not grain, not oil, not chemicals, but tourism. More than a hundred million people vacation beyond their own borders each year.

For a Christian with a sense of mission and purpose, and concern for the wise use of one's time and resources, a thorough examination of the pros and cons of travel is in order.

The area of greatest concern to me personally has been tours to the smaller or developing nations. Some countries like Iceland or Saba have no natural resources and no manufacturing. There are economically distressed areas such as the Caribbean basin, and areas of unrest like the Middle East. For each of these, tourism—the industry without a smokestack—is the chief and sometimes only source of desperately needed hard currencies (a conclusion supported by U.N. economic advisors).

Should Christians travel to these areas? I presently answer with a qualified "yes."

Let me first distinguish between the traveler and the tourist. I see the traveler as a person genuinely interested in the customs and the culture of the people he visits, who is curious about eating their food and hearing their music, and who is eager to learn about their ways of working. A seasoned traveler prepares for his trip by gathering all the information he can about the area to be visited, and is aware that the differences encountered do not mean that one culture is inferior to the other.

The tourist, on the other hand, is one who, after having bought the package, is driven to the designated monuments where he snaps the obligatory picture and buys the appropriate souvenir (never quite convinced that he got the right change).

Here are a few suggestions to help concerned Christians build bridges of understanding in their travels.

Above all we should see to it that our visits benefit the nationals directly. To begin with we can book our passage on the national airlines of our destination countries. This may have its frustrations. Because of their precarious economic conditions, Third World airline schedules are not the most reliable. Recently I held 17 confirmed tickets on an airline that went bankrupt!

Once arrived, plan to stay in locally owned inns and guesthouses and to patronize the local restaurants, rather than the Holiday Inns and Sheratons whose revenues mainly benefit American investors.

Learn to know the people. This may be easier than you think. Many countries have "meet-the-people" programs. The Jamaica Tourist Board will gladly arrange for a teacher to meet with a teacher, to match an artist with an artist for an evening of fellowship. Elsewhere you can arrange for a meal with a Bedouin family, a ride to the outback with the Flying Mailman, or for a week of travel with the barge people.

In some countries where people walk great distances, we have picked up and discharged a legion of hitch-hikers. In the process we have met businessmen, school principals, students, housewives and store managers, waitresses and fisher folk; all very thankful for getting home an hour earlier than planned. And we gained a lot of firsthand information, an education in itself.

When shopping in the markets—a delightful experience!—expect to haggle about the price. But as Christians we should be careful not to bargain away all the profit for the sellers and producers.

One criticism of travel is that it consumes fuel. That is true. Still, I'm convinced that the use of planes to discover new lands and to meet new friends is a small and superior investment compared to fueling B 52's or sending up spy satellites. The oil consumed by lake steamers on the Andean Lakes is but a fraction of what is being burned up by the U.S. Seventh Fleet patrolling the approaches to Iran. Tour busses get much better gas mileage than the desert-colored tanks now exercising in the Southwest. The real waste lies elsewhere. An invasion of well-mannered travelers is a more positively powerful force than one of well-armed Marines!

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in Tour-Magination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.





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Smiley's People, John le Carré. Alfred A. Knopf, 1980. 374 pages. $10.95.

John le Carré paints his characters slowly, with secondary pastels and occasional hot flashes of a bright spot or dot. But the unwinding of the bandages which surround all unknown characters becomes as much of the action for le Carré as schemes and guns. For characterization becomes the story, or at least the story serves the characters.

Which explains the patient deepness one experiences in unraveling the endless complex mazes le Carré plants for readers. Not that he does not employ schemes and guns in his thrillers. His schemes are masterpieces and his guns come in many varieties. But like Graham Greene, this storyteller knows that the truth of life dwells hidden in the hearts and minds of humans, and only a thorough, almost playful dissection will serve to illumine a partial view of that truth.

No heroes here. George Smiley comes back from retirement to pursue his Soviet antagonist in one last battle of wits. The telling is rich, but the colors resemble rained-off leaves on a bleak day.

Is le Carré telling us that George Smiley's feelings of fragments and only partial insight are not unlike life? Probably. And is le Carré also hinting that the very experience of reading le Carré is only partially satisfying, just like life? Probably. But like parts of life, parts of le Carré are hard to forget.



Photo credit: Andreas Heumann

John le Carré

The Brethren: Inside the Supreme Court, Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong. Simon & Schuster, 1979. 467 pages. $13.95.

The world of the Supreme Court has been penetrated by reporters Bob Woodward (of **All the President's Men** fame) and Scott Armstrong with the publication of **The Brethren.**

Protected by decorum for years from stalking journalists, the workings of the Supreme Court were unknown; the justices barely distinguishable (perhaps with the exception of Earl Warren and William Douglas) in personality and preference.

Now with more public interest and clerks who feel freer to talk and dig out files, the mechanics of recent Court life are on record. **The Brethren** details only seven years from 1969 through 1975.

Who will savor this journal-history? Most of all, those who like to see how power works — the compromises, favors and trade-offs that exist when a team (not selected for their likenesses, but their differences) needs to get a job done, and then present a unified front.

The book is also rich in character study. The reporters' own biases are a factor here, but their profiles of the justices emerge out of a host of anecdotes and incidents.

Despite his regal bearing, Chief Justice Burger appears dim, conniving, and pompous; Lewis Powell, less predictably conservative than expected; Byron White, mercurial and arrogant; Harry Blackmun, tedious yet increasingly independent. The interplay between clerks and justices, the ever-present shadow of politics, the lobbying for votes, all bring drama to the chambers.

These are courtroom records so at points the detail and proceedings become overwhelmingly wearing. But without that, the volume might have seemed like gossip. It is the stories that give the book spirit and that, finally, make apparent patterns and trends and eventually history. In the end, one is haunted about the adequacy of judicial review in this country. Nine judges, appointed for life, are the final stop on the toughest cases of justice in our society.



Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong

Photo credit: Matthew Lewis, *The Washington Post.*

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Brubaker — Robert Redford stars in this good-versus-evil near-masterpiece about a reform prison warden whose idealism conflicts with the powers that be. Redford is brilliant, as usual. Pits absolute idealism against compromised compassion. (9)

The Changeling — George C. Scott stars in this better-than usual horror film about a murder from years ago haunting an old house, seeking justice. (5)

Chapter Two — James Caan and Marsha Mason excel in this funny-but-poignant Neil Simon movie about a man whose wife has died. He tries to live on. He meets this woman. Searingly honest because it's Simon's own story, give or take. (8)

Coal Miner's Daughter — The Loretta Lynn story is a surprise. Sissy Spacek is excellent as the country music singer. The story maintains a tough balance, a down-home genuineness, a true-as-life feel. But it wallops a profound series of insights. (9)

Eboli — A richly-detailed, slow-paced Italian film about the forsakenness a political prisoner experiences in southern Italy during Mussolini's war against Abyssinia. Probes depths of feeling but seems stocked ideologically. (6)

The Fog — An unscary yarn about fog enacting a hundred-year-old revenge on a coastal town. Yawn. (6)

Hero at Large — A flawed sentimental make-believe tale of the power of positive thinking, hope, disillusionment, and cynicism. An urban do-gooder deceives a whole city. (4)

The Island — Boring, weird, and gruesome tale of a man and his son who are captured and tormented by pirates. (1)

The Last Married Couple — George Segal and Natalie Wood play a basically content couple whose friends are all splitting. They become overwhelmed with the pressure and split too, only to learn more about their relationship. Funny and articulate but only mildly realistic. (6)

Little Darlings — A sensationalized and vulgar summer camp yarn about two girls who are forced by rival girls to compete in losing their virginity. Disenchanting in its parallels to real life. (4)

Little Miss Marker — A rather enjoyable sentimental soup of a tale about a little girl who is given to a bookie in lieu of money. Walter Matthau displays his best snarling-but-browbeaten old dog face as the recipient of the child. Funny and darling. (7)

The Long Riders — A gorgeously-filmed poetic look at the Jesse James gang. Lots of shooting and blood dreamily fill the screen of this opulent vision of the gangsters as misunderstood, unsung heroes. Wonderful acting. The mood pervades. Superior western epic. (8)

My Brilliant Career — Excellent acting and pacing crown this delightful Australian film about a spirited and intelligent turn-of-the-century young farm girl and her wish to become a writer. (8)

On the Nickel — A touching, straight-forward look at life among L.A.'s skid-row winos, poignantly acted (also written and directed) by Ralph Waite. Its good intentions are visible, but it does not manipulate. Artistically and humanly moving. Excellent for caring people. (8)

Rough Cut — An ideally delicious tale of two handsome thieves (one male, one female) trying to con each other and a scheming cop. Unsatisfactory ending takes the icing right out of our mouths. Burt Reynolds stars. (7)

Simon — Really misfires. A group of scientists try to convince Alan Arkin that he was born on another planet and he tries to convince the world that he's their hero. Silly and shrill. (2)

A Simple Story — Romy Schneider plays a French woman caught in the tedium of mid-life between a too-familiar lover and a too-cold husband. So-so. (4)

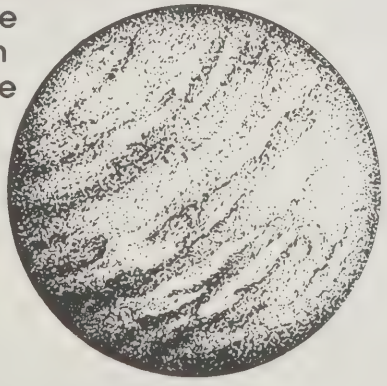
Soupcon — French film about a couple who split after twenty-five years of marriage. Depressing. (4)

Urban Cowboy — A Texas version of the **Midnight Cowboy**? Has great moments, but somehow full of holes. Small-town boy arrives in the big city, marries too quickly, competes in a modernized toy rodeo, and almost comes apart. John Travolta stars. (6)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

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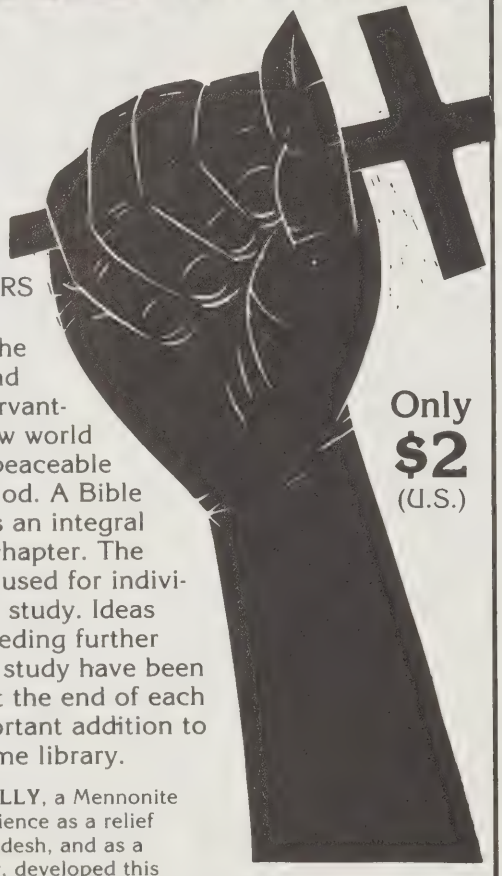
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"Come, Anabaptist, Let's Go Play!"

by Katie Funk Wiebe

The Other Side magazine took a lighthearted look at what might have happened during the decade of the seventies in its January issue. I thought you might enjoy those items which referred to prominent Mennonites in its tongue-in-cheek exposé:

1970: The most popular book in some circles is **The Recipes of Jesus** by John Howard Yoder and Frances Moore Lappé. The book raises a ruckus among conservative theologians by suggesting that the last supper was soybean casserole.

1975: Mennonite Central Committee, worried about the population explosion among Anabaptists, begins a Less-Is-More birth control program; MCC Peace Section distributes five million copies of its poster, "It's a Sin to Build a Nuclear Family."

1977: It's standing room only at the Total Rich Christian seminars conducted by Ronald Sider. Sider, vice-president of Amway Corporation, explains how Christian business executives can put sinful pressures to use for God's glory.

• • •

One thousand two-holers! During World War 2 the building and installation of sanitary privies by the men in Civilian Public Service became so standardized that the man-days per unit dropped from 6.75 in December to 2.86 in March, 1944. The WPA average was 11.75 man-days for each privy built. When the one thousandth privy was installed in the autumn of 1944, a banquet was given to commemorate the occasion with Harry Martens and Walter Gering as speakers. — **Service for Peace** by Melvin Gingerich.

• • •

A pastor browsing at a Mennonite Brethren book table at a convention pointed to a Mennonite Brethren Membership Manual and said, "I'd buy that, but I can't because it has a chapter on nonresistance in it. I don't believe in nonresistance." He walked down the display a little farther and picked up a Bible. "I need a Bible," he commented. "I should buy one of these." "No, you shouldn't," responded the clerk. "It has a chapter on nonresistance in it too."

• • •

Our ten-year-old daughter was playing (for the first time) with an Amish second cousin named Anna Mary. "Come," called Kristina, then hesitated. "Come, Anabaptist, let's go play." — Ruthann Peachey. Goshen, IN

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and columns, and an English teacher at Tabor College.



The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submission to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

I No Spik Inglis

by Rafael Falcón

"Why do they think they need to have their separate group in English? Why not bring their own pacifier too?" was the sarcastic comment I made to my wife while watching the group of North Americans gathering for their Sunday School class.

A group of Continentals that attended our church in Puerto Rico had decided to conduct their class in English, thus sharing with people of their own cultural background. Though a very good idea, yet I could not understand the reasoning for this act of separation. To me their decision appeared both slightly ridiculous and disrespectful.

Several years later, upon moving to the States, we found ourselves living in a predominantly Anglo community and worshipping in a church where I was the only Spanish-speaking member.

"Rafo, what's the matter?" asked my wife when she realized my eagerness to attend our church was diminishing. Months of residence in a country, foreign to the language and cultural habits instilled within me, was beginning to take its effect. It seemed to me like years since I had been greeted with "Hermano, Dios lo bendiga," or heard "Alabaré" sung with rousing rhythm and clapping, accompanied by guitar and tambourine. Comparatively speaking, I only heard a seemingly dry, though friendly "hi"; I only heard slow and solemnous hymns, though beautifully harmonized. I had to admit that I missed, deeply missed, hearing, singing, and praising in my own language.

One day a family from the church, who had served in a Hispanic community invited us to their home for sharing and singing. As we sang in Spanish around the piano, it seemed to me as though a refreshing shower of rain descended, uplifting and reviving the deepest part of me. In that moment I realized that, without a doubt, language plays a very fundamental role in our lives.

Then back from forgotten time and events, came clearly the sarcastic comment I had made years before on my Enchanted Island and I knew from my own flesh-and-blood experience the answer to the question queried on that day.

Drawing from this experience, I now totally support the Hispanic program in Goshen College and the existence of Spanish-speaking Mennonite churches in the United States. As for those who question the need for these, may it not take the experience of being a minority, within a community unable to satisfy the ethnic needs of one, to bring an answer.

Rafael Falcón is assistant professor of Spanish and head of the Menno-Hispanic Ministries Program at Goshen (IN) College.



The editors welcome Mennonite members of minorities of any nationality to write stories dealing with their own experiences of belonging to a minority group. Manuscripts should be no longer than 400 words.

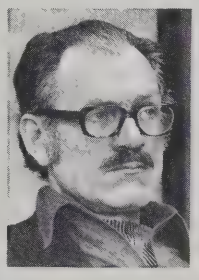
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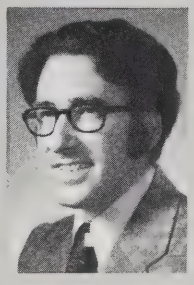
This season we offer our seventh and eighth Saturday Seminars, planned for People's Place Associates.

These are events for exploring issues that concern us at those points where our faith and living intersect.

Beginning at 7:30 in the morning and running until 2 in the afternoon, we set aside one Saturday in the fall and another in the spring to listen to a person of some expertise, to discuss and to fellowship. Registration is always limited to 50 people to maximize interchange.



October 11, 1980
"Should Mennonites Be Uncomfortable with Money?"
— Calvin Redekop, professor of sociology at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, author, businessman, editor of **The Marketplace,** newsletter for Mennonite Industry and Business Associates (MIBA).



April 11, 1981
"Are Our Church Schools Really Necessary?"
— Don Kraybill, sociology professor at Elizabethtown (PA) College, author, member of Mennonite Board of Education, father of two elementary school-aged daughters.

For information about People's Place Associate benefits, or reservations for the Saturday Seminars, contact The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse, PA 17534. Phone: (717) 768-7171.



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— in Volendam tent city, 1948



— in Vienna, 1959



— giving a Christmas bundle, 1959



— interpreting and storytelling, today



Another New Columnist for FQ — Peter Dyck

FQ has a new regular writer, beginning with the next issue — Peter Dyck.

Peter has spent a lot of his life stepping around the world. It's been work; it's been rich in human suffering, endurance, ecstasy.

Most of the time he has been resettling refugees, helping families find lost members, opening channels between countries and churches, making connections.

An immigrant himself, Peter has a warm heart for people chased by war, economics, their convictions. He was born in Russia; then at the age of 12, emigrated with his family to Saskatchewan, in Canada.

During World War II he was back in Europe under Mennonite Central Committee (MCC), first in England, then in Holland, and finally in Germany as war conditions permitted. He and his wife, Elfrieda, made 4 transports to South America, accompanying boatloads of people to an unknown, but less threatening future.

After a pastorate in Kansas, the Dycks returned to Europe for 10 years of relief work. Peter became a liason between the East and the West and directed MCC's North Africa program.

Always alert to the change he was witnessing (and creating), and unusually able to see to the heart of things, Peter is now an adept interpreter to the church for MCC. He continues to work at conversation between East and West.

Many of us know him now as a favorite storyteller. He is blessed with a quick wit, great facility in language, and a well-tended memory. But he's had little time for writing. Until now.

Peter will write a column called "Borders." It will be full of stories past and present of our people finding home and family and keeping faith.

August, September, October 1980

festival quarterly

exploring the art, faith, and culture of Mennonite peoples

FQ's ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST: **Symbols of Peoplehood**



"Look at Me!"
by Dwight L. Roth
First Choice
Vivitar 450 SLR-D, Tri-X



"Mennonite Women at Auction,"
by Robert Maust
Second Choice
Minolta SRT-101, Tri-X

OTHER FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE —

Is the Church Huckstering Itself?
The Smartest Thing I Did to Prepare for Retirement . . .
Tips on Cross-Cultural Eating



These persons need your help to become FQ readers.

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Are you?

If you sent a dollar to the International Subscription Fund for every three dollars you spend on your own subscription, thousands of persons overseas who wish to receive **FQ** *(but can't afford it) could do so!*

Mennonite World Conference has set up a special International Subscription Fund so brothers and sisters overseas can join our conversation on how our beliefs interact with our practices, especially as it relates to culture and the arts. But economic realities make our subscription rate (in fact, *any* subscription rate) prohibitive for many of these potential readers.

Already the requests are beginning to come in. We've set $25,000 as a goal to help with these requests for **Festival Quarterly** before Christmas, 1980.

If you would like to help foster this international sharing and fellowship, you may send a gift to: International Subscription Fund — FQ, Mennonite World Conference, 528 E. Madison Street, Lombard, Illinois 60148. Mennonite World Conference will issue you a tax-deductible receipt.

Thanks for your help in strengthening our family/faith ties, and in broadening the international exchange on vital issues.

Going Home to Garden

We always kept a three-generation garden at home. Our family and Grandpa and Grandma ran the operation together. The tedium was broken by Grandpa's tips on how to silk corn, racing with my brother to empty the bean basket, and negotiating with Mother to go get a drink when we got to the end of the row. Gardening days were probably some of the securest in my childhood. We were all together.

Now we live in the city with neither the space nor time to grow vegetables. Until we had children I didn't consider ourselves underprivileged. Two daughters later, I've begun wondering if you can raise children properly without also raising a garden. And I'm not talking about the value of stuffing them with vitamin-packed veggies grown on your own soil.

I'm wondering instead about how — if we have no gardens — we create those three-generational work days that wrapped around me snugly as a child and now set me thinking as an adult.

Our parents still garden, can and freeze. And since some of their offspring don't, they do up more than they need, to share. So we're blessed twice — with food, and occasional days of working together. I learned a few things this summer:

1. It's good to be in a position sometimes where Grandpa and Grandma know best. (It's clear to all: Grandma Good's corn blanching system beats all; Grandma Pellman's tomato juice seasonings still aren't written down but with every batch they are expertly balanced.)
2. When you're working together hour after sticky boring hour, you likely do more honest visiting than when you meet only on dress-up Sunday dinners or for holiday meals.
3. I get reminded of who I am. Doing four baskets of tomatoes on the picnic table at home this summer, surrounded by family, familiar canning equipment, and almost forgotten smells, brought me closer to my past then I've been for a while.
4. It may help create identity and memories for our children. When sixteen Goods and related freundschaft got together to do 140 dozen ears of corn, five of the gang were little people (that means they ate lunch but didn't have to help). Those little people dared asked any of the eleven older ones to wipe their respective noses or bandage their stubbed toes.

Three-generational gardens produce more than vegetables. They may help keep our families together.

—PPG

Profiles in Creativity

Few parts of my job on this magazine are as rewarding as my quarterly assignment of profiling an unusually creative person among our peoplehood. For seven years I have been probing the wherewithals and the probablys of some of the most interesting persons I've ever met so I could introduce them to you on our profile page.

About now you're wondering if I ran out of editorial ideas this issue. No, certainly not (I couldn't decide between "Thoughts about Pulpit Furniture" and "The Day Rebecca Learned to Trot—Sort Of.") But I felt a need to share with readers the warm satisfaction and assurance I feel after meeting and interviewing these profiles in creativity. I wish every reader could sit and visit with Bob Regier and Tom Schenk, Harold Moyer and Mary Oyer, J.C. Wenger and Frank Epp — just to mention a few.

One of the reasons our magazine exists is to encourage the creative artists among us. Another benefit is learning from them. In that case I'm certainly the most blessed person related to **FQ.**

Our hope is that those profiled bring encouragement and wisdom to young aspiring artists, especially those who may be tempted to feel alone in their quest. There are many among us who have been working at the tough questions of art, identity, and faith for a good many decades. They have become models and examples for us who are younger.

Take Ivan Moon. A modest, bashful man who has been drawing and painting all his life. Yet his faith is so fresh it startled me in its sense of urgency and conviction.

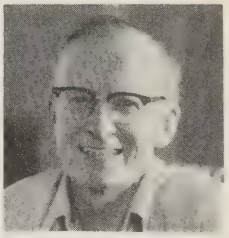
I never cease to be surprised. I hope the same is true for you.

—MG

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. . . those farthest away from the . . . soulwrecking little details of the Workers' State are the ones inclined to be most sentimental about it . . .

What Workers Get Out of Communism

by Lance Morrow

As the stolidly relentless vehicle of Marxism lumbers through history toward the light, its honored cargo has always been a rather dense abstraction called "the proletariat." But Karl Marx never lavished much bourgeois sentimentality on the proletariat in person, on real workers as individuals. In their private correspondence, Marx and Engels even referred to them as "stupid asses."

In Poland this summer, the real workers have taken a little revenge on Marx and Communism's vulgar pretensions to inevitability, on the regressive hoodoo of the All-Daddy state. They have knocked a hole in the wall, climbed outside their totalistic system and marched angrily around it demanding things. That is very embarrassing. It is also, communistically speaking, impossible. It is a little like the old Second City comedy routine in which Ahab thunderously demands, "Hast seen the white whale?" and the other ship's captain calls back, "Yeah. We killed him yesterday." What happens now to the metaphysical plot, to the primordial story? Communism, after all, loses ideological face if the workers, the stars of Marx's historical drama, step so radically out of their assigned role and indict the system that is their supposed salvation. The Polish workers have given the Communist Manifesto's "Workers of the world unite!" a dimension of irony that the Politburo over in Moscow is incapable of savoring. Communism is supposed to be the solution; the Poles say it is part of the problem.

For years, only those encumbered by ignorance or a wistfully doctrinaire need to believe have invested either hope or credibility in the workers' Paradise as it has taken shape in the world. Many, it is true, are still attracted by the ideals of Marxism — by its promise of egalitarianism and social justice. The appeal is especially forceful in the Third World, where capitalism is usually implicated emotionally with colonialism and where some form of socialism seems the surest road to justice. But on the whole, those farthest away from the thwarting and soul-wrecking little details of the Workers' State are the ones most inclined to be eloquently sentimental about it, or at least to make excuses for it. Almost every university faculty in the West has members who call themselves Marxist; in contrast to a couple of decades ago, it is now generally safe and chic to wear the label like a blue work shirt under a tweed jacket. Many defend their faith by arguing that, as Chesterton said of Christianity, real Marxism has not failed because it has never been tried.

Communism promises everything to the proletariat. The great theoretical Marxist engine, after all, repairs the dread alienation of "heartless" capitalism by restoring the means of production to the workers. Well, as the Polish emigré writer Leszek Kolakowski, an apostate Marxist, has said, that "has been the greatest fantasy of our century." Observes **Time** Correspondent David Aikman, who has covered Eastern Europe extensively, "It is exceedingly hard to find anyone there, and especially in Poland, who believes the official mythology that states run by Communist parties are actually operated for the benefit of the workers. Party officials will sometimes try to keep a straight face when explaining why workers are so much better off in socialist societies, but they do not really believe it themselves. After a sympathetic wink or a good-natured 'Come on, now,' they will let you understand that they are simply passing on the obligatory line." The solemn Communist theology about workers controlling the means of production is contemptuously dismissed for what it is: a rationale for political dictatorship.

No one can say he was not warned. Lenin wrote in 1920: "The scientific concept of the dictatorship (of the proletariat) means nothing other than unlimited government unrestrained by any laws or any absolute rules and supporting itself directly by force." Marx said that after a Communist revolution, the state would wither away. Wrong: it has grown and overgrown, with a bureaucratic luxuriance.

The operating procedures of Marxist states usually follow a depressing logic. Marxism, with its incomparably oafish legerdemain, softens up the sanity by explaining that failure is success, and otherwise fulfilling George Orwell's expectations. The revolutionary "vanguard" clearing the way for the dictatorship of the proletariat develops into a "New Class" of privileged party officials and bureaucrats. The system runs by what the Soviets call blat — influence, clout, corruption. A new minority rule sets in. If it is not the dark, satanic will of Stalin, it has little to do with workers' wishes either. Although members of the ruling elite may have come originally from proletarian families, that connection becomes more remote as the entrenchment proceeds. Amid scarcities of everything (meat, soap, housing, humor, intelligence), the new class buys its provisions with discreet complacency at its own quietly exclusive stores. The mass of workers stand in their interminable lines or else buy on the flourishing black market. Liberties and other items of bourgeois individualism get crushed under the great rattling treads of History, clanking ineluctably toward the Red dawn; on closer inspection the path begins to look merely like the drearily familiar tracks of dictatorship, regressing toward the darkness. For a system dedicated to creating millennial happiness for the workers, Communism has a great deal of proletarian inconvenience and misery to answer for. The Communist states have been too long straddling a dangerous moral fault line; they may be due in the 1980s for seismic upheavals.

Faced with the people's restlessness and the discrepancy between a dogmatic Marxian approach to economics and the evident reality, some Communist states have become surprisingly experimental — heretical even. In some of their demands, the workers of Gdansk were asking only for what their comrades in Hungary gained years ago. Yugoslavia practices a renegade Communism that allows for certain capitalist trappings. Even Mao's successors in China have tacitly acknowledged their failures to solve the problems of the proletariat.

Any retreat from the old dogmatism is welcome, any hint of improvisation. "Gray is all theory," wrote Goethe, "but green is the golden tree of life." That, weirdly enough, was one of Lenin's favorite quotations. The striking Polish workers seem a little farther than he from theory and a little closer to the green tree. In one sense they are behaving in a purely Marxian fashion: proletarians rising up against the oppressors who control the means of production. They have very far to go. The strikers now seem oddly like 19th century workers in Western Europe and the U.S. in the first stages of unionism. But perhaps there is hope. As Marx himself wrote in 1875, "The emancipation of Poland is one of the conditions for the emancipation of the working class of all Europe."

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Festival Quarterly

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by Linda Hunt, Marianne Frase, and Doris Liebert

A whimsical children's cookbook designed for 7-year-olds-and-up to use themselves. Encourages the use of basic ingredients to produce wholesome, delicious, fun foods that conserve food resources. **"Loaves and Fishes** is an exciting and different cookbook. It tenderly introduces children to the realities of world hunger, inviting them to use food wisely and sparingly. It encourages them to handle food as most of the world's children do of necessity—with reverence, appreciation, and thankfulness."—Paul Longacre, Hunger Awareness Secretary, Mennonite Central Committee (MCC)
Ringbound $5.95

1980
Winner of ECPA Gold Medallion Award for best book of Christian fiction written in 1979.

Caught in the Crossfire
by Levi Keidel
Paper, $5.95

Herald Press
Scottdale, PA 15683
Kitchener, ON
N2G 4M5

From a fellow pilgrim who also has about as much to account for as I can handle, I simply want to affirm you in your life and work.

Festival Quarterly has been a helpful introduction to the Mennonite people. My wife and I vacationed this spring in Lancaster County because of the interest generated by your magazine.

I am nurtured by the quiet joy, deeply rooted in Menonite faith, which is reflected in **Festival Quarterly.** Sharing your struggle with deadlines, etc., adds integrity to the underlying joy and hope you represent.

As for deadlines, I affirm your vision of thematic issues (though this is merely a bonus for me), and your international commitment. We children of Abraham and Sarah are — or should be — patient people. Besides, I get so much mail now that I haven't read all the periodicals that have come this month.

Thank you for your good work. Enjoy Kate and Rebecca.

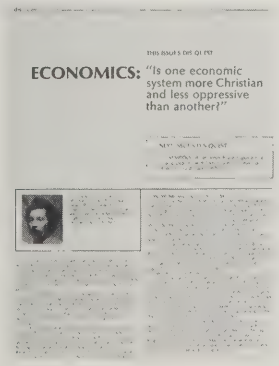
Ted Leach
Birmingham, Alabama

I've appreciated receiving the **Festival Quarterly** during the past year.

I was glad to see your efforts in securing articles of Mennonites in other parts of the world. Luis Correa's article on economics reflected well the point of view of a sector in the Mennonite Church both in North America and in other countries. Our Mennonite theology and our thoughts on economics and other areas are enhanced when this international exchange of ideas takes place.

May God continue to bless your efforts!

Rolando Santiago
Akron, Pennsylvania


ECONOMICS: "Is one economic system more Christian and less oppressive than another?"

Greetings and grace and peace to you! This brief epistle is to extend orchids to you on your latest issue, which, according to my wife is your best yet. I appreciated especially your editorials, which were as clear and honest as always, and therefore keep you in touch with humanity and keep you from vanishing behind words.

Also orchids to David Augsburger, especially for his column hear-no-evil, see-no-evil of two issues back. That has application to more traditions than just the Anabaptist one.

I have one lone onion, and perhaps not a very big one. I was very concerned about the drift of "The Parable" in last issue. I am (I hope) not unsympathetic to culture, but after re-reading it about half-a-dozen times, it really seems to be teaching that a particular culture will lead to redeemed people and healthy relationships, or even a particular language (German?), either of which I take to be a disastrous error. Jesus, after taking his disciples away from their homes and familiar jobs, told them to "make their home in him," as the Jerusalem Bible translates John 15:3. If we lay hold of God and our culture, it can be redeemed, but there is no culture to which we can return, no matter how good it may have been or may be, that will lead to Life. Our roots as pilgrims of the Celestial Country have got to be in God or else we will wither sooner or later. God always meets us where we are and in our present situations, not by waiting for us to get somewhere else.

That isn't easy for any of us, since we always want our security under our control. But the Christian Body is called, I think, to call each other out of false securities and to be calling each other to get our roots in God and redeem the present.

Your forum idea is excellent — orchids to whoever thought of that.

Hang in there — think of how boring your life would be if everything was orderly and all of your articles came in on time! Anyway, this reader won't complain if the magazine is late! I am not even sure exactly what date it is supposed to come!

Stan and Jocelyn Pyett
Ann Arbor, Michigan


One-Eyed Memories
by David Augsburger

Harvest Drive Farm Motel and Restaurant

Enclosed is my renewal for **Festival Quarterly.** I have received the magazine from its beginning. It has improved much and is an attractive magazine.

We would also like to see the film and movie column discontinued. We have never (except once as a teen, when it was unavoidable) attended a theatre movie.

Also, trust you will be able to get the magazine out on time in the future as there are scheduled events listed which are history before it arrives.

John R. Buller
Collinsville, Oklahoma

Your magazine is great. Each of the articles this month were so stimulating. You are all working so diligently to make us realize our Mennonite heritage is very special and our God has given us all a unique gift that does not have a fence around it.

Ruth Rohrer
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

I enjoy the **Quarterly** very much as it is. However, a little more information about Midwest happenings would be nice.

Keep up the good work.

Carl Zehr
Northbrook, Illinois

It takes an awful long time for **F.Q.** to reach us. We just received the February/April issue.

I was planning a trip to the U.S. Being able to spare a couple of days I thought of looking at your Cultural Calendar to see if I could combine going to some special celebration. In far away Argentina one is eager to participate in some of these great events.

What a disappointment! Your calendar ended May 3! Couldn't you think a little more ahead, for the sake of the far off subscribers?

All the best for **F.Q.** and you personally.

Dan Nuesch
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I do enjoy **Festival Quarterly!** It's become my only link to my Mennonite "roots" since I moved from the Mennonite community.

Thank you.

Linda Miller Mullennex
Bluefield, West Virginia

For a former Beatles fan, film-buff, general-middle-American turned-Mennonite and now deeply into Anabaptist studies, **FQ's** a glorious drink of fresh water!

And I, for one, enjoy the "Mennonite Game" as it has caused me to develop a strong sense of extended family — which is nonexistent in that cold, broken world out there. (But we must be alert to avoid an elitist, condescending attitude which is a subtle form of rejection.)

Dale Bacon
Harrisonburg, Virginia

We have decided not to renew our subscription to the **Festival Quarterly** again. We always enjoy reading it so much, but both of us tire soon and cannot read very long at one time, our eyes being the reason.

Thank you for your good work and devotion, as you both continue to serve Him in this way. We know you are always open for criticism in writing, just the same as speakers are.

God's continued blessings to you for continued success.

Henry and Alverta Frank
Mount Joy, Pennsylvania

Enclosed is my renewal for 3 years. This last issue is the best ever. I especially appreciate the exposure to other Christians of like persuasion in far-off places I would never have opportunity to meet otherwise.

Do you have a plan for little stories similar to "Life in these U.S." as found in **Readers Digest**? I have one — perhaps you could create one — "Life Among the Menno's."

Anyway I do want you to know I appreciate your magazine; I also appreciate a person who can stick with it when the going gets rough.

Mary Hochstedler
Kokomo, Indiana

Our **F.Q.** came today and I do enjoy it as a delightful change from the ordinary magazine.

Cleta King
Northfield, Ohio

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to **Festival Quarterly,** *2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.*

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• **Funerals and Funeral Planning** by Melvin D. Schmidt and **Celebrating Christian Marriage** by Gary and Lydia Harder are two booklets of a series being released by Herald Press, Scottdale, PA, for leadership use in the church. Other titles include **Planning Congregational Worship, Baptism and Church Membership,** and **Celebration of the Lord's Supper.**

• From the Mennonite Conciliation Service (MCC, Akron, PA) come two publications on mediation and resolution of community disputes. **Repairing the Breach,** a 41-page booklet by MSC director, Ron Kraybill, records attempts by church groups and individuals to be reconcilers in community conflicts. A variety of writings on dispute resolution and a bibliography of resources make up **Mediation: A Reader,** prepared by Kraybill and Lynn R. Buzzard of the Christian Legal Society.

• Scheduled to be released this summer from Herald Press, **Parents in Today's Society** is a 21-chapter resource book edited by Laurence Martin. Study groups may find this resource helpful. A leader's guide is also available.

• **The Love Fight** by David Augsburger (Herald Press) has been revised, enlarged, and retitled **Caring Enough to Confront.** Love and assertiveness are necessary parts of each other, Augsburger says.

• **Jackoo's Secret Letter** (Canadian Mennonite Brethren Church) is a collection for children of ten stories from Africa. Nettie Berg, a regular contributor to the "Children's Corner" in the **Mennonite Brethren Herald,** is the author.

• Recipient of the $5,000 Canada Council Children's Book Award, **Days of Terror** by Barbara Claassen Smucker (Herald Press), has been selected also as runner-up for the 1980 Canadian Library Association Book of the Year Award.

• Two recent books from Germany explore the lifestyle of the North American Amish and Hutterite groups as an alternative to modern consumer-oriented, stress-laden existence. The Amish are pictured with great affection by Fritz Berthold in **Das Glück vom Einfachen Leben** (The Joy of Simple Living), Herbig Verlag, Munich. **Das vergessene Volk** (The Forgotten People), Hoffmann and Campe-Verlag, Hamburg, results from author Michael Holzach's year spent in a Canadian Hutterite community.

• **Urwaldpioniere** (Jungle Pioneers) and **50 Jahre Mennoniten in Brasilien** celebrate the 50th anniversary year of Mennonites in Brazil. Similar records are under way for the 35th anniversary and Deliverance Festival of Mennonites in Paraguay.

• A series of four articles of Belizean folk songs to appear in the journal **Belizean Studies** and an essay, "Telling the Tale in Belize," in the **Journal of American Folklore** are fruits of Goshen College English professor Ervin Beck's interest in the folklore of Belize. As leader of a Study-Service Trimester in Belize five years ago, Beck began a collection of Belizean folk songs and stories which now number more than 200.

• A 10th anniversary will be commemorated in a special 20-page issue of **OIKOS,** the quarterly newsletter of the Kitchener-Waterloo House Churches in Ontario. Articles including the house church family tree, beginnings, divisions, spiritual life, and life in the world review the history of the area's four house churches.

• "The Cistern," a new feature of the Brethren Women's Caucus newsletter, **Femailings,** is soliciting contributions of litanies, prayers, artwork and other worship resources to improve the "dry and tainted well" of worship materials characterized by sex-exclusive language. Materials may be sent to Betty Jo Buckingham, RR2, Box 111, Prairie City, IA 50228. The satisfaction of helping to move the church closer to wholeness will be the only compensation.

• **Women in Search of Mission** (Faith and Life Press, Newton, KS) is a history of the General Conference Mennonite Women's Organization. The struggle of these pioneering women for recognition as valuable church workers is recorded, capturing their indignation and anger, hope and pride.

• Howard Charles has received "Festschrift" honor in the book **The New Way of Jesus** (Faith and Life Press), edited by William Klassen. Ten studies by Charles' colleagues deal with Old Testament and New Testament topics, apocryphal and rabbinic writings. A biographical sketch by J. C. Wenger and a reflection by Charles on his own faith pilgrimage are also part of the book.

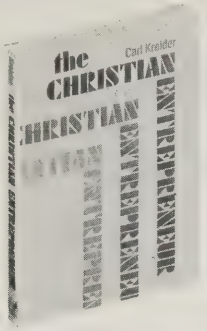
• A Swedish edition of **Christ and Violence** (Herald Press) by Ron Sider will be released in 1981 by SKEAB Forlag, Sweden.

Rights for a United Kingdom edition of Art Gish's **Living in Christian Community** have been sold to Albatross books of Australia.

River of Glass by Wilfred Martens (Herald Press) is being translated into German.

• The gap left between the shallow-minded media concept of conversion and theologians who shy away from proselytizing prompted Hans Kasdorf's **Christian Conversion in Context** (Herald Press). Both tendencies deny the life-transforming power of becoming new creatures in Christ, says he. Kasdorf writes from the standpoint of ethnotheology, a new field drawing on both biblical interpretation and social sciences.

• Another collection interrogating missions theology and practice comes from Herald Press: **Mission Focus, Current Issues.** Edited by Wilbert Shenk, the 29 writers of the 35 chapters cover such subjects as "Politics and Mission," "The Blight of the Burned-out Pastor," "Church Growth Among Spanish-speaking North Americans," and "Gospel and Culture in Evangelism."



The Christian Entrepreneur, Carl Kreider, Herald Press, 1980. $7.95.

Reviewed by Dave Kroeker

Written for the "rapidly increasing number of Christians engaged in business," this collection of wisdom gained by a churchman-educator-economist in some 40 years of work on several continents is an easily understood guide for Christian faithfulness in the marketplace.

If faults there be, they may be the assumption that he speaks to few corporate controllers in the Mennonite world, and secondly that too much of the material is too closely identified with Mennonite Church institutions and agencies. The latter may well tend to limit readership.

Other readers, because of their own economic or theological biases, will find fault with the author's ready acceptance of private ownership and the profit system as good and necessary.

But read on, friend! He does not stop there. If Kreider's challenge to honesty and integrity in the accumulation and use of capital, employee relations, pricing policies and sales promotion are followed, there will be less conspicuous consumption and greater benefit for all, particularly the poor, the handicapped, minorities, the disadvantaged and the ex-prisoner.

Countering the age-old bias that "business is evil," the author calls for Christian entrepreneurs to exercise their legitimate unique gifts in the work of the church, and to allow the Christian community to share with them in the ethical decisions they face in their world.

Kreider's formula for giving to charity will generate lively discussion wherever two or three are gathered.

In fact, that is where the book can have its greatest impact — where groups of people, entrepreneurs and others, will use it to stimulate each other to greater faithfulness in Christ.

Dave Kroeker, Waterloo, Ontario, formerly edited **Mennonite Reporter.**

FQ price — $7.15
(Regular price — $7.95)

Nonresistance and Responsibility and Other Mennonite Essays, Gordon D. Kaufman. Faith & Life Press, 1979. 144 pages, $7.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

Gordon Kaufman, Mennonite theologian and Professor of Theology at Harvard Divinity School, has collected ten of his more significant essays on Mennonite themes in this volume. All but two of these essays were previously published; only one essay was written since 1967. None appear to have been especially edited for this compilation. The topics range from the nature of Divine Revelation to Mennonite understandings of art, professionalism and higher education.

Kaufman clearly identifies his purpose as writing to Mennonites, presenting "a more liberal and open interpretation of Christian faith and life than customarily appears under Mennonite auspices." First he urges that Biblical people be more concerned with the events of biblical history as God's action rather than with the Biblical record of these actions. The second issue is the nature and character of the church's witness in the world. Thirdly is the necessity and obligation to take more seriously the impact of modernity — voluntarism, individuality, non-authoritarian, freedom, interdependence and the empirical — in church life and ethical decision-making.

These issues are developed in the context of Kaufman's contention "that the distinctive thing about Mennonites is their commitment to non-resistant discipleship, their emphasis on a way of life rather than a set of beliefs."

This short review is no place to debate the strengths and weaknesses of Kaufman's argument. Suffice it to say that these essays must be taken seriously as we wrestle with what he calls "the crisis of Mennonitism in the modern world."

John A. Lapp, a historian and writer, is Dean of Goshen (Indiana) College.

FQ price — $7.15
(Regular price — $7.95)



Loaves and Fishes, Linda Hunt, Marianne Frase, Doris Liebert. Herald Press, 1980. 168 pages, $5.95.

Reviewed by Lois Landis Shenk

Loaves and Fishes (a cookbook for kids who care), tempts me to ask what it is the kids really care about while they are cooking up its recipes. I found a disquieting shallowness in its basic outlook even while I appreciated many of the recipes.

After the initial pages retelling the story of the loaves and fishes and informing children of some basic facts about food shortages, I look in vain for continued emphasis on food usage as a way to serve Jesus.

Many of the recipes are indeed creative and practical. The section on picnic, camping and outdoor foods is strong, as is the one on snacks and garden goodies even though I wonder if the average young person will relish frosted raw cucumbers, coconut, chopped onions, and mushrooms.

The attractive watercolors, well-organized lay-out, easy-to-read print and clear directions for even complex processes invite one into the kitchen for creativity.

A fine contribution of this cookbook lies in its way of introducing children to such natural foods as sunflower seeds and unbleached flour without the stigma of "health food" labels. While the book's primary contribution may lie in the encouragement of creativity with foods, **Loaves and Fishes** falls short in its goal of helping children identify with the world's hungry; there is something incongruous about two pages listing nearly thirty cooking tools for measuring and preparing.

I will probably purchase **Loaves and Fishes** for my own 11-year-old and recommend it as gifts. But it remains a cookbook for those who have never been deprived, and who still have to be sometimes cajoled into an interest in food.

Lois Landis Shenk, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, divides her time between writing news for church papers, doing graduate studies, and homemaking.

FQ price — $5.95
(Regular price — $5.35)



Kingdom Citizens, John Driver. Herald Press, 1980. $6.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

John Driver is like a captain trying to sail a ship against strong prevailing winds. In **Kingdom Citizens,** a study of the Sermon on the Mount, he attempts to challenge the church to live more seriously according to the principles which are taught in the Matthew 5-7 chapters.

The book deals with Kingdom values, ethics, and principles in a head-on manner. Driver does not avoid the radical implications of the Sermon on the Mount. For example, he offers perspectives on the problems of marital infidelity, divorce, hatred of enemies and property.

The book is written as a Bible-study guide, a supplement to direct study of the Sermon on the Mount. Each chapter is filled with numerous Biblical references which throw additional light on the text. Also included with each chapter is a list of questions for discussion — particularly useful for small group study.

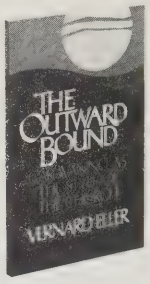
For persons looking for light, fun, easy reading, **Kingdom Citizens** will be disappointing. Unlike many of the sudsy Bible study books on the market which offer easy instant answers, Driver's book is a serious attempt to grapple with the issues. He does so from a solid Anabaptist perspective.

Kingdom Citizens should be useful in a variety of settings — for personal Bible study, for small groups in home Bible study, for adult Sunday School classes, for sermon series, and so forth. It provides a good historical and cultural context for the Sermon on the Mount.

Kingdom Citizens is a welcome addition to the growing library of Anabaptist Biblical studies. It should get widespread use in churches and in our homes.

Wilfred Martens, a novelist and poet, is Professor of English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)



The Outward Bound: Caravanning as the Style of the Church, Vernard Eller. Eerdmans, 1980. $2.95.

Reviewed by Ronald Kraybill

Wry-humored, conversational, and pithy as always, Vernard Eller turns his proven knack for casting sophisticated thoughts in simple terms to yet another topic — ecclesiology.

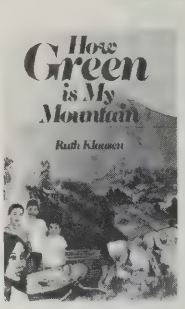
Ecclesiology? If anyone thinks such discussion is for theologians and graying church bureaucrats, they will think again in the course of this brief (104 pages) volume. How we structure the church, our expectations of leaders and laity, our decision-making processes, our approach to discipline, our mission strategy — all these "ecclesiological questions" are directly connected to the content of the Gospel message, Eller believes. One might summarize the thesis which he convincingly argues as: *How* we decide *who* does *what* says everything (well, alot, anyway) about the message we preach. The medium is the message.

The book deserves wide reading. My only quarrel comes with Eller's monolithic reading of the New Testament. His sources are almost exclusively those books which reflect the situation of the earliest church communities. Many scholars find an altered ecclesiological model emerging in the later epistles, a model already making peace with hierarchical authority, churchly offices, and institutional preservation. Like everyone else, Eller is concerned with tidy answers, or at least tidy mandates, and he prunes his evidence a bit in making his case.

We may wish for greater circumspection when Eller wields his Bible. But such wishes in no way compromise the usefulness of this book — a much-needed antidote to the seductiveness of current religious non-ecclesiologies.

Ron Kraybill is based in Akron, PA, as Director of Mennonite Conciliation Services, sponsored by MCC U.S. Peace Section.

FQ price — $2.65
(Regular price — $2.95)



How Green is My Mountain, Ruth Klaasen. Intervarsity Press, 1979. $3.95

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

Ruth Klaasen, pseudonym of a Mennonite woman native to rural Saskatchewan, tells the story of her life in the international community in the Philippines where her husband does research on the culture of rice. As a young school teacher and later as a wife and mother in a foreign country, she learned valuable lessons about human relations. How do you communicate with servants and neighbors whose values and culture are so different from your own? How do you serve acceptable hors d'oeuvres and dinner to people who expect alcohol before, during, and after meals when your own religion and culture frown on alcohol use? How do you choose and participate in a compatible Christian church fellowship in a strange place? How do you successfully manage a household in unfamiliar climate and culture? How can you overcome the guilt feelings of having so much more of material resources than the native population around you?

These problems and more Ruth Klaasen tried to solve as her husband became so immersed in his work that he barely noticed her frustrations and dissatisfactions. The death of one of her twin sons initially broke the ice in her neighborhood relationships. Gradually she learned how to relate and witness to the Filipinos who might have thought she was just another "ugly American" were it not for God's love as she exemplified it in her life among them.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — $3.55
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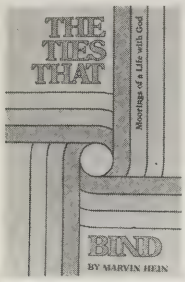
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The Ties That Bind, Marvin Hein. Kindred Press, 1980. 135 pages. $4.95.

Reviewed by Edna Froese

One sermon on Sunday morning is an acceptable weekly ration but a whole book of sermons?

Marvin Hein, pastor of the Hillsboro, Kansas Mennonite Brethren Church for many years, creates immediate interest in his collection of sermons by giving them catchy titles (e.g. "Caution: God at work," "A fellowship of misfits," "Dear God, my turtle died") and organizing them into a progressive unity dealing with a relevant topic — security in binding relationships. Each sermon brings out one aspect of three basic commitments: God to Christians, Christians to God, and Christians to one another.

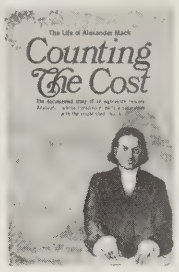
For the most part the sermons are very readable with an appealing colloquial style that avoids cliches. Illustrations taken from Hein's extensive pastoral experience are well-chosen. A few sermons seem rather ordinary because they fail to live up to expectations created by the titles. However, there are also truly inspired sermons that contain an unforgettably vivid image or startlingly new idea.

The faults the book does have may be unavoidable in sermon collections. Despite Hein's careful editing one does, at times, miss the added dimensions of voice and face that give sermons real impact. Some sermons also frustrate the reader by being too short; certain problems cannot be discussed adequately in four pages.

The sermons all make extensive references to Scripture and could be used as daily devotions, provided, of course, that one had the will power needed to read only one at a time.

Edna Froese, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is a writer, reader, and mother of three pre-school sons.

FQ price — $4.45
(Regular price — $4.95)



Counting the Cost: The Life of Alexander Mack, William G. Willoughby. Brethren Press, 1979. 176 pp. $6.95.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

William Willoughby, chairman of the philosophy and religion department at the Church of the Brethren College in LaVerne, California, presents a well documented history of the life of the founder of the German Baptist Brethren.

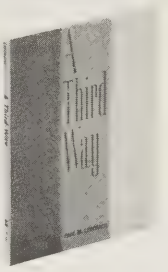
In the early 1700's young Alexander Mack became attracted to the Pietists whose zest for a more lively religion interested many people who were tired of the drunkenness and dissipation of the leaders in the established church. The Mennonites figured in Mack's experience as did a growing belief in believer's baptism. His own conversion and baptism and the growing congregation of like believers brought much censure and eventually oppression and banishment by the state authorities.

The persecuted group moved from place to place, finally settling in Holland where the neighbors and authorities were friendlier. At last Mack and others emigrated to Germantown near Philadelphia and Mack shepherded the German Baptist congregations there. The reader learns much of the conflicts among the German Baptist Brethren. We are told of Mack's position on certain principles and how it differed from other leaders such as that of Conrad Beissel who led the separatist Ephrata Cloister settlement.

This is a well-written history of some "cousins" of the Mennonites and it includes a Mack genealogy, a chronology of events, footnotes, and an index of persons, subjects, and places.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)



A Third Way, Paul M. Lederach. Herald Press, 1980. 184 pages. $6.95.

Reviewed by Wally Kroeker

As a teenager I once asked an older brother in the church how we Mennonites compared with other denominations. "We're kind of like the Baptists," he said, "except we don't go to war." It wasn't until a dozen years later that I discovered how wrong he was.

Paul Lederach's book will help many who want to know how and why our faith is "different." This is not just another outline of Mennonite theology, though it sets forth some of our key affirmations in an interesting and relevant way. Lederach tries to go further by also comparing the Anabaptist/Mennonite position with other theological views.

For my money, he's best when he talks about the centrality of Jesus. Missing from most evangelical/fundamentalist "born again" talk is any inkling of the need to "follow me," a term used far more often in Scripture. "The importance of this has not dawned on much of North American Christendom," says Lederach. ". . . Believers are to follow Jesus, because He is the revelation of how God intended people to be! This insight has been a historical Mennonite emphasis."

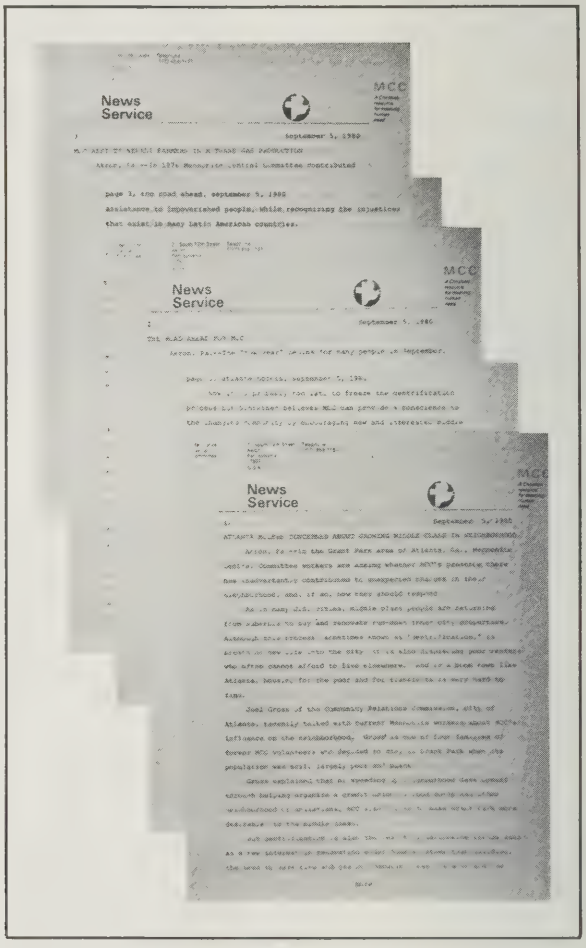
Mennonites, says Lederach, make their best contribution to the Christian community "when, lovingly, they articulate clearly and live commitedly the vision that has come to them." **A Third Way** will help us do this better. When so much theological nonsense is littering the Christian landscape, it is helpful to have someone like Lederach remind us that even though our faith is rooted in the same Christ event, our Mennonite/Anabaptist version of what that event means is very different. Very different indeed.

Wally Kroeker, Hillsboro, Kansas, is editor of the U. S. Mennonite Brethren paper, **The Christian Leader.**

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)

Is the Church Huckstering Itself?

by Phil M. Shenk



We Mennonites have not thought much about our institutions. They suffer from the same affliction we impose on our mothers; we take them for granted.

When I was a boy, a man selling fire-and-smoke alarms squeezed through our kitchen door and flourished gruesome snapshots of anguished people who had refused to buy his $49.95 units until it was too late. The huckster's pitch was unsettlingly clear. If my parents thought the safety of their family was important, they would surely buy his alarms.

That memory came back to me when I began trying to measure my gut response to the tactics Mennonite church institutions are using to make us feel like we should support them. "If you're for discipleship, evangelism, leadership, servanthood, Anabaptism, peace, church growth, fellowship, development, or whatever," they shout between the lines, "send us your support."

The intensity of the institutional sales pitch is as troubling as its implicit message. Our organizations have begun handing out mugs, wheat-weavings, rocking chairs, logo-inscribed tee shirts, and many other things for support. Beyond these trinkets are more subtle methods of soft sell.

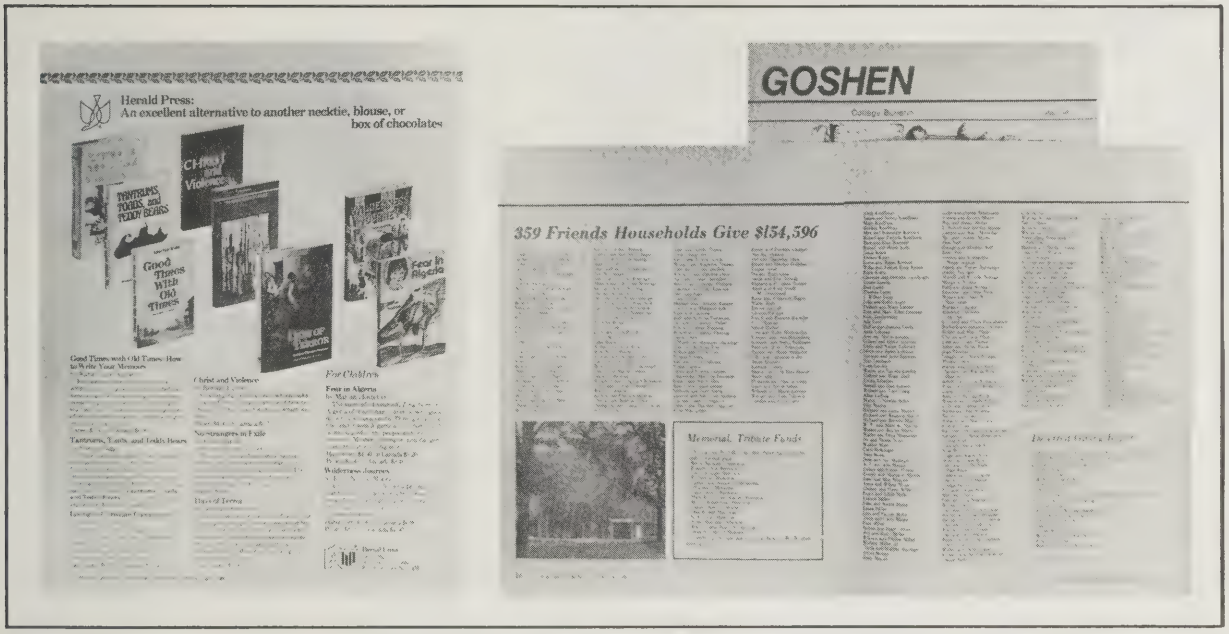
Flurries of press releases go out every week. Eye-catching ads are splashed across periodicals. Big gift-givers are put in special "clubs" that get invited to special briefings and banquets. The names of people who give more than $100 or $1,000 a year are printed and distributed.

Outside consultants assess the support potential of the constituent market. Public relations firms sharpen up promotional messages. Carefully worded direct-mail letters are sent to thousands, with different messages designed to mesh with varying interests or "giving profiles." Computers log and analyze the responses.

Phonathons ring up constituents to ask for support. Newsletters regularly go out to pastors. News sheets are inserted in church bulletins. A battery of speakers and special programs travel to congregations and conferences to see and be seen. Audio visual programs are produced and distributed.

The message in all this whirl of expensive activity strikes two chords: here is what we are doing for you or for others in your name, and here is what you are or are not doing for us.

On the one hand, this informational hubbub makes some sense. The church is so big, its activities so varied, that no one



person can keep track of everything alone. We need information carriers and mediums.

Yet if our church institutions indeed were important to us, one would think they should not have to remind us of this so often, so loudly, and in so many ways.

The institutional leaders I surveyed recently are worried about this, especially as funds dry up. They feel forced to compete with non-Mennonite institutional hucksters for Mennonite support. They fear constituents either don't know or misunderstand what our institutions are doing. So they produce materials and send forth trusted leaders to "interpret" what is being done, telling the histories of the agencies and explaining how missionary work or education or whatever has changed over the years. And they are very careful to allow only successes to fill their press releases, never any failures.

The air of desperation and tinge of dishonesty in this ought to elicit a reaction from the constituencies. But we Mennonites have not thought much about our institutions. They suffer from the same affliction we impose on our mothers; we take them for granted. We have failed to ask the crucial questions: Whose are they? Where did they come from? Are they needed? Who's in control? Are they forever?

Perhaps we ought to mimic Mothers' Day by honoring an annual Church Institutions' Day. We may find out that our institutions are giving us soothing massages rather than truthful messages. We could discover that our agencies are in to things we are not. We might conclude that they have simply outgrown our capacity to know or support them. Cranking up the public relations engine helps us avoid such fundamental assessment.

If our church institutions indeed were important to us, one would think they should not have to remind us of this so often, so loudly, and in so many ways.

The fact that our institutions feel compelled for reasons of survival to sell or "interpret" themselves to the church in such a big way shows that a crucial gulf separates them from our churches. Suppose our institutions did not move to close this gap with the usual dose of constituency relations hoopla, but simply waited for a constituency to respond. Some institutions likely would be put to bed quietly, having served the needs of an earlier time. Others no doubt would trim or expand certain functions. New institutions might well emerge.

We say constituents *own* our institutions. They place their trustee-representatives on the governing boards of our organizations. But every time these institutions pump up their public relations activities, they are doing an end-run play around their trustees to get to their constituents.

When an institution feels its constituent support slipping away, its trustees have failed to do their job properly. It isn't a PR problem; it's a failure of trust. As guardians of this trust, trustees are the ones who must regain control of their institutions, do the necessary interpretation both ways, lead the required changes, and deliver the necessary support.

When institutions begin to do these things themselves, beware. Something is rotting at the core. But when trustees do them, watch out. No amount of huckstering or "interpretation" can match the dynamic strength of a group of trustees who say with true integrity — "Here is what our people want to do and here is their support. Let's do it."

Phil M. Shenk lives in Washington, D.C., where he used to work for a U.S. Senator and now is news editor for **SOJOURNERS** *magazine. He says that ever since he can remember he has been in love with Mennonite institutions.*

Three Responses

Is the Church Huckstering Itself?



J. Lawrence Burkholder is President of Goshen (IN) College.

The problem to which Phil Shenk refers is a genuine one. For some years I have regretted the necessity of employing marketing procedures, if indeed that is what Phil means by "huckstering," within the Mennonite Church. There is nothing wrong with the best of marketing principles. But are they appropriate for a church, the genius of which is supposed to be a community?

Why do Mennonite institutions market their wares? They do so because they have been driven to it.

For example, it may be pointed out that Mennonite colleges are insecure. They are in severe competition with non-Mennonite colleges and universities of all kinds and to a certain extent with each other because the support level for Mennonite higher education is inadequate. At present time only 47% of Mennonite Church high school graduates who go on to college attend Mennonite colleges. Were 60 or 70 per cent to attend Mennonite colleges, which would seem to be reasonable for a small, closely-knit denomination, our colleges would not have to "huckster," if that is what is meant by preparing promotional films and advertising in the *Gospel Herald*. If congregations would accept as one of their primary responsibilities the development of leadership as well as the retention of membership in the Mennonite Church by recruiting, commissioning and supporting their young people in Mennonite colleges, then colleges would be free to educate instead of promote their cause.

It may be helpful to look in contrast to MCC. For MCC the money just comes rolling in. Frequently MCC has balances on interest running into the millions while colleges scramble to survive. Why is this? There may be many reasons but the primary reason is that the fundamental idea of "relief," quite apart from its many forms, is known, understood and believed in by the Mennonite people. Relief is a part of the Mennonite reality to an extent to which education and possibly even missions are not. Since Mennonites believe in relief, communal ties and normal administrative relationships take care of the rest.

I hope that the day will soon come when no Mennonite institution will have to market itself, but this will happen (1) when Mennonites understand the nature of institutions and develop a theology of institutions; (2) when congregations and institutions are seen as participating in the same mission and are for that reason acknowledged to be interdependent, as indeed they are now; (3) when Mennonite identity, communal ties, discipline and authority make Mennonite congregations and institutions mutually accountable to one another (at the present time accountability flows largely in one direction); (4) when Mennonite communal ties and obligations are of sufficient strength to offset competitive information flow and values that may be communicated by marketing processes, mass communication, electronic church and slick advertising.

In other words, institutions will be saved from huckstering when they are truly Mennonite institutions relating to truly Mennonite congregations within a truly Mennonite community.



Nancy R. Heisey is secretary for Southern Africa at Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, Pennsylvania.



Jack C. Scott, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, works as a marketer for Herald Press books.

In the mail in which I received a copy of Phil Shenk's article, "Is the Church Huckstering Itself?", I also received a large 20-page, sophisticatedly printed and papered annual report from an independent mission, complete with a support letter from Dina Merrill. "That's what Phil is describing," I thought, "and that's not us." At the same time, I too have been subjected to high pressure sales tactics by church institution fund raisers, and have asked rather irritated questions when the *mail* brought me a financial appeal from MCC itself.

There are two reasons, upon reflection, why I believe Phil's article deals too simply with the questions he rightfully raises. First, I continue to hear of appeals from supporting churches or members that they need more information about what is going on in MCC. After a speaker has visited a congregation, he or she often hears: "If only we could get such information more often." I have been asked to describe in special detail what we are doing in Zimbabwe, after which the group in question has made their contribution. Second, MCC is responsible not only to North American churches, but also to Christian brothers and sisters around the world. When they say: "Tell your churches about the injustices going on here," or "Let your friends at home know that how they live does affect us," we are bound to seek for ways to make the message heard. And at times the message of sister churches internationally uncomfortably confronts "what our (North American) people want to do."

Phil Shenk raises some valid criticisms of our institutional P.R. methods and programs. However, eliminating the agency communicators would only create greater frustration. For how many of our boards of overseers — teachers, pastors, housewives, farmers — can be expected to take on the function of the constituency relations department?

After all, we do need to know what MCC is doing in East-West relations when Underground Evangelism calls or in world relief when World Vision sends one of their full-color brochures. We need to know what our mission boards are doing when the 700 Club or PTL present their televised appeals. And we need to know what our agencies are doing in peace and social concerns when Common Cause sends one of their carefully designed direct-mail letters.

So if we need "interpreters" to tell/sell us on agency programs, what is our responsibility to this cadre of overly enthused directors of communications, alumni relations and/or constituency relations?

Firstly, tell them when you feel harassed, manipulated, pigeon-holed, or otherwise offended. If you are annoyed by one of those "personal" letters with underlining, exclamations, and "handwritten" notes in colored ink, followed by the predictable "carbon copy" reminder six weeks later, write back what it is that bothers you. You will get a response.

Tell them what you like. Most of the communicators I know want to honestly reflect their agencies in a manner that brings honor to Christ and the Mennonite Church. Share with them creative approaches by mail, phone, speaker or workshop ideas that have positively impressed you.

Finally, try to work into your church worship calendar, bulletin announcements, or small group discussions, some focus on the different church schools or agencies. Invite (and pay the expenses of) your board representatives and/or one of the institution's "interpreters" and share with them your concerns.

The Smartest Thing I Did To Prepare For Retirement Was . . .

Recently **Festival Quarterly** *polled seven retirees to find out how they prepared for retirement. Although they seldom answered the question directly, two patterns emerged: Many of these persons were continuing some aspect of their career. Most of them were doing something people-related.*



Winfield Fretz, North Newton, Kansas, *is a sociologist and writer. For many years he was a professor, and served as Conrad Grebel College's first president.*

As a young man Winfield Fretz chose to be a teacher because, "Teaching provides you with many interests in books and people. It allows you to continue as long as you live. I hoped to stay alive intellectually and spiritually long after my retirement."

As a sociologist, Fretz has been vitally interested in the dynamics of community. During his seventeen years as president of Conrad Grebel College, he gathered data dealing with the sociology of the fourteen Mennonite groups in Waterloo, Ontario. He is relishing the prospect of uninterrupted time to process his research and prepare it for publication. The resulting work will speak to the question "Who are the Mennonites?"

Fretz was careful to make adequate financial preparation for retirement. "I have seen many professors teach all their lives and end up bitter. These people feel cut off from their life-long inspiration. Losing both steady income and a respected position, they become sad, lonesome, half-sour. Retirement is wonderful if you have the means to enjoy it. There is not much joy in it if you have to wonder where your next loaf of bread is coming from."



Florence Friesen, Schowalter Villa, Hesston, Kansas, *spent many years as a missionary physician in India.*

"My own retirement is full of long-held interests and hobbies. Reading books is one and so is needlework. I crocheted or knitted sixty afghans in the last couple of years. Five of them went to MCC relief sales.

"Roses are my favorite flower. I have several bushes in front of my window. I enjoy working with them and sharing the flowers with residents in the Villa. Each fall I put out a feeder for humming birds who stop by on their long journey south. One fall one of the hummers took exclusive possession of the feeder and wouldn't let any of the others come to it.

"I enjoy traveling and during these years I have visited family in Arizona, California, and Virginia as well as attending Mission Board Meetings and Assembly.

"Having spent many years as a missionary doctor. I know how friends enjoy hearing news about one's work. I took on the job of duplicating and passing on letters for a missionary friend in Africa. In one sense I am retired, but in another sense I feel that I am very much involved.

"My positive feelings about retirement were reinforced by seeing my father retire happily. He always enjoyed gardening in his prime years, and he continued it as a hobby until his 90th birthday."



Guy Hershberger, Phoenix, Arizona, *was a professor at Goshen (IN) College, and continues as an active churchman and writer.*

"The most important thing about retirement for me is to realize that the work I've always done is ongoing. My whole life has been spent teaching and writing. With retirement the daily classroom schedule stopped, but the reading, writing, and studying which are part of teaching go on. You can find 100 ways to apply these gifts."

He had just begun as a history professor at Goshen College in 1925 when Orie Miller, secretary of Peace Problems Committee, expressed concern to him about the lack of peace literature available to Mennonites and suggested he write some. Guy Hershberger has been going strong on the peace issue ever since: a series of articles in Youth Christian Companion in the 1930's, a book called **War, Peace and Nonresistance** published in 1944, forty-one years as professor of history and peace concerns, service on committees for peace, and economic and social relations. "Now it's 1980 and we have registration for draft again. We have to keep right on going."

In February, as committee chairman of a New Call to Peacemaking conference in Phoenix, Hershberger helped organize a group — the Greater Phoenix Inter-religious Committee for Peace Initiatives. This summer he has been fund-

raising on behalf of a peace chair at Goshen College. "The work goes on. The details are different now but the cause is the same," Hershberger said.



Edna Wenger, Bareville, Pennsylvania, *was, for many years, teacher of English and Latin at Lancaster Mennonite High School, (LMHS).*

"Some people look around for a long time to decide on a vocation. As long as I remember I always wanted to be a teacher." After 32 years of teaching, she is still hard at work with academic study. Retirement freed Edna to pursue her lifelong desire of studying the Bible as deeply as she studied English. She has accumulated 18 credit hours of theology through the LMHS adult education program.

Cultivating a second interest, Edna will be returning this fall as a second year Greek student in the same program. For practice and for enjoyment, she has been translating portions of the New Testament from Greek into English. Luke is her current project. Books already translated include John I, II, and III, John, Jude, Philemon, and Revelation.

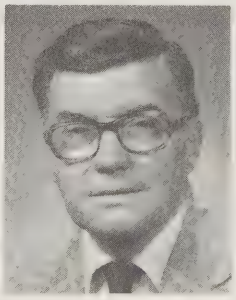
Afraid that the New Testament won't outlast her ambition, Edna is considering her sister's suggestion that she work on the Septuagint, the Greek Old Testament dating from 200-300 B.C. A Jewish professor friend who visits frequently points out that the Greek New Testament itself is a translation, and teases that she ought to study Hebrew! Recalling the traditional idea that Hebrew was too sacred a language to be spoken, Edna chuckled, "I guess I'll have to leave (studying) Hebrew for heaven."



Grover Hollis, Saginaw, Michigan, *retired this spring from his 27-year job as machine operator at General Motors. He is an ordained minister and deacon at the 9th Street Mennonite Church in Saginaw, where he takes the pulpit if the regular pastor goes out of town, and is sometimes called to speak in other churches.*

Hollis had seen other men work right up to retirement without a thought toward saving, and then have a rough time making ends meet. "I wanted to have all those things taken care of so I wouldn't have to get a part-time job. We have a house — it's not the best house in town but it doesn't rain in!" Recently he has been using his carpenter skills in an old house the church purchased to rent, putting in paneling, dropping the ceilings, repairing.

A serious drinking problem earlier in his life has opened the door for Hollis to help other alcoholics. He is on call at hospitals around the city and has frequently volunteered to talk with persons. "Sometimes I see one of these folks walking down the street cured, and I just laugh out loud. My wife says, 'What are you laughing at?' It's such a blessing. Every time I help somebody I help myself."



Earl Gascho, Kitchener, Ontario *was formerly a bank manager and staffer at a trust company.*

As bank manager, Gascho used his access to statistics to check up on post-career longevity. Noting a marked trend toward a short life span after retirement, he found that many people didn't prepare well and had nothing to do when their work ended. "I didn't want to get caught in that trap," Gascho commented. So he has been happily at work as a realtor for the last six years. This work fulfills a wish he had for a long time, and he finds it relaxing and gratifying. He will retire next May, but plans to continue real estate work at his own pace. He feels fortunate to be able to continue with real estate "in a smaller way," to "work less but not get rusty."

"Most people today are preparing for retirement," Gascho said. He mentioned a recent church seminar that dealt with aging. "The people in the church needed this encouragement to not sit in an armchair after retirement and STOP."



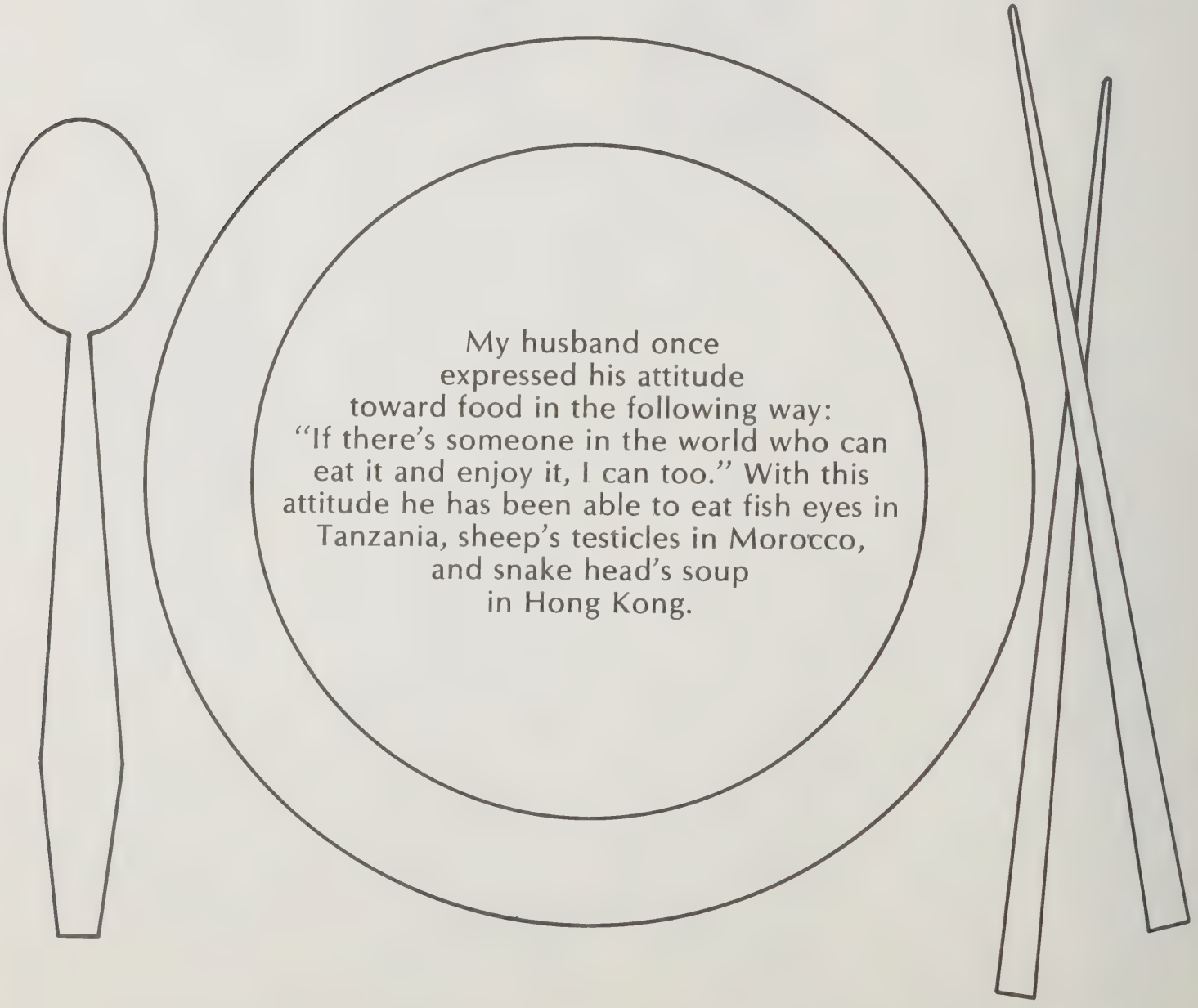
A. J. Metzler, Elkhart, Indiana, *has been a pastor, general manager of the Mennonite Publishing House, Executive Secretary of the Mennonite General Conference, and chairman of the committee that founded Laurelville Church Center.*

"The Lord spared me from what a lot of folks have to go through — getting a gold watch and 'goodbye, get out, we don't want to see you any more.' I always hoped I might keep on with something church-related, part-time, short-term, with openings between times." Since his retirement twelve years ago, A. J. Metzler has had his wish. Opportunities have come for part-time work that has been "profitable, agreeable, and pleasant," including several short stretches as interim pastor.

Much of Metzler's life was spent as an administrator. He enjoyed it but confessed relief at getting away from those responsibilities. Metzler commented that, upon retirement, a person who has been in a responsible administrative role should try to get geography between himself and the job he's leaving. "It takes an exceptional person on both ends" and some "bending over backwards" to be close by as a successor steps into one's job.

Tips for Cross-Cultural Eating

by
Luann
Habegger
Martin



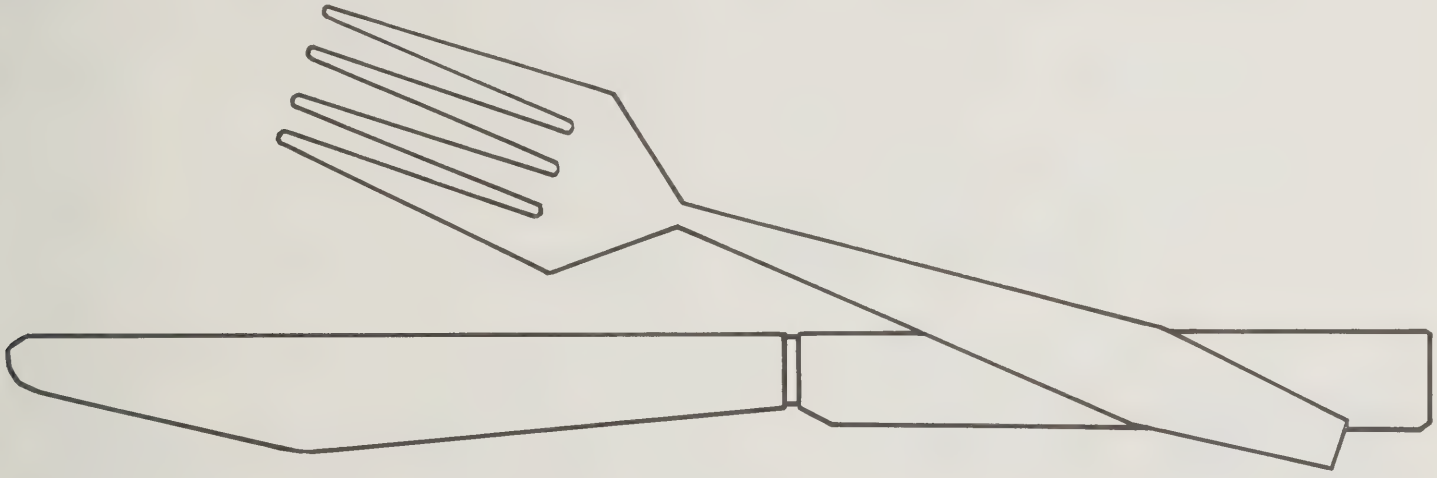
My husband once expressed his attitude toward food in the following way: "If there's someone in the world who can eat it and enjoy it, I can too." With this attitude he has been able to eat fish eyes in Tanzania, sheep's testicles in Morocco, and snake head's soup in Hong Kong.

If you plan to travel or live overseas, you may benefit from the following guidelines to cross-cultural eating:

1. Broaden your definition of food. As pointed out in a *Psychology Today* article (Mary Douglas, "Accounting for Taste," July '79), "ideas of edibility are mainly rooted in culture, not nature." When you leave your own culture, you'll quickly discover that what's regarded as a weed, a pet, or a pest at home may be a delicacy in other parts of the world.

When we arrived in Ghana, we planted vegetable seeds in neat rows in our garden. Most of the seeds did not germinate. However, something which looked like red root, a weed my husband had to pull out of the corn field on his family's Lancaster County farm, flourished. Since this was the only thing green and growing, we ate "Weed Au Gratin." A white sauce is often an effective cover-up for any untested food.

A "weed" is one thing but what about eating cats and dogs, the favorite pets of millions of Americans? I met a man in Washington, D.C., who served Kentucky Fried Chicken and steak to his three German Shepherd dogs. That man put his pets on a pedestal and nearly worshipped them. It was only when I came to Ghana and became acquainted with two Mennonite missionaries that I found out that some Americans put their pets on a platter and say grace over them.



At the time the Mennonite missionaries ate their pet cat, named Peace, they did not realize that they were eating their own cat. They got another cat as a pet. Around Christmas time some friends told them if they didn't eat the cat, it would be stolen and found in someone else's cooking pot. Christmas Eve has now become the traditional time for these two missionaries to eat their cat. They are so accustomed to the idea that they named one of their cats "Groundnut Soup" because they knew that would be its final destination.

2. Find out about local food customs. If you are willing to try new foods, the next step is to learn how to eat them properly. In many parts of the world, people do not eat with the left hand. The left hand is reserved for functions that are regarded as unclean. I heard of an American who was eating with some Ghanaians. He took his ball of fufu (a national dish made out of yam, plantain, and/or cassava) and joined the others in dipping his ball in the common soup bowl. An older woman was horrified when she saw the man put his left hand in the bowl. She left the group and vomited. Another illustration of the left hand taboo was given by a Ghanaian woman who spent several years in the United States. It was with great difficulty that she ate the bread which she had earlier seen the hostess knead with both hands.

3. Learn to recognize and graciously accept a compliment. When people leave food on their plate, I assume that they don't like the food or haven't learned to take only what they can eat. This assumption may be wrong. A Vietnamese woman told me that she visited the home of an American university friend. The friend asked her if she didn't like American food because she always left food on her plate. The Vietnamese woman explained that it was her custom to leave food on her plate. She thought that it would be insulting to eat everything because it would appear as though she had come primarily to eat and not to fellowship.

One time I was slightly offended at a remark that was intended to be a compliment. "You've tried," the Ghanaian said to me. I interpreted that expression to mean, "You've done the best you could but didn't quite succeed." Later I found out that Ghanaians mean, "You've done very well" when they say "You've tried."

I've noticed in others and in myself a tendency to undercut a compliment. Someone may say, "I really liked that casserole." Instead of accepting the compliment, the cook may respond, "It wasn't as good as the last time I made it," or "It tastes better with oregano, but I'm out of it."

4. Take advantage of opportunities to attend special functions. Many foods are served only on certain occasions. You'll feel a sense of camaraderie when you, as a foreigner, are invited to share in local festivities and traditions. I was delighted when the owner of a pensione in Venice, Italy, served my husband and me panetone, an Italian holiday braed, on Christmas morning. At a harvest festival in Ghana I enjoyed eating the ritual meal of Kpokpoi, steamed unleavened corn dough.

5. Examine the whole food chain. Your appreciation for another culture's food will likely be heightened if you concentrate on more than your palate. The experience of eating fufu is different to the person who has seen men breaking up dry soil with picks under a broiling sun before planting the yams in mounds. Knowing that women may have walked miles carrying firewood so that they can cook the yams also changes the eating experience. Fufu, which may at first appear as a sticky blob, is more appealing if a person watches or assists as women pound the yam with a mortar and pestle for thirty minutes or more.

The five tips given above are no insurance against indigestion. But they almost certainly guarantee more memorable moments than a meal at MacDonalds. Bon Voyage and Bon Appetit!

Luann Habegger Martin lives in Accra, Ghana. She wrote her master's thesis in international development on "The Ecology and Economics of Cooking Fuels in Ghana."

Symbols:

THIS ISSUE'S DIS-QUEST

"What symbols are important to your group? How did your symbols develop? How do you discard symbols?

NEXT ISSUE'S DIS-QUEST: What does being a nonresistant Christian mean in your country and culture, specifically? What stands have you taken?



Henk Bremer is the main pastor of the Singel Mennonite Church in Amsterdam, Holland.

You cannot identify a Dutch Mennonite by his dress; you may try to do it by his confession.

Every Dutch Mennonite writes his own confession. These confessions, some short, some long, are all quite different. They have to be accepted by the church board, but I cannot remember that at any time a confession was not accepted. At baptism the minister asks, "Are you willing to be baptised on your confession?" — or, as I do it myself, "on your confessing" — underlining that the will to confess your faith is more important than the contents of a confession, which may change in a lifetime. Then baptism is given in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, relating subjective confessing with objective baptism.

All confessions are different, but many have points in common, none of them exclusively Mennonite — but when you see some of them together you might say, "Well, that looks Mennonite!"

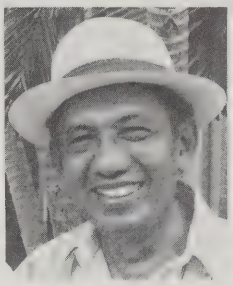
Mostly, people start to describe their personal way to God, Christ and the community, be it by gradual growth, be it by conversion. Then there is reference to the Gospel, especially to these elements which are essential for the believers. In the present like in the past the Sermon on the Mount appears to be of paramount interest. Many times a link is made with actual, political and social issues in such way that old anabaptism and modern ecumenism meet each other.

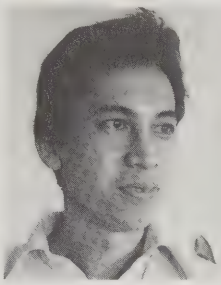
Most Dutch Mennonites are not strict pacifists, but in almost every confession there is shown concern about the relation between faith and peace. To be or not to be a peace church will be next year's topic of discussion in all Dutch communities. Modern peace consciousness may be seen as the setting of an old tradition in a new ecumenical context.

At the same time there is a new interest in plain dressing and plain living, blue jeans and frugal eating as a modern form of Mennonite simplicity. Only I hesitate to proclaim this attitude as specifically Mennonite, or even Christian; we owe some thanks to hippies and Hindus.

But to be a peace church, looking for some new way of living, asks for a community which is more than a sum of believers. Dutch Mennonite individualism seems to be a bit on its return. In many confessions there is shown concern about the church as a community. It looks paradoxical: Dutch churches are very empty, at the same time there is a longing for community, in a not so formal way as a church service.

It is difficult to distinguish Dutch Mennonites from other Christians. That is not only a question of losing identity. Mennonite tradition is only important for as much as it is an evangelical, Christian tradition. Much of what used to be looked upon as specifically Mennonite is now very much alive among other Christians as well. Sometimes it even seems easier to talk about "peace church," "believers community," "new ways of living," "a non-doctrinal way of confessing" with modern catholics and ecumenical protestants than to discuss these issues among Mennonites.


Sharon Hoover


Sharon Hoover


Sharon Hoover

left to right:
Fel Sacapano
Sammy Sacapano
Jose Paraan

Leon Stauffer, Executive Secretary of Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions spent the last year in Manila where he recently interviewed three leaders in the Missions Now church, the Mennonite-affiliated church in the Philippines. Here are excerpts from those conversations.

Fel Sacapano — "There are no 'Mennonite' symbols here. Missions Now churches are a cluster of churches from other traditions (Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, Pentecostal).

"For me personally, as the leader of Missions Now, I am not higher than the other members, as are other Protestant leaders. We have the priesthood of all believers.

"We have no thought of discarding symbols yet. We just want to teach life-style, self-sufficiency, and ministry to the total man."

Sammy Sacapano — "One symbol is salvation to the total man.

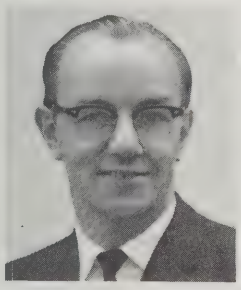
"MEDA (Mennonite Economic Development Associates) and economic projects have been different from other evangelical groups who only preach but don't care for your welfare.

"We've tried to model this total man ministry in our family business — woodcarving which provides market and income for people from the community.

"New symbols of peace will come. Already we teach, don't side with either party, a difficult stand under martial law government."

Jose Paraan — "There are no 'Mennonite' symbols yet, because there is no Mennonite church identity in the Philippines.

"The symbol of self-support has been important to me as a young pastor. Here, evangelical pastors are fully supported; it is a disgrace for a pastor to work with his hands. I have a small business making rattan products. And I do not receive external financial support since I began a social concern ministry to my workers and community."



Peter B. Wiebe is pastor of the Oak Grove Mennonite Church in Smithville, Ohio.

For over one hundred years new members at Oak Grove Mennonite Church have gone down to the ravine adjoining the church, and kneeling in its running water expressed their "church covenant." Baptism time has become an especially meaningful celebration as our congregation leaves the pews and surrounds the candidates at the flowing waters from the fountains of the earth. God has so richly gifted us with a beautiful natural setting, giving us atmosphere for worshipful expression.

Our 75 year old meetinghouse is now being restored. At a series of membership meetings we weighed the options of a new building, but chose to preserve the plain meetinghouse. A new building would not fit the simple forthright lifestyle we have espoused.

Inside our meetinghouse, curved pews symbolize a gathered people. The doors of the Oak Grove Church are never locked — they speak of the invitation to all who pass by to stop and worship. Colorful scripture banners on the walls aid in creating an atmosphere where God's voice can speak a contemporary word.

The annual fall Harvest-Home Festival is a time when the farmers and gardeners bring the fruits of the earth and line the platform with symbols of the bounty God blesses us with each year. A special cash offering also adds to the gifts we have to share with a world in spiritual and material poverty. This fall our theme is "More with Less." We are reading Doris Longacre's books so Harvest-Home can be a sharing of ideas and a reshaping of lifestyles that will extend our resources to the world of need. Our Harvest-Home dinner is a highlight. Our congregation also has a fellowship building where we often gather for a "fellowship or carry-in dinner." The informal visiting during and after dinner has brought the congregation into rich relational experiences.

Another meaningful tradition and symbol is the annual presentation of Handel's Messiah. For 46 consecutive years we have celebrated Christmas with a presentation of the Messiah. College students return home to join in this event, and former Oak Grovers find this a great time for renewing relationships with their home church.

At our 160th celebration we published our history in a book, **Creative Congregationalism** written by James O. Lehman, professor at Eastern Mennonite College. He tells of congregational decision-making as our strength. We engage in special studies of issues when resolution or changes are indicated. Lay leadership patterns are strong; congregational position statements have emerged from round-table discussions and are then submitted to the larger congregation for support. A good unity has emerged even when changes were frightening.

The Oak Grove fellowship is a family experience, and the heirlooms of our history are cherished as we gather. Such a tie into our past keeps us from espousing other passing fancies.

FQ's Second Annual Photo Contest

"Symbols of Peoplehood"

"He who has no people has no God," Tolstoy

"Become as a Child,"
by Ralph Losey
Third Choice
Leica M4, Plus-X



"Brothers,"
by Jim King
Honorable Mention
Tri-X





"Quilting Party,"
by Jim Bishop
Honorable Mention
Minolta, Tri-X





"The Year of the Cornsilk,"
by Muriel Thiessen Stackley
Honorable Mention

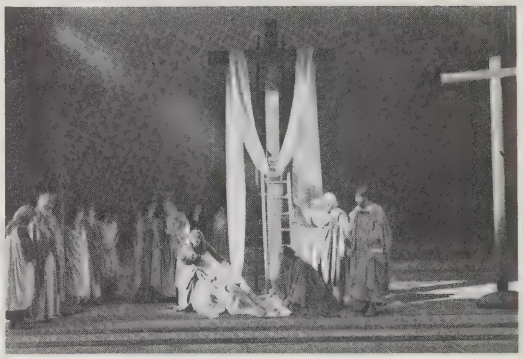
Announcing Festival Quarterly's 3rd Annual Photo Contest

FQ's August, September, October, 1981 issue will feature winners of the 1981 Photo Contest on the theme, "The Truth of Beauty."

Entries must be black and white, include the name, address, and phone number of photographer, type of film and camera used, photo title, and a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Cash prizes will be awarded to winners.

Submissions must be made by May 1, 1981 to **Festival Quarterly** Photo Contest, 2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602.

Why European Mennonites Don't Go to the Passion Play



by Gary J. Waltner

When American Mennonites visit their historic "Vaterland" during 1980, they are sure to include the world famous Oberammergau Passion Play — a re-enactment of the last days and death of our Lord. For German Mennonites this is a bit strange, as very few Mennonites or even Protestants from Germany (I personally do not know of any German Mennonites, but assume that there may be a few) seriously consider attending this religious production. Why is it that in the country where the Passion Play originated, there should be such disinterest in historic drama? Maybe the following study will reveal differences not only between Americans and Europeans, but differences between American and German Mennonites as well.

The Oberammergau Passion Play is a product of a culture, architectural style and theological concept that are all foreign to the Protestant and Mennonite tradition.

In order to understand the Passion Play, it is necessary to appreciate the cultural and religious setting in which the play was originally conceived. Europe, in the middle ages, was molded by the universal Catholic Church which taught that each individual could help gain his eternal salvation by doing certain good works. With the coming of Martin Luther, aided by the Renaissance, the understanding of personal salvation changed: salvation was not to be earned, but was a gift of God. Zwingli and Menno basically felt the same as the followers of Luther.

During the Medieval era and into the 18th century, Europe suffered numerous diseases and plagues spread by insects, rodents or unclean water. The people, not knowing the causes of these recurring plagues and diseases, felt that God was punishing the wicked and sinful human race. One way to avert the wrath of God was to promise to do penance, erect a cross, donate a votive picture, build a shrine, go on a pilgrimage or enact certain religious scenes from the Bible in public. Thus when in 1633 plague threatened to wipe out the population of Oberammergau, located in the beautiful and picturesque German Alps, the people vowed to enact the Passion of our Lord every 10 years. And the people of Oberammergau have continued to present the Passion Play. (The fact that during the last century the financial gain of the city may have become as important as the religious aspect, need not distract from the total picture!)

During the time in which the play was begun, the baroque architectural style with its elaborately carved altars and embellished churches was in vogue. This baroque style, reflected in the play, remained largely a Catholic religious expression, and rarely found entrance into Protestant, let alone Anabaptist-Mennonite circles. The Oberammergau Passion Play, therefore, was a product of a culture, architectural style, and theological concept that were all foreign to the Protestant and Mennonite tradition. It is this baroque Catholic piety that would keep most Protestants and Mennonites of Germany from attending the presentation.

Why then does the Passion Play appeal to the average American or American Mennonite, specifically? In Europe, the lines between Catholics and Protestants (which sometimes includes Mennonites) have been more evident than in America. This is in part due to our State-Church system and the fact that often the majority of a village, county, city or state may belong to one of the two state Churches. Confessional schools accentuate the division of Catholic and Protestant cultures. In predominantly Catholic States, Catholic holidays are observed; in Protestant States, Protestant holidays are observed (aside from the common religious and political holidays). This difference in culture tends to discourage rather than encourage attendance at religious celebrations of the other group. Americans, not aware of this cultural difference, gladly attend folklore functions which appear quaint or traditional, regardless of the creed involved.

Then too, there is the American love for that which is spectacular, sensational and somewhat pompous, evidenced by many movie presentations. A flashy, screaming, guitar-playing Texan evangelist, belting out the "Good News of Jesus Christ" would be a rather revolting and even disgusting scene for most Europeans. In our Mennonite Churches we tend to be more restrained in discussing our religious feelings — these are feelings between ourselves and God. (This is a trait which need not necessarily be positive!) Just because we are more reserved in expressing our religious feelings, it does not mean that we are less "Christian" than those who can speak freely about their religious experiences.

Since Americans tend to be more tolerant of different cultures and are more open in expressing their religious feelings, it is not at all strange that they would be interested in the Passion Play. Since they are not aware of the cultural differences which exist, there is no reason for them to avoid Oberammergau. Because the Oberammergau Passion Play has been presented for over three centuries, it has become an integral part of the vast and varied German cultural spectrum, and should therefore, continue to be presented. That the play still speaks to the hearts of thousands of people, is proven by the influx of visitors on Oberammergau during the playing season. May the Oberammergauer continue to uphold their solemn promise in the years to come.

Gary Waltner is director of the Mennonitische Forschungsstelle in Weierhof, West Germany.

Ivan Moon, Artist and Peacemaker

"If I had the compassion of Kollwitz and could paint like Cezanne, I'd be very happy."

The truth is that Ivan Moon is very happy and content, but the comment sums up much of his life: a love of drawing and painting, a continual unfolding and growing in his skill, and a compassion and concern for peace and justice that shames most peacemakers.

This small, thin man radiates a smile which is at once delightfully unabashed and quietly timid. He leads a low-profile life and maintains a modest appraisal of his own skills. Yet it is probable that no single artist has contributed so large a body of work in illustration to Mennonite publishing.

Ivan Moon is a Mennonite by choice. If the Methodist Church had offered a program similar to Civilian Public Service during the Second World War, Moon would in all probability not be a Mennonite. But he emanates enthusiasm about his Mennonite choice and mentions his congregation repeatedly during a lengthy interview. There seems no way to understand this man apart from his firmly-held convictions and expressive faith.

Born on July 24, 1917 at Montgomery, Pennsylvania, Moon grew up in two little factory towns near Williamsport along the Susquehanna River. His parents were Bert H. and Maude Emily (Plymette) Moon. He has one brother, Elwood (and gained a step sister much later in life).

The Moons were quite poor, but "very, very happy," as he remembers it now. His father labored in a woodworking factory, making doors and window sashes. His mother was the more spiritually-minded of his parents. One of the few luxuries in their home was a little organ on which she'd play her favorite hymns. Her abrupt death one day when he was in college jarred him and deeply affected his young life.

Young Ivan, though the elder, turned out to be the bashful introvert, while his brother Elwood was outgoing and sociable. They went through school together, becoming the best of friends. Elwood joined the Infantry after Ivan became a conscientious objector and is now a machinist with a good job in the home community; they remain very good friends. In fact, one of Moon's favorite paintings is "Black Run Bridge," an oil with an impressionist touch of a bridge near Watsontown, which he gave to his brother last year.

The poverty, the lack of pretense, and the woods all shaped Ivan Moon. He took long hikes to pray and to draw. To this day, prayer and the woods still revitalize him.



He has loved art as long as he can remember. He had no art teacher in the small rural schools, but his pastor urged his parents to encourage Moon to study art after high school. So he went to Dickinson Junior College and took all the art he could.

He won several poster contests through the years. One prize was a trip to Buffalo, New York. But bad weather kept him in his hotel for two days (he didn't even get to see Niagara Falls) and the airline gave him a train ticket to return home!

Working out idealistic Christian convictions preoccupied Moon. He turned down a good job as a commercial artist because the company designed some labels for whiskey bottles. He worked in a factory instead, saving money for further art training. But his father was laid off work and the relief agency refused aid because young Ivan was earning; thus his savings for art school became the family livelihood. It was one of the most difficult times in his life.

He came to his peace convictions through many influences, including various Methodist pastors and conferences. "I knew what Christ said about loving your enemies." When he registered as a conscientious objector, the treasurer of his Sunday School, who sat on the draft board, said, "Ivan, where did you get such crazy ideas?"

Through study, he decided he preferred a Mennonite CPS camp and went to Goshen College the semester before he was called up, majoring in Bible and studying art. In CPS he drew maps for the National Park Service.

After he served two years under Mennonite Central Committee in the Philippines, he became a staff artist at Mennonite Publishing House in 1949. He's still there.

"Part of the beauty of art is the truth in it," he says. But he is quick to point out that one must avoid moralizing. "The brevity in Picasso had power because he didn't try to say the total truth with his art, and people had to use their imagination."

Brevity is Moon's frontier. "I can delete elements I used to think necessary, and the brevity strengthens the illustration." He considers a cover line drawing for the poem "Summer Leaves on Swallows' Wings" to be one of his very best works. It pictures a boy in an apple orchard at sunset. And in addition to "Black Run Bridge," he lists an oil painting titled "Emmental" among his favorites. It pictures a man making hay high in the Swiss hills, and hangs in the Moon's living room.

Ivan Moon met Naomi Graybill at MPH and married her in 1954. They have four children: Rachel (24), Daniel (22), Lois (20), and Elisabeth (18).

Moon anticipates retirement and hopes to paint and continue his work for peace. The tension between his art and his compassion has increased in recent years: "What meaning does a pretty picture hanging on the wall have to do with the millions starving in the world?" But he can't forsake his art. "I'm trying to work through in my own mind the relationship of beauty to Christian compassion."

— MG

If Our Museum Were Burning, I'd Try to Save...

Mennonite museums are full of treasures. To find out what items are most prized, **Festival Quarterly** recently asked several curators and archivists to guess what they would try to salvage if fire threatened. Here are edited responses from those conversations.

Nelson Springer, librarian at the Mennonite Historical Library, Goshen, Indiana.

" . . . **Concordantz,** a tiny book published in the 1540's used by travelling church leaders as a reference handbook. Easily hidden because of its small size, this contraband volume contained selected scripture texts related to Anabaptist themes, the Schleitheim Confession, and an account of the life and martyrdom of Anabaptist leader Michael Sattler.

". . . a very early edition of the **Ausbund**. Sought in vain by scholars in Europe, the book was located in a Pennsylvania book shop by Harold S. Bender, bound together with another, non-anabaptist hymnal."

Wesley Prieb, director of the Center for Mennonite Brethren Studies, Hillsboro, Kansas.

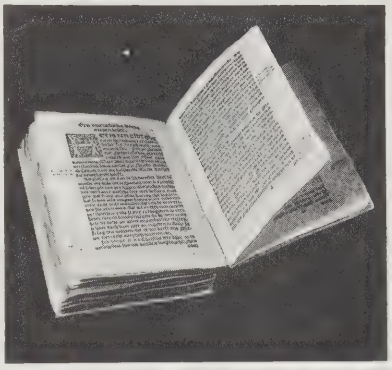
". . . the Jacob P. Bekker papers. Translated in 1973 as 'The Origin of the Mennonite Brethren Church,' the manuscript was begun in 1890 by Bekker, one of 18 men who signed the document of secession which led to the formation of the Mennonite Brethren Church in Southern Russia."

Amos Hoover, personal collector, Muddy Creek Farm Library, Denver, Pennsylvania.

" . . . 'Copia des sehr Grossen Briefs so die Amischen an uns in der Pfaltz geschriben, 22 November 1693.' This time — worn booklet is the oldest available copy of the letter directed to Mennonite leaders by Jacob Amman and his following at the time of the Amish-Mennonite church division." Hoover conjectured that the 34-page letter was hand-copied "within days of the original."

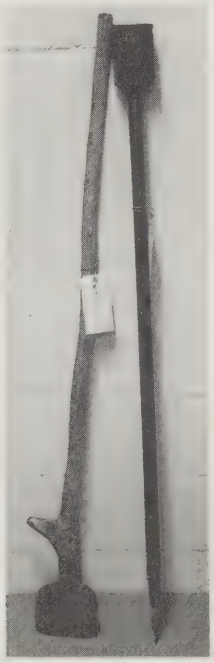
"Correspondence from such Mennonite leaders as Abraham Blosser and Isaac Eby to local bishops of the Pike and Martinite church in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, concerning church issues of the 1880's—1890's.

"Letters are often better than diaries, and those to distant readers are often of better quality than to those 'using the same bench.' The telephone is unfortunate to historians," mused Hoover. "The letters are also a fantastic source of valuable linguistic information, preserving a form of 19th century Pennsylvania German that is almost lost today."



D. Michael Hostetler

The Menno Simons' book on the incarnation.



Hans Groff's surveying instruments

Robert Kreider, director of the Mennonite Library and Archives, North Newton, Kansas.

"I really don't know how to answer the question. If you're smart you'd try to save those things that are archival. If you deliberated on it, you would not save any books, (because) almost invariably books can be duplicated."

When pressed for specifics, Kreider pointed out the difficulty of weighing one important item over another. He hinted that for instinctual reasons he might go for personal papers of his family and ancestors, but otherwise he would "grab an armload of the stuff closest to the door."

Delbert Gratz, librarian of the Mennonite Historical Library, Bluffton, Ohio.

" . . . Both indexes to, and then actual inventories of photocopies, microfilms, and original documents from the early Anabaptist years. The collection [unearthed in Switzerland through Gratz's extensive research] includes prison records, lists of Anabaptists, copies of hearings, and accounts of forced auctions in which Anabaptist properties were sold for fines."

Lorna Bergey, historian with the Mennonite Archives of Ontario.

" . . . Records of the Mennonite Conference of Ontario, the first Mennonites in Canada, who moved from Franconia and Lancaster in the early 1800's. These papers include conference minutes, old documents and yearly calendars of the churches' activities."

Leonard Gross, archivist for the Archives of the Mennonite Church, Goshen, Indiana.

" . . . Personal papers of John Funk, the Mr. Mennonite of 1860-1900. Editor of the church-wide journal **Herald of Truth,** Funk served in a creative capacity to keep the Mennonite church together.

"These papers provide an excellent

basis for chronicling the dynamics within our heritage, and are much more valuable than treasurer's reports and minutes of committee meetings."

Gross also mentioned Early American Mennonite papers, 1750-1850, including correspondence from the Franconia settlement to Ontario and Ohio regarding eventual emigration to these spots. Suggesting that women of the period seemed more articulate than the men, Gross pointed out that many of the letter-writers were women.



With more time to reflect, archivist Leonard Gross decided he might also select the original graphite drawing-watercolor of "Martha Convent's Cap Strings Keep Blowing in the Wind," by Sylvia Gross Bubalo of Seattle, Washington. Why? "Perhaps all of us need to come to terms with our own personal past from time to time, before going on again into the world of the present and the coming."

Carolyn Charles Wenger, director of the Mennonite Historical Library, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

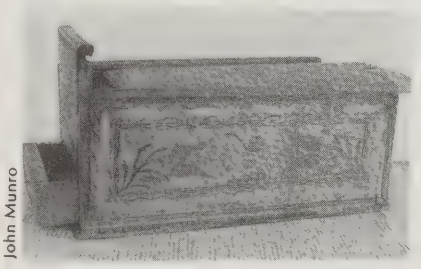
" . . . I'd grab an armful! From the library, the 1536 edition of the Froschauer Bible which belonged to Hendrick Carlo (Henry Charles), Mennonite emigrant to eastern Pennsylvania in 1737. Printed in Zurich by Christopher Froschauer, this 'very rare' Bible contains the written names of 3 Charles sons, and a prayer.

"From the archives, Diaries of Benjamin Weaver, bishop in the Weaverland and Groffdale areas of Lancaster County. The three ledger-size books provide valuable Lancaster Conference information from the decade before official minutes were first recorded, in 1912.

"From the museum, surveying instruments and gold scale of Hans Groff, a Mennonite immigrant in the early 1700's for whom Groffdale is named."

Peter Goertzen, director of the Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach, Manitoba.

" . . . tattered German book, printed 1588, which contains comparisons and explanations of weights and measures used in the Bible. Scattered among the tables are passages of scripture. Inscribed near the front of the book are the names Peter B. Klassen-Neuanlage, and Peter Funk-Blumenort, 1879, both presumed Mennonites. The village names could refer to places in the Ukraine or in Manitoba to which some Mennonites had emigrated by 1879. Much of the book is blurred and nothing is known of its origin . . . it would be interesting to know what this book has gone through."



John Munro

John Drissel's box for storing art supplies



Hans Groff's gold scale

Mary Jane Hershey, director of the Mennonite Heritage Center, Souderton, Pennsylvania.

" . . . school records, small drawings of tulips, flowers, hearts or birds made by teachers for outstanding pupils. The collection possibly includes drawings by Christopher Dock, who wrote, 'To the child (who had done well during the day) I owe something, perhaps a flower drawn on paper or a bird.'

" . . . John Drissel box, dated 1795, made and inscribed for fraktur artist Jakob Rohr. Designed to hold the paper, pens, paints and ink used by the fraktur artist, the box also has a secret drawer for the safe-keeping of money. A headstone in an area cemetery indicates that John Drissell may have been Mennonite."

Lawrence Klippenstein, historian-archivist for the Conference of Mennonites in Canada Archives, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"**. . . Opera Omnia Theologica of Alle de Godtgeleerde wercken van Menno Symons** — a very rare 1681 edition of collected theological writings of Menno Simons."

Grace Showalter, librarian/archivist for Menno Simons Historical Library, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

" . . . **Een gans duytlijck, ende bescheyden ant woordt,** a Menno Simons work on the incarnation, published in 1556, during his lifetime."

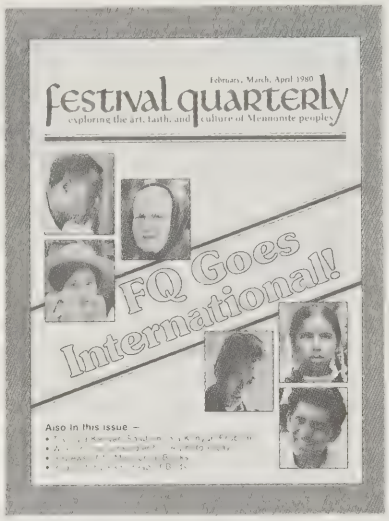
David Luthy, director of The Amish Historical Library, Aylmer, Ontario.

"If fire struck our library, which by the way is more of a possibility than in some better built structures, I am sure I would try and pick up as many items as possible. But if I am normal, I might very well panic and end up bringing out the wastebasket! Our family numbers five children. I sincerely hope no fire ever destroys our home and leaves me with the possibility of only saving one. So too with the library. Our collection is small, and I love it all."

The Amish Historical Library, founded in 1972, is a small, non-circulating research collection located in Luthy's home.

The collected materials are arranged in sixty-some categories including studies made of Amish education, settlement histories, genealogies, doctrinal works, nonresistance and wars, excommunication and shunning, the Amish in court, nonconformity in Christian living, dramas and novels about the Amish, and more.

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The supermarket was once a place for me to buy food — nothing more. Now it is the scene of countless moral dilemmas.

Some Thoughts On Righteousness And Poultry

by Elliot Grant

There used to be a lot fewer sins. When I was a child, obeying the Ten Commandments gave you a better-than-even chance of going to heaven. If you crossed at the corner and shared your toys, you were a heavy favorite. It was a simpler time.

Now you can't get from point A to point B without running over a few sacred cows. If you drive a car, you waste gasoline, a precious resource. Use a motorcycle and you cause noise pollution. Walking saves fuel but wastes time — time which could otherwise be used lobbying for solar energy.

A true friend of the earth would sliver his own almonds. An incorrigible sinner like myself buys them in a plastic bag.

The supermarket was once a place for me to buy food — nothing more. Now it is the scene of countless moral dilemmas. Which product is least offensive to the environment? Which retailer contributes most to the community?

Case in point: I made chicken salad for the Friends picnic. In the naive 50's and even the early 60's, this would have been a morally neutral event. The only way to sin would have been by stealing the chicken. But consider the pitfalls which now present themselves:

1. **Chicken** — Some Friends are vegetarians, but I can't worry about everything. The store brand is cheaper (wasting money, once a misdemeanor, has been upgraded to a sin). If one is to believe the commercials, "cooking good" brand chickens are driven in from the Maryland shore — by drivers who probably exceed the speed limit. The correct choice is clear.

2. **Sour Cream** — the large size comes in a drinking glass, with an "Americana" design. Probably contains lead.

3. **Slivered Almonds** — A true friend of the earth would sliver his own almonds. An incorrigible sinner like myself buys them in a plastic bag.

4. **Mayonnaise** — The "no frills" brand is half the price, for a jar twice the size. But what can I do with all the mayonnaise that's left over in the enormous jar? There's surely enough to make Russian dressing for all the starving children in Minsk.

5. **Seedless grapes** — In the 60's you had to read the **Village Voice** every week for the updated political status of grapes. I remember that I let my subscription lapse, and walked to the fruit section of the supermarket. (An alternative would have been to drive to the neighborhood fruit stand. This wastes gas, but supports independent retailers.)

6. **Paper plates and cups** — These waste paper, but reduce the pollution of water by detergents. The "no frills" brand gives me a hundred plates and a hundred cups. Ninety-eight of these will be sent to the children of Minsky, so they can eat their salad.

7. **Chopped celery** — I have no cutting board. Do I buy one made of wood or acrylic? The former is natural — but wasteful, in that it will eventually have to be replaced. The latter will last a life-time, in fact many life-times. I can see millions of non-degradable cutting boards polluting the beaches of the 21st century.

Enough. I shall skip my usual sermon on the evils of salt and pepper, and get right to the point which is: Make no mistake about it — this is not a permissive society. In fact, guilt is sweeping the country. It's just that we're feeling guilty about different things. Yesterday it was greed and lust. Today it is chicken salad.

Elliot Grant, who attends the Morningside Meeting, is a clinical psychologist at a community mental health center in Brooklyn, New York. He wrote this confession for the August, 1980 issue of "Morningside Meeting Newsletter of the Religious Society of Friends." It is reprinted by permission of the author.



Leon Stauffer

The recently dedicated Philippine Mennonite Bible Institute.

Philippine Institute Needs Anabaptist Materials

On Palm Sunday, 1980, the Philippine Mennonite Biblical Institute was dedicated in celebrative fashion by Mission Now church members and supporters. The new church-leader training school is a long-awaited dream of Felonito Sacapano, director of Mission Now. A Philippine of Baptist background, Sacapano was attracted by the Anabaptist concern for the whole person presented by the Mennonites, unique among the 200-some evangelical groups in the country. According to Leon Stauffer, former missionary to the Philippines, other groups tend to preach "get your heart right" and ignore the context of the whole person — economic, social, political, and personal.



Leon Stauffer

PMBI student, Gary Ramos, carves roast pig for the special celebration meal at the PMBI dedication service.

Built and partially funded by the Filipinos, the school provides a three-year curriculum primarily theological in content. A new teacher trained in music and radio broadcasting is adding an emphasis on the arts. Seven students were enrolled the first year.

The Institute's small library was built largely from personal collections, the Books Abroad program, and other donations. Desperately needed are current Mennonite-related books and a good 10-12 volume Bible commentary.

Leon Stauffer suggested to **Festival Quarterly** that North American Mennonites might relieve the dearth of Anabaptist-related evangelical literature by saving their old issues of Mennonite periodicals and making them available to mission outposts. Mission boards or church leaders could provide suggestions and addresses.

Strasbourg Setting Stimulates World Conference Film Idea

Mennonite World Conference (MWC) will convene in Strasbourg, France, in 1984. That fact, especially that site, has brought a host of proposals to Executive Secretary Paul Kraybill, about how the event should be properly celebrated.

Strasbourg saw a somewhat settled Anabaptist community develop from 1527-1537. From that fellowship came helpful writings and models. The historians would like to uncover and resurrect that energy. France is showing new fervor these days as more people grow disenchanted with the traditional churches. The theologians and missiologists would like to connect with those new radical believers and reformers. "Let's do a play that says it all," suggest others. Two groups have proposed a film. "Why not a book of the Strasbourg story?" asks one historian.

With these varied interests in mind, Kraybill is testing a proposition that a major historical film be made for use at the Conference, "throughout the Mennonite world after Strasbourg, and for possible broader distribution to the general public depending on its approach and larger appeal."

Presently Kraybill is working on how such a project should be organized, financed, and managed. He is advising that the story be historical, that it focus on either a "dramatic episode, a great idea or a strong personality."

A lot of thought and work remains to be done. Is it justifiable to spend $150,000 to $1,000,000 (estimates vary on the cost) on a film? Can it be set in 16th century Europe and still be interesting? Will Mennonites from Asia, Africa, and South America care about the content? Can a film about a spiritual awakening have artistic integrity? Can an aesthetic film bear a spiritual message?

In addition to the philosophical questions, there are the procedural ones: who should write the script; who should make the film; if a corporation, wholly separate from MWC finances and manages the project, how will MWC maintain control over content; and, is it feasible that the film could be marketed beyond the Mennonite community?

New Indian Hymns Proliferating

Music for the 61st India Mennonite Brethren Convention held early this spring was provided by a small non-professional choir (pictured). The Convention, which attracted nearly 15,000 people, was held at Uppal Camp, south of capital city Hyderabad in Andhra Pradesh.



Henry Poetker, Mennonite Brethren missionary in Andhra Pradesh, and involved in the "God Has Spoken" Indian radio ministry commented to **Festival Quarterly** that India is "music-mad" just now.

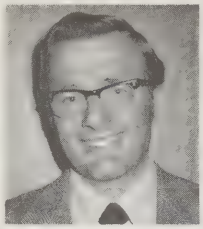
Both traditional Indian Christian hymns and newly composed ones were part of the choir's program, accompanied as in church by violin, guitar, tabala (hand-played Indian drum), and harmonium, a keyboard instrument played with one hand and pumped with the other. The use of Western musical instruments and styles such as singing in harmony reflects a growing acceptance in India of Western influence, following a period of intense nationalism.

Traditional Indian hymns, some of which are very old, use a grammatical rather than common colloquial style of Tegulu, one of India's 14 major languages. Word structures, as well as the melodies, are complicated and difficult for the average Indian listener to understand.

Due to the need for graspable worship music, and the general high tide of musical interest, new Christian music by Indian composers is proliferating. "Praise Jehovah" themes are common in the modern songs. Here and there are hints of Hindu thought, suggesting the twin aspects of that religion, identified by Poetker as "appeasing God" and "asking favors of God". Pointing out also that the concept of sin is alien to Hindu, Poetker noted an absence of songs with themes of redemption, forgiveness and salvation.


Richard MacMaster


Theron Schlabach


James Juhnke


Paul Toews

"Mennonite Experience In America" Project Underway

Research on Volume 1 of the comprehensive "Mennonite Experience in America" project is nearly complete. Richard MacMaster Bridgewater, Virginia, is the author of the first of four volumes in this unprecedented effort to document Mennonite social history. MacMaster's book, tentatively slated for publishing in 1983, focuses on European beginnings, early American settlements, and Mennonite life in the colonial and revolutionary periods. Volumes II, III, and IV will be written by Theron Schlabach, Goshen, Indiana, James Juhnke, North Newton, Kansas, and Paul Toews, Fresno, California, respectively.

Mennonite interaction with the larger American society and the character and dynamics of group life are the central questions framing the entire work. The researchers are drawing from a variety of sources; political, theological, economic, and linguistic.

Congregations tentatively chosen as case studies throughout the volumes are Weaverland-Groffdale, Lancaster, PA; Oak Grove, Smithville, OH; Yellow Creek, Goshen, IN; Alexanderwohl, Goessel, KS; and Corn, Corn, OK.

C. J. Dyck, chairman of the newly formed Anabaptist and Sixteenth Century Studies at the Associated Seminaries, was instrumental in developing the MEA project and will continue in an informal leadership role. Project Editor is Theron Schlabach.

Second Exhibit of Contemporary Mennonite Art Opens

The Second Mennonite Artists Contemporary Exhibition opened in the Goshen College Art Gallery on Saturday, October 3rd.

Unlike the 1975 exhibition, which was by invitation, this show was open to all North Americans 18 years or older who are "past or present members of the Mennonite faith." Entries were to be done within the past two years, free of teacher supervision. The exhibition was announced in all the leading church periodicals and through Mennonite colleges.

Applicants sent slides of two different works and a resume of training and exhibition records. From 92 entries, 56 were accepted, representing 45 different artists. Each of the suggested categories — painting, sculpture, drawing, prints, photography, and crafts — are represented. The 56 pieces were selected by Rudy Pozzatti, internationally known artist/professor at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

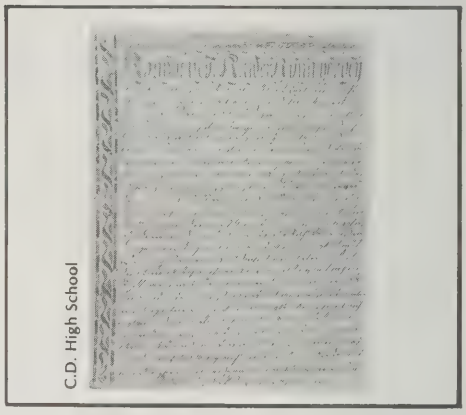
About the selected pieces Pozzatti commented, "I find the range of expression and selection of subject reflective of most national exhibitions with no strong dominant theme or overriding manner of expression." GC Art Department chairman Abner Hershberger adds, "I have recognized nothing that would be peculiarly Mennonite." Most Mennonite students follow the basic patterns of education, learning the formal aspects of the visual arts in a broad range of expression. Whether these younger artists may later turn to more 'Mennonite' themes remains to be seen."


"California Empire," by Jon Cutrell

The show runs until November 2nd. Illustrated catalogs are available from the Goshen College Bookstore. The show is underwritten by a grant from the Schowalter Foundation. No plans are underway for a third exhibition but Hershberger commented that "we may well proceed with a show every five years."

Did You Know That . . .

. . . An original manuscript of a children's song, written by Christopher Dock, the revered schoolmaster of the eighteenth century, was recently given to the Christopher Dock Mennonite High School in Lansdale, Pennsylvania.


C.D. High School

The Fraktur (pictured) which is handwritten in German, is the first ten verses of Dock's song, "Come Dear Children," composed around 1750.

. . . "Friend to friend" is a new record album recorded by four different Canadian Mennonite music groups, each group filling one side of the two-record set. The album was produced in Winnipeg and features popular contemporary Christian music.

Immanuel is a group which formed at the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg (the group wrote the six songs they perform); Bondservant came together at Bethany Bible Institute in Hepburn, Saskatchewan (this group also shares song writing credits); Don Falk, a farmer from Landmark, Manitoba, who accompanies himself on the guitar; and Iron River Road, a piano-singing group from Black Creek, British Columbia (their music is by group member, Randy Wedel).

. . . Burton Buller, Henderson, Nebraska and John Ruth, Lansdale, Pennsylvania are collaborating on another film. The cinematographer-writer team have turned their attention to the various Mennonite groups in the Harrisonburg, Virginia area. The film, due to be completed sometime this winter, was initiated by the local Virginia educational television station.

Funding for the project is coming from Virginia Mennonite business-people with matching funds from the Virginia Committee for the Humanities.

. . . Dorothy Miller, Hutchinson, Kansas, continues to paint local rural scenes and still lifes. "I love to do winter scenes, windmills, old barns, and buggies." Her paintings hang in two central Kansas restaurants, a bank and motel.

The First 33

by Peter Dyck

In mid-1945 refugees were not on my mind. MCC workers were distributing food and clothing to hungry people in Holland, and my job was to stay at least a step or two ahead of them in making local distribution arrangements. We estimate that every tenth Dutchman received assistance of some kind from MCC.

One day Pastor T. O. Hylkema of the Amsterdam Mennonite Church came to us waving the day's newspaper, too excited to sit down. "Read this," he said, "and tell me who you think they're talking about."

The article told about 33 refugees who had been admitted into Holland but the authorities had problems identifying them or knowing what to do with them. The refugees themselves claimed to be of Dutch origin, telling strange tales of having left the Netherlands 400 years ago on foot, poor and fleeing from persecution. Now they had returned "home," again on foot, poor and fleeing from persecution — this time from Russian communism. To the immigration authorities the stories made no sense at all.

A linguist professor interviewed them and found their language neither pure German nor good Dutch, but intelligible. The newspaper reported that their word for "horse" was not the German "Pferd" nor the Dutch "paard" but "Pead" (pronounced Pey-ad).

Now it was my turn to get excited. Handing the paper back, I told Ds. Hylkema that if he was thinking my thoughts we had no time to lose, we ought to leave at once for the refugee camp in Maastricht before somebody decided to ship these people out of the country again.

Ten hours later at the Maastricht camp we saw perhaps six or eight men and women sitting on a bench outside the wooden barracks. The women wore kerchiefs and the men looked like Russian Mennonite immigrants anywhere in Canada or Paraguay.

"Goden Dach," I greeted them in Plattdeutsch, and there was instant communication and identification. They were our people, just as we had suspected, Mennonites with typical Dutch names like Klassen, Friesen and Dyck, who had left Holland in the 16th Century, fled to Prussia (Poland today), and finally on to Russia. When the Dutch authorities had this tale of migration confirmed they shook their heads as if to say, truth is indeed stranger than fiction. (**Festival Quarterly,** Aug.-Oct. 1979, "Friedesheim, Camp for Peace," by Jan Gleysteen)

The next day Ds. Hylkema and I were at The Hague negotiating with the Dutch government, first to allow the 33 to stay, and secondly to admit other Mennonite refugees of similar origin to Holland. MCC promised to (a) maintain them while in the Netherlands, and (b) move them on as soon as possible to a permanent location in another country. The successful negotiations were climaxed by the approval to issue an official document called the MENNO PASS, a first in Anabaptist-Mennonite history. The Menno Pass, in three languages, gave the bearer permission to enter and reside temporarily in Holland. Consequently a total of 420 Russian Mennonites found refuge in Holland.

Our hats are off to the Dutch government which granted asylum to these people at a time when its own post-war problems seemed overwhelming, but even more we salute the Dutch authorities for its courage in defying the Soviet government which applied enormous pressure on them to hand the "Russians" back to them. Soviet authorities were allowed to interview the refugees while we had fun eating the delicious borscht cooked for them but which they refused to eat fearing that it might be poisoned. And the Dutch would not hand over a single person. They did, however, regretfully yield to pressure and close the border so that no more of them were able to enter Holland.

We estimate that at least 23,000 who did not make it into Holland were ultimately forced by the Soviets to leave Germany and return to Russia.



Peter Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. At home in Akron, Pennsylvania, he works in Constituency Relations for Mennonite Central Committee.

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cultural calendar

Genealogy Seminar designed to aid researchers in using local and county records, libraries and archives, Lancaster (PA) Mennonite Historical Library, Tuesday evenings 7-9, **October 7 through November 25.**

Mennonite Central Committee Relief Sale, Arkansas Valley Fair Grounds, Rocky Ford, Colorado, **October 18.**

Mennonite Central Committee Relief Sale, Harrisonville, Missouri, **October 18.**

Believer's Church conference on Christology, Bluffton (OH) College, **October 23-26.**

"The Christian Entrepreneur in Community" is the topic of the MIBA/MEDA 1980 Joint Convention, Goshen, Indiana, **October 23-26.**

"Nonresistance and the Russian Mennonites," three lectures by John B. Toews, University of Winnipeg, Manitoba, **October 24-25.**

Tony Brown and John Miller, duet recital, Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, **November 2.**

Third Annual People's Place Music Conference with Esther Wiebe, Marvin Miller, and John Ruth, Lancaster (PA) Mennonite High School — 7-9 p.m., **November 7;** 8:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m., **November 8.**

Third Annual Harvest Music Festival, Lancaster (PA) Mennonite High School, 7:30 p.m., **November 8.**

Fall Meeting of Mennonite Historical Society and workshop for historians, Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, **November 8.**

Mennonite Central Committee Relief Sale, Gap, PA, **November 8.**

G. C. Missionary Conference, Oita, Kyushu, Japan, **November 10-15.**

MCC (Ontario) Annual Meeting at Rockway Mennonite School, Kitchener, Ontario. Ron Sider, speaker, **November 14-16.**

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" presented by the Mennonite Mass Choir, Centre in the Square, Kitchener, Ontario, **November 15-16.**

"Influences upon Mennonite Brethren Theology," a symposium featuring J. B. Toews, Johjn Redekop, Abe Dueck, and Herb Giesbrecht, Winnipeg, Manitoba, **November 21-22.**

Paul Manz Hymn Festival, Bethel Mennonite Church, Mt. Lake, Minnesota, 8 p.m., **November 28.**

Rockway Mennonite School, RMS Christmas Concert, RMS auditorium, Kitchener, Ontario, 8 p.m., **December 5.**

Art faculty exhibition of recent works, Good Library, Goshen (IN) College, **December 7-21.**

Jentsje Popma, Master of Monumental Arts

by Jan Gleysteen

Three summers ago, while studying Mennonite meetinghouse architecture in Europe, I visited the Witveen-Rottevalle congregation in Friesland. Unlike the clear glass windows normally found in Mennonite meetinghouses, Rottevalle had two stained glass windows flanking the pulpit area. They were modest, executed in light and subdued colors and didn't call attention to themselves, but nevertheless, stained glass windows in a Mennonite meetinghouse?

The pastor, Mrs. Trijntje Blanksma, explained that the windows were a gift from Mennonite artist, Jentsje Popma, to the congregation in memory of and in appreciation for his conversion and baptism.

Jentsje Popma grew up in Leeuwarden, Friesland. In 1939 he enrolled in the Rotterdam Academy of Fine Arts where he tackled his studies with such great enthusiasm that even on the morning when the Germans invaded Holland he showed up for school. Only one other student came. The two decided to go sketching on a farm. "You must be plain crazy," said the farmer, "to sit here and draw while you can see the Germans bombing Rotterdam's harbors into smoking rubble." But which is crazier: the peaceful pursuit of the arts, the exercise of one's God-given talents, the enjoyment of His creation in the springtime, or the senseless destruction by the military? The farmer must have agreed for he hitched his horse to the plow. It was May and the seed needed to be planted.

During the five years of Nazi occupation Jentsje went "underground" to live in a small boat camouflaged with reeds in the middle of a huge swamp.

When the war was over Jentsje, literally as poor as Job, but with great expectations for a better tomorrow, resumed his education, this time at Amsterdam's Royal Academy.

His studies completed, Jentsje returned to Leeuwarden. After he delivered a large statue of Peter Stuyvesant, founder of New York, to the city of Wolvega, Stuyvesant's birthplace, Jentsje Popma's fame steadily rose. Orders for sculptures and stained glass windows increased and he was asked to teach monumental arts at Groningen's Academia Minerva.

His own work and the courses he teaches include oversize murals, large-scale monuments and stained glass windows for churches; creative design elements for official buildings, power plants, factories and warehouses. In most parts of Europe a fixed percentage of the cost of new official and industrial construction must be spent on art forms and landscaping. Popma's corporate clients include Philips and IBM, and the member companies of Holland's Natural Gas System.

Now he hopes to find time again to work on his oil paintings. In particular he would like to capture the essence of the Frisian landscape and the character of Frisian faces on canvas. But he still teaches two days a week at the Academia Minerva in Groningen.

A couple of weeks ago I called Jentsje at home. Our conversation turned to the Mennonite Church and the stained glass windows at Rottevalle. The figures are there, but they are purposely indistinct. Part of the action portrays the miraculous draught of fishes. But there are also a number of people listening attentively, perhaps to the words of Christ, perhaps to a sermon, or to each other. "This is the chief function of the church," says Jentsje, "to listen to His teaching; to pass on the message of healing and peace to others who, while learning and listening, stand ready to pass the good news to the saints in years to come."

Jentsje certainly has taken his place among the good listeners and storytellers.

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in Tour-Magination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.



Journey Back, Journey Forward

by David W. Augsburger

Now and then I revisit my past. It's an occupational hazard for a therapist who goes along on emotional voyages with students and counselees on their journeys back. I encourage them to own, feel, assimilate. Sometimes I need that encouragement too.

Driving into my childhood community after a long absence I'm reliving scenes, stories, dramas, dilemmas.

"How was the reunion?" my daughter asks . . . Then I realize I don't know.

Just ahead, the familiar profile of the Scotts Crossing Grain elevator rises from the cornfields. Beyond it the White Dove Inn stands silent and empty. (That's where the sinners met.) One mile further, the Pike Mennonite Church lies asleep until 9:30 Sunday morning. (Here's where the saints gathered.) Here I sat trembling through fourteen nights of sweat-beaded sermons and long altar calls every fall. Here I was educated, saved, baptized and later excluded for going off to college.

Three fields away is the old place. The family farm. It's in shambles. The old tree still stands at whose foot I took my two-and-a-half hour spanking at age two in "the breaking of the will" family ritual. Little else remains. Not even the deacon's barn and house next door. They're both gone. So is he. With his death, the universe is altered.

Sitting at dinner amid my high school classmates, I'm dismayed at what a quarter century has done to them. I want to say "Here we are, half-way through life. We've known some joy. We've felt a lot of pain. What has it all meant? Has it been worth it? What are you living for now?" But I don't.

"How was the reunion?" my daughter asks. We're having dessert a week later. Then I realize, I don't know. I report facts. I describe faces and figures. I share feelings. Then I sense the ball of wire in my stomach. Growing. Knotting.

Nan and the girls leave on errands and work. I'm clearing away the dishes when I let myself feel what my body already knows. I cry. Deep stomach wrenching sobs I haven't cried for a long time. I cry for the lost joys of childhood that have turned to pain, pain I saw in the faces of friends, in their eyes, in their stories and smiles. I cry for people known and gone, for places loved and lost, for relationships once important but now ended. I cry for the real pain of lived and unlived life and I cry for the joy that has taken its place.

At last I'm dry. And the past feels dry too. I can say good-bye. The words feel right on my tongue. Some new layer of old sadness has surfaced, fulfilled itself, and can now take its rightful place in the past.

I find every journey back has two poles. If the positive one is the one which floods awareness, then later on the negative pole will surface. The sadness, pain, anger, loneliness are awakened too. And they are part of its riches.

If the negative pole fills the foreground during the journey, then later the positive will emerge. After grieving comes gratitude. After pain comes humor and even delight. Tragedy and comedy are so close. The difference is how it is perceived. In tragedy, one is trapped, fused, powerless, suffering, and protesting the injustice. In comedy, one stands outside the same story. No longer trapped, caught, devastated, one can smile at what happened, and in the ability to laugh again, freedom is born.

An ancient Jewish proverb says it clearly: "Suffering too is funny." Not while it's happening, but when we journey back we can smile again, accept both sides, [positive and negative] pain and joy, meaning lost and meaning found, separation and union, and see them together. All of one piece. All in one peace.

David W. Augsburger is associate professor of pastoral care and counseling at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, and the author of many books about communication and relationships.



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Music in My Life— Points Along the Way

by John J. Miller

Mom used to have a small, brownish notebook in which she had copied songs. Sometimes she and Dad would sing from this book. Several songs I remember are the ballad of "Floyd Collins and the Limestone Cave" and the "Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven." Dad added another song, just for fun, "Old William's Goat." Mom would often whistle some eternal melody through her teeth as she bent over the dishes and sometimes Dad would break out with a tune from the **Ausbund,** but we didn't sing much as a family. Music, especially "fancy" music, was looked upon with a great deal of suspicion.

When my oldest sister (I'm third from youngest in a family of 11) brought her record player home from work one weekend, Dad almost kicked her out. From her 45's we got lots of Chuck Wagon Gang and George Beverly Shea.

One of the greatest moments in my musical life was when, as a sixth grader, I was chosen for the All-School Chorus. We met twice. We sang "White Silver Bells" and "In The Shoemaker's Shop." I was proud of my ability to sing. The director was the same teacher who explained why it was important for her voice to wobble.

At Pleasant Grove Conservative Mennonite Church where my family attended, one voice stood out above all the others. It was the beautiful tenor voice of Marvin Miller, now teaching music at Eastern Mennonite High School. Since those days in which I admired Marvin so much our paths have crossed many times. I sang in the young people's chorus under his direction as my first choral experience. We sang together in the Mennonite Hour Quartet. And more recently, in 1978 he was the guest conductor of the Mennonite Junior High School Music Festival, of which I am the coordinator.

Bethany Christian High School left an indelible impression on my musical life. Their fine music program was under the direction of Freeman Lehman during my high school days. I'm amazed how often I reach back to that experience of 1959-61 for music for my choirs now.

I remember the first time I cried because of a song I had helped sing. Marvin Miller's youth chorus was on tour. We were singing "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded."

In the summer of 1979 I toured the Ukraine with Hiram Hershey. As our group of 17 sang hymns which the Ukrainians also knew, it was easy to be carried away by the emotions of the experience. One of the songs which became meaningful was "How Great Thou Art." As we reached across many barriers and felt a kinship with our brothers and sisters in the Ukraine we learned the truth of that song. Another hymn was "God be With You 'til We Meet Again."

During high school I had heard enough of Bach to know it was a name to be treated with a certain awesomeness. One day I decided I should purchase an album of Bach music. I went into the Provident Bookstore in Goshen and started explaining my wishes to a clerk. He helped me choose the "B Minor Mass." It sounded so Catholic and expensive I was scared and excited and proud of my purchase all at the same time. I listened to that recording over and again until I began hearing pieces of the musical puzzle fit together.

During high school I had heard enough of Bach to know it was to be treated with a certain awesomeness.

One of the habits I had acquired during this era of my life was to listen to the "Messiah" every Sunday morning. I was living with my sister at the time and fortunately she came to like it.

I started taking voice lessons just before I went to college. At Eastern Mennonite College I studied with Wilbur Maust, Earl Maust and Ira Zook. Wilbur gave me a "C" as my first voice grade. He said, let it stand for "challenge." It did. He also gave me "A's." Challenges have been much of what my music career has been built.

I graduated from Manhattan School of Music in 1973. Before graduation I had begun giving recitals. Recitals have been my way of proving myself vocally. In work with Dutch Family Festival I have done lots of singing, including the singing which is part of the one-man show "Memories."

Success doesn't come on a silver platter. Doubts, lack of confidence, and uncertainty about the future are detrimental to a singer whose instrument is so closely tied with the psychological and emotional. A singer learns early on that he needs another set of ears. Therefore he needs a teacher or a coach. He's never finished practicing. He's always refining and always learning new material.

Thomas Houser has been my best voice teacher. We have worked together for 6½ years. He knows my moods. He knows my ability. In voice lessons I've learned to take criticism. After a recital one evening Ken Reed commented that he thought the songs needed more of me. More guts, he called it. That really helped.

I have always wanted a chance to sing the Evangelist in Bach's "Saint Matthew Passion." This spring I got that chance. I began working on it about 10 months before. I had never even heard it before. This type of singing was different for me.

Another major work which I had the opportunity to perform was the role of "Saint Nicholas" in Benjamin Britten's piece by the same title. Again it was a very demanding role. It was very different from the Bach. The pitches were hidden in obscure tonalities.

After these two events I felt I had grown a lot. A funny thing happened though. After the "Saint Matthew Passion" performance I kinda let down in a lot of ways. And it took me well into the summer to get back in shape vocally.

Helen, my wife, is a mother and a math instructor. She is also my most trustworthy critic. When she says my performance was good, it was. When she says it was not up to par, she's usually right.

Music is a motivating factor in my life. I love to sing. I enjoy working on my craft. I enjoy a job well done.

P.S. This article has taken me away from much needed vocal work.



John J. Miller, in addition to performing vocally, teaches music at Locust Grove Mennonite School, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and is director of music at the Willow Street Mennonite Church.

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The Early (African) Church

by James and Jeanette Krabill

It is a common belief in this part of the world that Christianity is *une religion de blancs* ("a religion for Whites"); that Jesus, being Himself a White, came first and foremost "unto His own," who unfortunately killed Him (perhaps even purposely?) to prevent His reaching regions further south and sharing God's message with the black peoples of Africa. ("If the Whites weren't trying to keep Christianity all to themselves, why then *did* they wait nineteen hundred years before passing it on to Africa?")

It comes therefore as a shock to some—and a relief to others—to learn of Africa's significant contribution to the life of the Church during the first centuries of its struggle for existence. True, we have fewer details concerning this early period than might be desired. Luke, on the whole, takes us in only one direction—westward to Rome—and no historian of his stature has recorded the story of missionary advance into lands south of the Mediterranean. Yet certain tantalizing glimpses of early African Christianity do exist. For serious students of the New Testament and of Early Church history these of course need no reviewing. Or do they? Give the following questions a run before responding too quickly.

1. In how many African countries did Jesus live?

2. When were the Scriptures first translated into an African language?

3. An African named Simon was forced by Roman soldiers to carry the cross of Jesus. What was Simon's nationality?

4. Fill in blank. "The North African Early Church (excluding Egypt) was above all a Church of _____ (merchants, singers, poets, martyrs, missionaries)."

5. Apollos, according to Luke, was an eloquent speaker, a serious student of the Old Testament and a powerful evangelist who carried the Gospel to such important cultural centers as Athens and Corinth. He was also, by birth, an African. From what major city?

6. Acts 2 informs us that at least fourteen nations participated in the Pentecost event. How many of the fourteen were African nations? Which ones?

7. Some of the earliest African Christians became foreign missionaries, figuring among the first to witness to Gentiles outside of Palestine, in Antioch (Syria). From what North African city did these zealous believers hail?

8. According to tradition, which two New Testament figures helped plant the Church in Egypt?

9. From Acts 13 we learn that the Antioch Church sent out Paul and Barnabas as missionaries to the Gentile world. It is likely that two of the Antioch leaders participating in the selection and commissioning of Paul and Barnabas were Africans. What were their names?

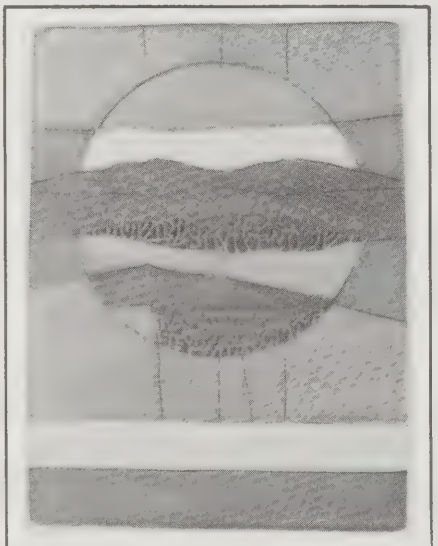
10. What is the name of Africa's "most enduring Church" (nearly 2,000 years old)?

11. One of the most renowned early African believers was apparently the Minister of Finances in the government of Queen Kandake who ruled a vast kingdom stretching from Aswan to Khartoum in present-day Sudan. By what name is this high functionary generally known?

12. Which of the following Early Church Fathers (up to 5th century) were *not* African-born: Augustine, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian?

ANSWERS

1. Probably only one—Egypt.
2. Beginning of the fourth century, into Sahidic (a Coptic dialect of Upper Nile).
3. Simon was from the city of Cyrene (Mark 15:21) which would make him Libyan.
4. Martyrs.
5. Alexandria, Egypt.
6. Two, Egypt and Libya.
7. From Cyrene, in Libya. (See Acts 11:19-21.)
8. John Mark and Thomas (en route to India).
9. Simeon, called Niger (meaning black) and Lucius of Cyrene (Acts 13:1-3).
10. The Egyptian Coptic Church.
11. The Ethiopian Church.
12. Only Irenaeus who was from Gaul (France).

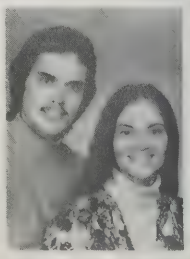


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— Sandra Bowden

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In THE AMISH STORY MUSEUM —

The Henry Lapp Collection is now a part of the Amish Story Museum. The Lapp paintings are exquisite water or tempera colors done by an Old Order Amish artist who lived from 1862 to 1904. Also included in the exhibit are several pieces of Lapp furniture, — a bed, chest, and night stand.

The Aaron Zook Collection of 3-dimensional carved paintings has been rearranged. Children's activities and a quiz are not-to-be-missed features of this journey.

The Amish Story Museum now houses the largest known collections of 19th century and 20th century Amish folk art.



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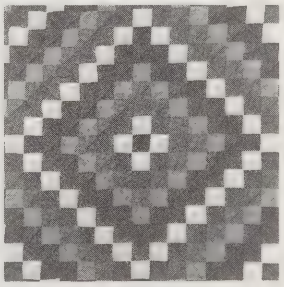
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Lessons From a Pine Tree

by Robert Regier

Prolonged anonymity would be a frightening prospect. But occasional anonymity that briefly frees us from predictable expectations may be useful.

I pursued this brief release in a drawing workshop on the slopes of Minnesota's Quadna Mountain. This extension of the University of Minnesota's visual arts program brought together a diverse collection of undergraduates, graduates, art teachers, and others. Our common denominator was each person's anonymity. We had no preconceptions about each other. There were no familiar landmarks. No one knew or cared about my latest work. My back-home visual mold could remain back home. My familiar and sometimes too predictable prairie language didn't have to be superimposed on the birch, spruce, and pine enclosing us. There was nothing I had to prove. In theory, I was free to pursue a genuine unencumbered encounter with the northwoods.

I'm a victim of constant seduction, with a growing fascination for those rare moments in history of image-making that were remarkably honest.

But geniune encounters with pine trees require more than anonymity. We also perform in accordance with remembered images. In time these remembered images become stereotypes, uninformed by fresh vision. Stereotypes are convenient. They provide quick solutions. They reduce discomfort. They block fresh encounter.

From my earliest memories of construction paper cut-outs for instant Christmas trees to contemporary, slick Hallmark coniferous images, I certainly knew what pine trees looked like . . . or did I? Pine tree stereotypes abound and the first impulse when confronting an incredibly complex pine tree landscape is to reduce the anxiety of fresh vision with shortcuts through remembered images. Those convenient remembered images help simplify an otherwise bewildering task. They also stunt growth. Visual growth, it seems, means looking at a pine tree as though we had never seen it before, and then fumbling with the anxious task of recording and organizing this naive vision on paper.

Is it possible? Barely. If we're recipients of past training we'll be constantly seduced by knowledge of sophisticated systems. When seeing becomes too taxing, our collected marks on paper can quickly become neo-cubist, neo-expressionist, neo-surrealist, or neo-something else. Alas, we fooled ourselves once more! A respectable style replaced the demands of fresh vision.

The results of my attempts at unencumbered encounters with a pine-birch-spruce landscape were less than reassuring. I'm really not sure that I'm capable of fresh vision. I'm a victim of constant seduction, with a growing fascination for those rare moments in the history of image-making that were remarkably honest. Those honest moments inevitably signaled whole new ways of perceiving our world. In 1889 Monet's counsel to a young American painter was "when you go out to paint, try to forget what objects you have before you — a tree, a house, a field, or whatever . . . paint it just as it looks to you, the exact color and shape, until it gives your own naive impression of the scene before you." Those naive impressions in the experience of Monet shocked the guardians of prevailing expectations, but opened up a world of color that has since revolutionized painting.

We're depressingly ingenious! Most of our time is spent subconsciously refining comfortable systems and formulas that retard growth, formulas that leave little room for risk, crisis, honesty, naivete and eyes-wide-open vision.

There's no crisis in drawing pine trees if our eyes are closed.

Robert Regier is a practicing artist and professor of art at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.



Acid Rain and the Flowering Earth

by Keith Helmuth

Well! What can a farmer say about acid rain? When I first read about this newly recognized man-made threat to the life of the earth a shudder went through my bones and into my soul.

Acid rain? Wide spread acid rain? The implications flashed through my brain, ringing alarm bells at the junctions of every neural circuit employed.

I work hard and spend considerable money applying crushed limestone to my fields to help neutralize the natural acidity of this northeastern soil. And now I am to understand that the rain — the God-given rain — is increasingly heavy with sulfuric acid?

Clean rain has a ph value of 5.5 to 6.0, just slightly acidic. But now we are getting rain with a ph value of 4.2 to 4.3, more than ten times the acidity of clean rain. Rain with the acidity of vinegar and lemon juice has been recorded.

Remember those spring evenings when after a day of planting, a warm soaking rain would set in, and as you closed the barn door and headed for the house you were filled with a sense of the blessing of the rain? Well farmers and gardeners, thanks to the industrial way of life neither you nor your children can, with an unclouded mind, breathe that silent prayer of gratitude. A central process in the structures of the earth's life support system — the great hydrologic cycle — has been poisoned to the extent that it now works as an agent in the dismantling of the biotic environment.

. . . I once loved the rain like a brother who could do no wrong.

It is a bitter thought, for I once loved the rain like a brother who could do no wrong. And now, though I love it still, I know it brings both a blessing and a curse.

Many lakes in upper Canada are already dead. No plant or animal life is any longer found in them. Over 200 lakes in the Adirondaks are dying. Annual forest growth in the northeast is down 14% between 1950 and 1970. Crop yields appear to be adversely affected. Acid soil ties up nutrients, making them unavailable to plants. The micro-organisms needed to keep soil rich and healthy do not survive acidification. Earth worms cannot tolerate highly acid soil.

The source of this leisurely disaster is no mystery. We know perfectly well why it is happening. The smelters, the petrochemical refineries, the coal and oil-fired electrical generating stations, the steel mills, the millions upon millions of cars, trucks and busses that start up each day; these are the main sources for the particulate matter which combines with atmospheric moisture and comes down as acid rain. But the real kicker, distinguishing acid rain from most other pollution problems, is the irreversibility of the damage. Progressive acidification means a steady reduction of the diversity of life forms in the biotic environment. The plain fact is this; the North American urban-industrial economy is systematically dismantling the order of creation. What greater blasphemy can be imagined?

We now have set before us, in the starkest of terms, the ancient choice between a blessing and a curse.

We can preserve and develop frugal, community-based, labor-intensive economics which are structured by the cycling of renewable resources. This is the path of good stewardship.

Or we can continue to explore the luxury, excitement, and security (so-called) of our earth-poisoning high technology. This is the path of "never enough."

If we don't pick up our tools and design a sustainable way of life, we will surely come to the time when we gaze from our windows at the toxic overcast sky and wonder why the plants in the garden seem so stunted, why the pasture will support so few sheep, and why the fishing is so poor.

Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."



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Can We Table The Future?

by Kenton K. Brubaker

I joined 5000 planners, professionals and professors from around the world at the First Global Conference On The Future held in Toronto this past July. I was impressed with the wide diversity of opinions held by these futurists but also the common understandings. I believe Dr. Mahbub ul Haq, a Pakistani policy planner for World Bank, summed up some Third World perspectives rather nicely in his "seven absolute economic goals for survival."

1. International taxation of rich nations and a world treasury.
2. Global management of resources.
3. Global development of non-fossil fuel energy resources.
4. International floor on poverty.
5. Restrained population growth in developing countries.
6. A world with open national borders.
7. Worldwide conviction that military defense produces insecurity, not security.

These survival goals place resource management and alternative energy research near the top of the list. In many sessions I heard speakers assert that the energy crisis and food production were closely linked. I was interested to see that Dr. Haq did not list increased food production as one of his economic goals: he considered basic economic problems to be the first order of business, with adequate food production following economic justice. Many development experts today feel that food production in developing countries is directly linked to the amount of money available to buy that food rather than to food production facilities.

Can we dismiss the future by voting to table resolutions directed toward human safety?

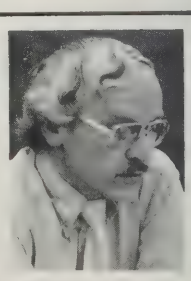
I read in the *Washington Post* this morning that India may soon become a food exporting country, although this does not mean that all citizens will be adequately, or even minimally, fed. The economic disparity between rich and poor still baffles the economic planners of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh.

Prof. Mashid of the Bangladesh Research Council had notes of optimism in his presentation on the future of food production in his desperately poor nation. His hope was based on the rich supplies of natural gas and possibly oil in that country. Bangladesh is able to manufacture its own nitrogen fertilizers from this valuable resource; again the food-energy linkage was illustrated.

Futurists attending the Toronto gathering were asked to choose among twenty-two seminar "tracks" such as "World Food: Will There Be Enough?", "Human Values and Religion," "Energy," and "Future Know-How and Methodologies." I found the wrap-up session of the Energy Seminar quite revealing. Here several hundred persons were asked to consider a resolution calling for dismantling of nuclear power plants. It was a rather responsible and future-oriented resolution in my mind. However it produced considerable fervor among the participants in the crowded conference room. Many impassioned speeches from the floor objected to the resolution. A man from New York City protested because he knew that one-third of their energy comes from nuclear powered plants. Finally someone moved that the resolution be tabled, a motion that was overwhelmingly approved by this technology and management-oriented group.

I suppose the question that remains with me is, "Can we table the future?" Concern is now rapidly increasing about the impossibility of evacuating residential areas around urban nuclear power plants in case of a nuclear accident. Can we dismiss the future by voting to table resolutions directed toward human safety? Hazel Henderson, the "end of economics" spokeswoman, reminded us in an opening speech at the future conference that we need a "SHE" world: Sane, Humanistic, and Ecological. When one considers the options, I believe I could go along with that.

Kenton K. Brubaker is Professor of Biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.



Community Applesauce

by Jewel Showalter

There's always a special joy that comes from creating something out of "nothing" — watching a beautiful quilt top emerge from scraps of leftover material, arranging dried grasses and weeds in an attractive bouquet, gathering wild asparagus along spring fence rows for a supper of creamed asparagus on toast. The list can go on indefinitely. This week our family creation was applesauce.

It all began when a neighbor called asking if we wanted any apples. "They're little and we haven't sprayed the tree, but they make good sauce and pies. The tree's loaded. You can just have all you want."

. . . I think I know a little bit about how He felt when He looked out on His world and said, "That's good."

"We'll be over," I assured her and after rounding up laundry baskets, boxes and bags, husband and children headed over for apples.

I readied bowls, knives, and saucepans. Several neighbors joined us on the side porch and when the fruit arrived we quartered the green, red-cheeked apples (no one knew what kind they were), cutting out bruised and rotten spots.

First the cutting, then the cooking, next the processing through the Victorio strainer, a marvelous invention that spits seeds and skins out the end while the hot, pure sauce gushes from the side. Children playing nearby rushed to crank through "the next" batch. Before long I was filling freezer containers and quart jars of my own. Others brought over their containers to fill with the tart warm sauce.

All day children drifted in and out of the operation — fetching pans of uncut apples, emptying scrap buckets, carrying quart jars. One family went away with 40 quarts of sauce, delighted especially because they had never made applesauce before.

We could hardly stop for lunch. While some ate fresh tomato sandwiches and dipped from a crockpot of pinto beans prepared by a neighbor, others continued to cut away at the boxes of apples, filling the back porch with their fragrance.

The day wore on. The smell of hot apples, the sounds of irritable children, the feel of raw skin on working thumbs, the sight of apple scraps scattered on the floor — all gave rise to the suggestion, "Lets go to the reservoir."

Children took up the chant, "The reservoir, the reservoir. We're goin' to the reservoir."

One family left with their day's work. Another hurried home to pack a picnic lunch while still others finished up the sauce.

"I'll bring a thermos of drink. We have some ham and cheese." Volunteer voices threw together an impromptu menu.

The beach was almost deserted when we arrived at 6:00 p.m., one hundred quarts of applesauce behind us. The lunch lacked nothing in variety and flavor. Only the salt shaker was forgotten.

"You know," someone remarked, "we wouldn't be having this picnic today if we hadn't made applesauce together."

We swam in water warmed by a day of sunshine, then sat in the evening's coolness to watch the sun set into the lake, well satisfied with the work of our hands.

It's true that God is really the only one who can create something out of nothing. But I think I know a little bit about how he felt when He looked out on His world and said, "That's good."

He makes the apples.

We make the applesauce.

Jewel Showalter spends her time mothering her three children — Chad, Rhoda, and Matthew — and writing an occasional article. She and her husband, Richard, live in Mechanicsburg, Ohio.



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Doctor Fischer of Geneva or The Bomb Party, Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, 1980. 156 pages.

This is not a Graham Greene classic. Persons who get high on allegories will probably love it, however. It is spare, cold, terse, and more or less feelingless.

Sure, there are endless insights to be gleaned, parallels to be drawn, and other clichés to be visited herein. Not that Greene lacks artistry. It lacks the warmth of story. One gets the impression that it was composed gruffly after a breakfast of cold eggs, icy coffee, and lukewarm oatmeal.

It seems unfair to deprive the allegory-lovers by revealing the details of the bomb party. Suffice it to say that Doctor Fischer was an evil man, powerful and wicked, who had a beautiful daughter who should have been named Virtue. Sound like modern Bunyan? You got it.



Karsh

Graham Green

The Spike, Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss. Crown, 1980. 374 pages. $12.95.

The crucial test of a spy story is whether the action can remain compelling while the author fleshes out his characters and themes into something profound. Graham Greene and Frederick Forsythe succeed most of the time; their books become minor literature. John le Carre's stories have staying power too.

This novel fails. An hour after one has finished reading, an aftertaste of dissatisfaction already blurs one's sense of the story. Characters seem thin, bent, used. Situations evaporate into unbelievability instead of riveting a little nook in one's memory. The novel becomes a passing thing rather than a lasting substance.

The authors create a journalist as the hero. That's a change. His exposure of intelligence services and the CIA create a furor. Then he faces the tough question: can he risk losing all his friends to expose the KGB?

Fun reading with an empty aftertaste. Not a bad idea — but the proof of the quality is always in the telling.

Signs of Spring, Laurel Lee. E. P. Dutton, 1980. 118 pages. $7.95

I wonder if Laurel Lee should have stopped with her first book, **Walking Through the Fire.** On the other hand, she's as sprightly here in her second as before, as chin-up-ish as ever. So what's bothering me?

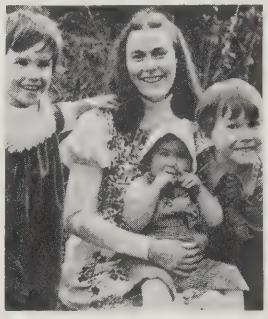
Laurel Lee has three children and Hodgkin's disease. She doesn't have a husband. He left when the uncertainty of living with a terminally ill wife wore him out.

I am exhausted and sceptical when I finish zooming through her diary. The woman suffers — and her words tell how graphically. She triumphs — and her images sing. Words work so well for her that her trials become her readers'. That accounts for the weariness I feel. When she recovers emotionally, I go up more slowly than she. That's when I get cautious.

I believe I'm bothered by what may eventually become of this woman. I know now that she can survive the scare of cancer. But will words always dance for her? Will knowing that her diaries are being read by multitudes begin to turn her into a show-off?

I thought I sensed a tiny bit of that in **Signs of Spring.** In her first book, Lee's tap on language made her vulnerable; this time I suspicioned that words were becoming her cover.

Despite all that, this book can't easily be put down! Laurel Lee has magic in her pen. That and her faith keep her going and her audiences reading.



Stu Levy

Laurel Lee

Make Your Family Stronger



In a day when many are saying the family is doomed, it's refreshing to hear from those who claim otherwise. Abingdon publishes a wide variety of positive, uplifting books by noted family experts whose aim is to build up—not tear down. And here are just five ways to strengthen *your* family . . .

What Should Parents Expect?
John M. Drescher $6.95

Proud Parenthood
John L. Felix $6.95

If I Were Starting My Family Again
John M. Drescher. $5.95

Train Up Your Child
A Guide for Christian Parents
Earline Doak Kendall and Betty Doak Elder $4.95, paper

Fathering: Fact or Fable
Edward V. Stein, editor $6.95

abingdon
at your local bookstore

Airplane! — An irreverent parody of Airport films, this loosely-connected sequence of one-liners, pans, and gags reminds one of **Saturday Night Live.** That's the trouble: it's too much like TV. (5)

The Big Red One — A rough but masterful episodic vision of war in which the camera seldom opens up, leaving one feeling suffocated, which may not be unlike being a soldier. Lee Marvin is superb as the WW II sergeant. Reminds one of **Red Badge of Courage,** but this one's flawed. (7)

The Blue Lagoon — Is this Romeo and Juliet in the jungle? Why the lack of story? And why is the love so sterile as to seem a curiosity? A boy and a girl, cousins, stranded on an island, function as brother and sister until they become lovers. Muted acting, unbelievable story, great photography. (5)

Caddyshack — Television-type ideas keep surfacing on the big screen. This one about a bunch of laughable characters at a golf club wears thin. Chevy Chase is the best of the bunch. (4)

Come Have Coffee With Us — Italian film about a proper-appearing bureaucrat who seduces three spinster sisters. Or is it the other way around? (3)

Dressed to Kill — Brian De Palma's sensational terror film about an attractive wife who seeks her sexual fantasy in the streets of New York. If it's a masterpiece, we missed it. Angie Dickinson stars with Michael Caine. (4)

The Final Countdown — An ingenious and effective story of a present-day aircraft carrier carried back 40 years in time by a "time warp." They have to decide whether to permit the Japanese to bomb Pearl Harbor! Quite enjoyable. Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, and Katharine Ross. (6)

The Getting of Wisdom — An excellent story from Australia about the pains of growing up. A rural lass in a high-brow girls' school. Her talent for learning and playing the piano miff her "betters," so she turns to lying and cheating to win her awards for wisdom. Charming, well done, and memorable. (7)

Hangar 18 — A stretched tale which one wishes could have been believed about the powers that be attempting to keep the general public from knowing the truth about visitors from outer space. Parts are very good. (4)

Honeysuckle Rose — An old-fashioned tale (similar to **Coal Miner's Daughter**) about a singer, his love of the road, his unfaithfulness to his wife, and his humiliation. But it ends well. Willie Nelson is magnificent! (8)

The Hunter — A B-grade Steve McQueen yarn about a bounty hunter on the urban range. Plenty of action but lacking depth. (4)

Middle Age Crazy — Bruce Dern portrays a successful contractor and family man who flips out when he turns 40. Ann-Margret becomes angry with his Porsche, jeans, and Dallas Cowgirl affair. Story falls apart in the end. Too bad. (6)

Mountain Men — Charlton Heston and Brian Keith as two old-timers in the wild west. Lumbers, with some sweet moments. (3)

My Bodyguard — A small movie which combines a simple story and basic feelings into an excellently-portrayed drama. Put a bright little kid, a bully, and a big kid in a public school and you got trouble. Fun and tender. Maybe too sentimental. (8)

Octagon — A martial arts story of good and evil which isn't worth the time. (1)

Practice Makes Perfect — A concert pianist in his fifties keeps chasing and losing women, highlighting the shallowness of his life in a bittersweet way. (4)

Raise the Titanic — They want the ship for its rare minerals — for defense purposes. But don't put down what you're doing. You can sleep more comfortably at home. Slow-paced, undramatic, and boring. (2)

Smokey and the Bandit II — Burt Reynolds and Sally Field escort a pregnant elephant from Florida to Texas, chased by Jackie Gleason. It's really very boring. Also quite self-conscious. (3)

Somewhere in Time — A wonderful combination love story/fantasy in which a young playwright travels back in time to meet a beautiful actress of another era. The story, the pace, and the acting sweep one into another world. (9)

Xanadu — A flimsy story put together as an excuse for Olivia Newton-John and Gene Kelly to sing and dance in tandem. (3)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.





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Ten years ago we asked, "What would happen to a Mennonite if he

- *. . . looked in the Limmat River where Felix Manx was drowned for his faith?*
- *. . . stood at the door of Ruedi Thomann's farmhouse where the free church movement was born?*
- *. . . saw the wealth and glory Conrad Grebel left behind when he chose 'rather to suffer with the people of God'?*
- *. . . worshiped God simply with brothers and sisters in the Cave of the Anabaptists?*
- *. . . visited the tiny village where Hans Haslibach was arrested as a heretic?*
- *. . . wandered through the hills in Austria where Anabaptist hunters killed whole families?*
- *. . . accepted the hospitality of Frisian Mennonites in the community where Menno Simons had accepted it earlier?"*

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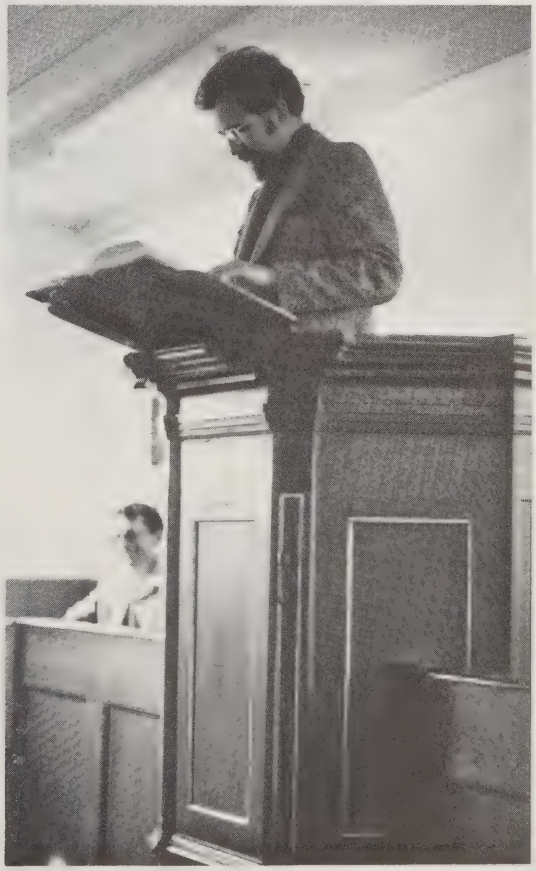


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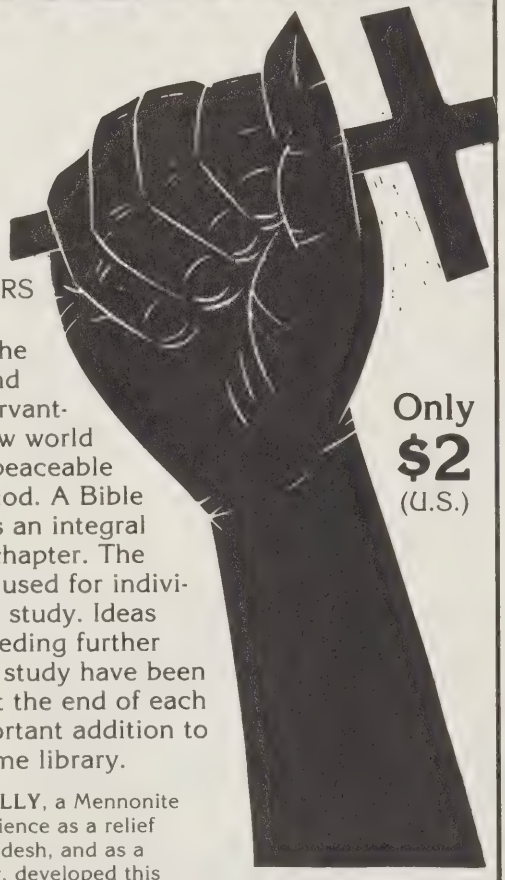
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Why Would Anyone Want a Mennonite?

by Katie Funk Wiebe

FQ reader Joel A. Wiebe of Fresno, CA, writes that someone walked into his office and said, "Hey, Saturday is the Mennonite sale!" to which another person responded, "Really? I've always wanted a Mennonite."

Why would anyone want a Mennonite? Let me recite the reasons they are in demand.

They're frugal. One Mennonite went to a shoe store to buy some new shoes for his size 9 feet. After trying on several kinds, he picked a pair he liked, and said to the clerk, "I'll take these in size 12 — that way I get more for my money."

They're astute in business. At an auction sale, a wallet containing $700 was lost. The owner, hoping to retrieve it, announced over the public address system, "I just lost my wallet with $700 in it. I'll give $50 to the person who finds it." From the rear, a Mennonite spoke up, "I'll give $75."

They put first things first. The son of a middle-aged couple enrolled in pre-ministerial courses in college to provide himself with double insurance against a possible draft — his C.O. status and a draft-exempt profession. Their neighbor heard he had also made the football team. "What position does he play?" he asked. "I'm not sure," said the mother, "but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

They never rush into anything. The guide mentioned to his European tour group that they would be able to buy Mennonite watches at Immensee, Switzerland, if they could wait until they got to this factory. "What's the difference between a Mennonite-made watch and others?" asked a tour member. "They're twenty years slower," he replied.

They know how to keep the preacher humble. A priest was showing a Mennonite pastor through the new cathedral. Finally, they came to the place where the priests live. "It's better than our parsonage," said the astounded pastor. "Oh," said the priest, "you Mennonites have better halves; surely you wouldn't begrudge us better quarters."

They're dedicated to serve. Usually a husband says to a wife in the fall, "Do you have anything for me to do around the house before the football season begins?" but the Mennonite husband says, "Do you have anything for me to do before the church season begins?"

They're skilled in teaching sex education. One couple began the process by showing their youngster a picture of a father, mother and child in the bathtub together. They waited with baited breath for his reaction. The child scanned the picture, then said, "They don't have any boats to play with!"

They keep jogging despite severe obstacles. In one small community the sight of a middle-aged couple loping down the sidewalk is still enough to set tongues wagging. One matron, feeling that if people will talk, they should have something to talk about, quickly runs ahead of her husband when she sees someone coming to make it look as if he is chasing her.

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and columns, and an English teacher at Tabor College.



The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submission to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

As I See It

by Angie B. Williams

So I'm a Mennonite. After 25 years in the Mennonite Church, I have become totally integrated and immersed in it. The emphasis on the authority of Scripture drew me, but if that ceases to be the case, I could exit more quickly than I came. My Christianity takes priority over my Mennonitism. While we laud the heroes of the faith, we forget their emphasis on discipleship and obedience to Christ. Our contemporary brand of Mennonitism bears little recognizable resemblance to anabaptism. I contend that we should base our convictions not on long-established traditions, but on God's Word, and separate cultural practices from Scriptural "thus saith the Lord's."

Are we really peacemakers? Reconcilers. Peacemakers. Non-resistant. Those terms don't describe a large percentage of my Mennonite friends. Before we become ambassadors for world peace, we must make peace with God, ourselves, and our brothers and sisters.

I get weary of belaboring racial issues. I see it as an excuse for not dealing with the real issue of total commitment to the Lordship of Christ. Racial designations have been the whipping boy far too long. When will we let the scapegoat go free and get to the heart of the problem? It is not the pigmentation of the skin, but the contamination of sin! God has not called me to be black; He has called me to be a disciple, and I consider my tan as incidental.

I have no axe to grind with the Mennonite Church. I see the Church as being far ahead in some areas of doctrine and practice. Yet, it causes me deep concern to read in the minutes of a prominent church committee, "The question was raised as to whether we really want black leadership to emerge. Black writers are needed who are not trying to be white and middle class." What is that supposed to mean? I make no apology for being middle class and speaking the "king's English."

When I was approached about serving as vice-president of the churchwide WMSC seven years ago, I was aghast. Three questions emerged. "Are you being pressured to integrate this committee, or do I have some gifts suited to it?" "Are there 200 Anglo women in the church who could do the job better?" If so, go for one of them. "Must I start as vice-president, or is there a lesser position?"

What is all this noise about *visibility* of minorities? God has not called me to be seen, but to be a servant! I will not be party to reverse discrimination. Yet I am keenly aware that some are making those demands. It is easy to oil the wheel that squeaks the loudest, but when the church approaches me, try a different grade of oil. I suggest we begin where we are to be the people of God. We cannot correct the inequities of the past by over-compensating in the present!

Angie B. Williams works with Choice Books, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and is vice-president of Women's Missionary and Service Commission (WMSC).



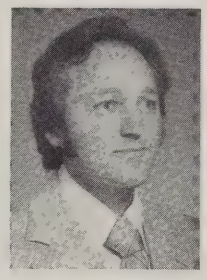
The editors welcome Mennonite members of minorities of any nationality to write stories dealing with their own experiences of belonging to a minority group. Manuscripts should be no longer than 400 words.

Center for Mennonite, Amish, and Hutterite Studies

Annual Music Conference

November 7 and 8, 1980

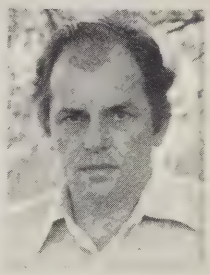
Lancaster Mennonite High School



Marvin Miller



Esther Wiebe



John Ruth

Workshops:

"Arranging and Selecting Music for Adults" — Esther Wiebe
"My Favorite Hymns" — John Ruth
"A Song-leading Clinic: Learning to Use the Hymnal; How to Be Inspired" — Marvin Miller
"What Should Children Hear and Sing at Home" — Jim and Marian Burkholder and their family
"Worship Planning for Worship Leaders, Ministers, and Song Leaders" — William Weaver
"A Music-Reading Clinic: Choosing a Repertoire for Children" — John Miller
"How to Use Instruments in Worship" — Dave and Rosene Rohrer

Harvest Music Festival — This annual event will again culminate this music weekend — with 2½ hours of solid music by a variety of groups and performers! This year it's in the gym, to accommodate the crowd. An offering will be taken in lieu of admission.

(Co-sponsored by Lancaster Conference Worship and Creative Expression Commission.)

For details on registration contact The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534. Phone: (717) 768-7171.

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November, December, 1980, January, 1981

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exploring the art, faith, and culture of Mennonite peoples

Family Calendars —

A Way to Hold Memories

January

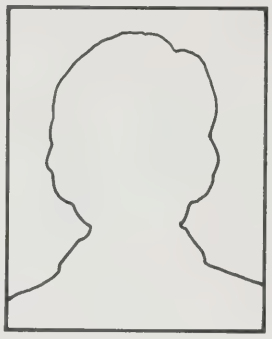
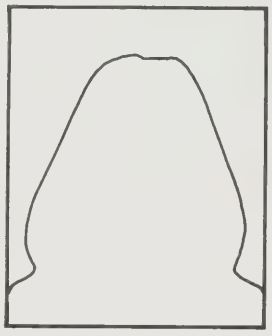
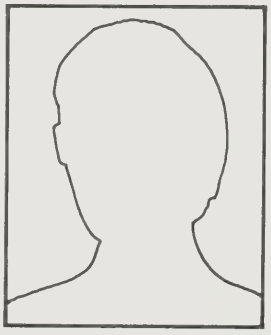
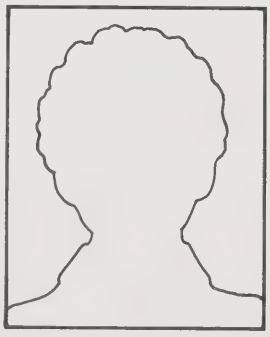
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
utchered steer Canned pork and sauerkraut Fetched feed from Eastern States Visited State Farm Show at H-burg Played jack knife in stripping room Went "bowling" on room floor using marbles and gun shells		1 1962 Aaron and Ruth married 1956 Earl baptized NEW YEAR'S DAY	2 1973 Betsy, Billy and Bev had the chicken pox	3 1952 Foosie's barn burned down	4 1943 Mary Z taught Luke the time of the clock	5 1972 Lara born in Stanford, Cal. 11:32 p.m. 8 lb, 2½ oz.
6 1950 Grace had black eye from falling down cellar steps	7 1897 Great Grandpa Martin married 19 year old bride	8 1974 Minh born in Saigon at 7:10 p.m. after nurses shooed black cat out of delivery room. 8 lb. 9 oz.				12 early 1950s At supper table each family member read Bible verse from a card & others guessed the reference
13 1952 Luke & friends "scouted" Paul Snader, Marlin Wert & Marty Sauder	14 1967 Great Grandma Martin died, age 89 years. She lived under 17 Presidents; Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison,	15 McKinley, T. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, F. Roosevelt, Truman Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson				19 1949 Bought new John Deere manure spreader
20 1943 Grandpa sold tobacco at 20¢ a pound	21 1951 Ray baptized. Only black shoes allowed. 1978 Ray & Luann left for Ghana in a snowstorm	22 1951 Mary left for EMC's six week short-term Bible School with Milton Brackbill	23 1970 Billy born with dimple beside his mouth. 8:03 a.m. 8 lb., 4 oz.	24 c 1971 Luann began job as advertising manager in Goshen Bank	25 c 1971 Jim D moved to Washington to be part of Church of the Savior community	26 1951 Phone at farm changed to automatic dial ELgin 4-0203
27 1948 Family traded in 1933 Ford for new 1948 Ford from B.Z. Mellinger for $ 1,500	28 1948 Grandpa, Grandma, baby Grace and 1 "little boy" sat in front seat; other 5 children sat in back seat	29 1940 Raymond born in back room of farmhouse, 1:30 a.m., 9½ lb.	30 c 1951 Aaron blew into a lighted cigar in the stripping room	31 1968 Earl and Pat hid under the same bed during Tet Offensive in Vietnam	Brushed eggs Sewed clothing Went sledding Stripped tobacco Made snowman Made taffy on Sunday evenings	



"c" means approximate date

Also in this issue —

- Can One Fail and Remain a "Good" Mennonite?
- From Around the World — "How I Make and Keep Peace"

These persons need your help to become FQ readers.

They are willing.
Are you?

If you sent a dollar to the International Subscription Fund for every three dollars you spend on your own subscription, thousands of persons overseas who wish to receive **FQ** *(but can't afford it) could do so!*

Mennonite World Conference has set up a special International Subscription Fund so brothers and sisters overseas can join our conversation on how our beliefs interact with our practices, especially as it relates to culture and the arts. But economic realities make our subscription rate (in fact, *any* subscription rate) prohibitive for many of these potential readers.

Already the requests are beginning to come in. We've set $25,000 as a goal to help with these requests for **Festival Quarterly** by January, 1981.

If you would like to help foster this international sharing and fellowship, you may send a gift to: International Subscription Fund — FQ, Mennonite World Conference, 528 E. Madison Street, Lombard, Illinois 60148. Mennonite World Conference will issue you a tax-deductible receipt.

Thanks for your help in strengthening our family/faith ties, and in broadening the international exchange on vital issues.

Do Church Boards Hamper Vision?

I confess to some snideness about all the bureaucracy we Mennonites have saddled ourselves with. Why do we need thousands of motions and minutes to manage our church family business? We love meetings. Structure gives us comfort. And picking at all the above has become a major sport.

Well, the way to shut up some skeptics is to include them. So a year ago I attended my first Mennonite Church General Board meeting. This group does not have programs to operate; instead it decides which other Boards handle what responsibilities. After three days I felt like a traffic controller; a very picky one, at that. We moved and minuted *ad infinitum*.

Meeting Number Two happened a few weeks ago. For three days (8 a.m. through 9 p.m. with food breaks only) we sat before grim gray dockets. Thursday evening we left Lombard with numb heads and posteriors. My body may have been stationary for most of 56 hours, but my heart had been moved. I've been trying to figure out ever since what touched me. There is the chance I've simply become one of the "boys." (If so, it certainly happened faster than I expected!)

I liked the vulnerability I felt within the group those days. Most discussions revolved around two themes; How can we be more accountable to each other, given our farflung geography and theology, and should we kill programs when the dollars don't come in?

Dealing with discipline and demise is no party. So why in the face of all this dreary discussion was I encouraged? I had some pleasant surprises: 1.) Although we plowed through an impressive stack of reports and proposals, the Board still took most of its cues from the Spirit — and the people. The will of both broke through repeatedly. 2.) No Boards should be blamed for keeping prophets at bay. The Boards simply don't have that kind of clout. Clear-eyed vision will break through, with or without them.

— PPG

Can Peoplehood Embrace Either Failure or Excellence?

It has been pointed out that the Amish and other Old Order groups among our family of faith suffer from an almost unbearable tension: 1) On one hand, humility is held up as an ultimate virtue; serve others, battle pride, put self last; 2) But on the other hand, perfection too is exalted as the goal of our faith-lives; "Be ye therefore perfect as I am perfect."

It strikes me that our so-called modern fellowships suffer no less from this burden.

At first light, these twin virtues of Perfection and Humility would seem to go hand in hand. For many, it works that way. However, the footnotes of our congregational and family histories are crowded with the seldom-told stories of the sorry victims who couldn't bear the tension.

If one seeks to be perfect for quite some time, for years perhaps, a great deal of vested interest naturally accumulates. Am I as imperfect as I was in the beginning, or am I closer to the goal?

Our neighbors and our peers, through the centuries, have generally told us that we're closer to the goal. So how do we receive such complimentary feedback? The more we work at perfection, the more our humility tends to wane.

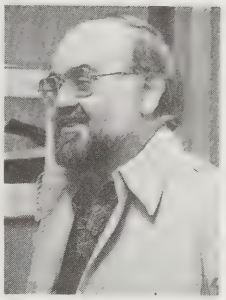
Not to mention those who fail. We find it difficult to tolerate anyone who isn't close to our standard of Near-Perfection. But we are also as ruthless with those who excel among us. Can one sing in the Metropolitan Opera and belong to Mennonite peoplehood? Can one become a brilliant scientist and remain accepted in the church? If one's abilities in management and forecasting result in a multi-million dollar business venture, can that person remain a full member of the fellowship without feeling used and suspect?

Our standard of Perfection crucifies those who fail, and our teaching on Humility ridicules those who excel.

Is the point of Christian peoplehood to squeeze out both those who fail and those who excel from the body of believers? You could have fooled me.

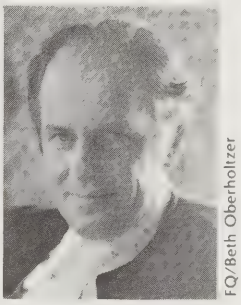
—MG

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Why do many prosperous among us find it hard to belong?
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FQ/Kenneth Pellman

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Kid vs. Coal Furnace, A Grating Winter's Tale

by Michael Kernan

Each quarter **Festival Quarterly** features speeches or essays from the larger world which because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom are of interest to our readers.

About this time of year a lot of householders begin to think about converting to gas, or possibly wood, and the heating-oil people get nervous. You know because they send you cheerful brochures on The Story of Oil with pictures of Alaska, Texas, Canada, the North Sea, in fact almost any place except Iran.

Now for some of us, this is not an amazing event. It is very difficult to amaze people over 50, for they have learned that everything happens in cycles.

I figure I must have spent one-seventh of my childhood in the cellar tending the coal furnace.

I remember being terribly excited when my father said we were going to convert. To oil. From coal.

I figure I must have spent one-seventh of my childhood in the cellar tending the coal furnace.

It was a life style.

Every day before school and every night after homework I went down there to feed the iron baby. It was about the size of a Cadillac resting on its side, except it wasn't shiny.

First, you grabbed the arm-length iron handle at the side and jiggled it up and down to make the grates move, shaking down the dead ashes. The grates were made of iron too. Nobody ever had to tell me what was meant by a grating sound.

Then you shoveled the ashes into some old garbage cans. When there were too many ashes to fit (meaning that you had failed to empty the cans recently), you dumped the rest into a bushel basket standing nearby. This had a tendency to burst into flame, so you squirted water on it from a handy garden hose.

That in turn created a great cloud of fine white ash, which covered everything, including you in your school clothes.

There was an iron rod called a poker, five feet long with a loop handle at one end and a 90-degree bend at the other, with a point. When you got a clinker, a hard chunk of residue that stuck in the grates, you had to pick the furnace's teeth, blundering down through the bed of hot coals with the poker.

After a while the poker got white-hot. Then you could pull it out and carve your name yet again on the raw pine boards of the coal bin, making lovely woodsmoke. Or you could plunge it into a pail of water, which would promptly hiss and boil. I learned a lot about physics in the cellar.

Finally you shoveled in the new coal. A kid knew about coal in those days. There were rice, pea, chestnut, egg and I forget what other sizes, and we knew them by sight. Which was no great thing, when you come to think of it.

Every kid also knew the sound of coal rushing down the battered chute through a cellar window beneath the bedroom. More often than not, the noise would interfere with your dreams in various complicated ways. You got to know all the stages, from the first tentative patter to the great roar to the final gasps as the deliveryman helped the last bits from the uplifted truck bed with his shovel.

Our town had a coal shed. (Every town had a coal shed.) It was built over the railroad siding in vaguely Gothic style with a clerestory. There were glassless windows high in the clerestory for some reason. I suppose they were for the train to blow smoke through, but as far as I was concerned, nobody ever used them except to throw snowballs at.

Our dog liked coal. He would steal a lump from the cellar and lie out on the lawn chewing it. On a winter night I could see him there, nearly covered by snow from the blizzard, contentedly worrying his piece of coal. He preferred egg coal.

One autumn I used some old orange crates for kindling to start the furnace. Eventually the wood ashes were shaken down along with the coal and spread on the driveway.

Ashes were perfect for covering the icy spots and potholes. Coal ashes often have hunks of slag in them, sharp as lava. Handling coal ashes is something like handling the inside of a Butterfinger bar. But orange crates are something else. Orange-crate ashes have nails in them. The summer after that particular autumn our car had a flat tire every two weeks. I got so I could change a tire in four minutes.

Coal was part of life. Even *The Shadow* on the radio was sponsored by Blue Coal. Then one summer we switched to oil, and coal vanished as fast as buggy whips.

I hear coal is coming back now. The Anthracite Institute of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is getting hundreds of calls from all over the Northeast.

"They are asking where they can get bagged anthracite," says the Institute. "It's about the same price as wood, and it's got far more BTUs."

That is to say, it stays hotter longer. It doesn't smell as marvelous. Actually it doesn't smell much at all.

Coal is coming back. Wonderful. I'm for it. Just don't ask me to go down in the cellar again.

Reprinted from *Smithsonian*, December, 1980, by permission of the author.

Festival Quarterly

The **Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith, and arts of the various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and art are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live. Copyright © 1980 by Good Enterprises, Ltd., Vol. 7, No. 4. All correspondence should be addressed to **Festival Quarterly,** 2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. Second-class postage paid at Lancaster, PA. For U.S. readers: one year — $6.75; two years — $11.75; three years — $15.75. All other countries: one year — $7.95 (U.S. funds); two years — $13.95 (U.S. funds); three years — $17.95 (U.S. funds).

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

On the cover — A sheet from the calendar, "Martin's Memories"; photo by Luann Habegger Martin.

The Mennonite Artists Contemporary Exhibition Lives On

If you missed the exhibition of 45 Mennonite artists who showed 56 works at Goshen College last fall, you can still gain some appreciation for it through an illustrated catalog. And if you wonder how this show compared with one held in 1975, a catalog is available for that one too. Send $5.25 for each catalog with your order to the Goshen College Bookstore, Goshen, Ind. 46526.

Upcoming Goshen College Gallery Exhibits

Paintings	Debra Clem	Jan. 5 – 25
Paintings and Sculpture	Herron School of Art Faculty	Feb. 1 – 22
Various Media	Goshen College Students	March 1 – 18
Various Media	Goshen College Students	March 22 – April 12
Wood Carving Sculpture and Drawing	Ralph Bower	May 3 – 24
	Moira Geoffrion	June 7 – 29

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January 2-4

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January 9-11

Who Gets The Family Business?
January 30-February 1

Anabaptist Heritage Retreat
February 6-8

New Housing Ideas For The '80s
March 13-15

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March 27-29

For Program Flyers, write or call: Laurelville Mennonite Church Center, Route 5, Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666, (412-423-2056).

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Needed:
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Applications are now being taken for a full-time job which includes design and art responsibilities related to Festival Quarterly magazine, The People's Place, The Old Country Store, and various publishing and product lines under Good Enterprises, Ltd. Call or write Merle and Phyllis Good, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534. (Phone: 717/768-7171). Position needs to be filled no later than June 1, 1981.



Herald Press: What's New and Challenging for Growing Christians

For Adults

Living More with Less
Doris Janzen Longacre provides practical suggestions for living with less contained in chapters on clothing, housing, transportation, and travel, eating together, homekeeping, recreation, money, meetinghouses, celebrations, and strengthening each other.
Paper $6.95, in Canada $8.05

A Third Way
Paul M. Lederach presents an affirmation of the Anabaptist/Mennonite faith: neither Protestant nor Catholic but a third, radical perspective on the Scriptures and the Christian way.
Paper, $6.95, in Canada $8.05

Kingdom Citizens
John Driver guides the reader through a study of the Sermon on the Mount. For those who desire a life of discipleship which corresponds more nearly with God's intention for His community.
Paper $6.95, in Canada $8.05

The Gift of a Sound Mind
James E. Johnson shares positive approaches to emotional health through fasting, meditating, prayer, and work. He also highlights factors which undermine emotional health, such as defensiveness and TV.
Paper $6.95, in Canada $8.05

For Children

Loaves and Fishes
Linda Hunt, Marianne Frase, and Doris Liebert introduce children 7-and-up to healthy eating in a world of limited resources. Recipes encourage the children themselves to use basic ingredients to produce wholesome, delicious, fun foods.
Ringbound $5.95, in Canada $6.90

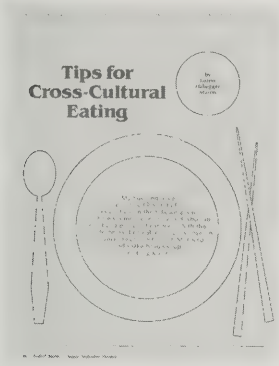
The King's Book
Louise A. Vernon's latest novel takes 9-to-14-year-olds back to see the story behind the translation of the Scriptures into the King James Version.
Paper $3.25, in Canada $3.75

Secret in the City
Marian Hostetler takes 9-to-14-year-olds into church volunteer service in the city. Young Jo Clifford learns of the joys, frustrations, and mystery of living in the city.
Paper $3.25, in Canada $3.75

Rosalie at Eleven
Dorothy Hamilton's sequel to *Rosalie* once again takes 9-to-14-year-olds back to the early 1900s in rural Indiana.
Paper $3.25, in Canada $3.75

Herald Press
Dept. FQ,
Scottdale, PA 15683
Kitchener, ON N2G 4M5

The August, September, October issue of **Festival Quarterly** was enjoyable. Evelyn and I particularly identified with Luann Habegger Martin's article on "Tips for Cross-cultural Eating." One of the joys of living overseas is learning to enjoy the national foods. During the two years that Evelyn and I lived in Ghana I traveled all over Ghana eating in villages where only national food was available. I would have had an unhappy two years had I not enjoyed the Ghanaian food. Evelyn also enjoyed "Americanizing" many of the available foods. Ground nut stew (peanut) became our favorite and we still have it occasionally, especially when we have friends in our home that have lived in West Africa.



We enjoy the variety of material that you include in each issue. We also enjoy the fact that most of the articles are short and to the point. Keep up the good work and may God continue to guide you is our prayer.

Lloyd and Evelyn Fisher
Akron, Pennsylvania

Though I am a Methodist by denominational affiliation, the more I learn from Doris Longacre, Ron Sider, etc., the more I think I am Mennonite at heart!

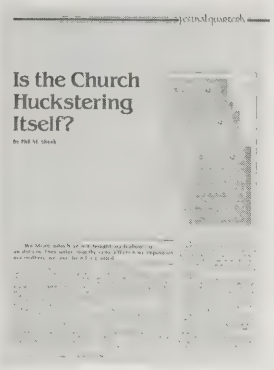
Please send me info regarding your **Quarterly.**

Dub Ambrose
Staff Youth Minister
Putnam City United Methodist Church
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I have news to share with you at **Festival Quarterly;** I have been able to locate a copy of Volume 1: Number 1 for our library and tomorrow we send a complete set of **FQ's** to Regina to be bound. Swift Current Bible Institute has just begun to bind its periodicals and I'm excited with each completed set. I was very much afraid that we might not locate that rare first copy; but Bethel College Archives was able to help us out.

The most recent issue of **Festival Quarterly** arrived several days ago. **Festival Quarterly** is appreciated here. I'm sure we don't realize how much effort is involved in keeping up a high quality standard. But when the paper arrives, I do more than just make a tick on its card and file it for circulation—I usually read quite a bit first. Thanks a lot.

Judy Epp, Librarian
Swift Current Bible Institute
Swift Current, Saskatchewan



I sense no need to respond to the bulk of Phil Shenk's article, "Is the Church Huckstering Itself?", since Nancy Heisey of Mennonite Central Committee already responded well, and J. Lawrence Burkholder pointed out why MCC is in a different position than some other institutions.

But I must point out an irony for which I chuckled. Shenk claims that "institutional leaders . . . are very careful to allow only successes to fill their press releases, never any failure." The first article in the MCC News Service packet used to illustrate Shenk's article, however, tells of negative developments for the poor of an Atlanta neighborhood and suggests that the presence of an MCC unit there may have inadvertently contributed. Though this is not the story of a failure, it is certainly the story of an at best ambiguous "success."

I cannot speak for other institutions' information services. I know that I wrote that article consciously desiring to tell Mennonite readers that our programs don't always work out like we hoped they would.

Gerald W. Schlabach,
MCC Information Services
Akron, Pennsylvania

I am not renewing **Festival Quarterly** at this time since my subscription runs well into calendar year 1982. However, your recent note regarding increased subscription rates along with some other items did prompt me to write to you. I would like to thank you especially for your editorial in the recent issue. The question which I think most editors face at some time or another is how hard to push in order to get an issue out on time. Particularly if that means decreasing the quality of the material in the journal. I want to encourage you as strongly as I can to publish quality material even if it occasionally means that the Journal is slightly late. I would far rather wait for my issue and want to read it than have it on time and wonder what to do with it.

Being involved myself to a very limited extent in a publishing effort, I know that we constantly ask ourselves the same question. I just want you to know how much I appreciate the magazine because it insists on quality. Keep up the good work.

H. David Brandt, Dean
Messiah College
Grantham, PA

Several people have already commented on their enjoyment of the reprint from the **Quarterly** — "Things That Life Is Too Short For." Thank you for allowing us to share it with our readers.

Payment and renewal subscription is enclosed. And our best wishes to you and your staff family during the coming year.

Janice P. York
Editor, Mass Media Newsletter
Baltimore, Maryland

Once in a while a dream or circumstance encourages the growth of an idea.

Elsa Redekopp of 89 Helmsdale created a string quartette now named Holiday Strings to provide a musical opportunity for a Russian immigrant. It has since grown beyond the original intent and each summer senior citizen homes in our area are delighted by their music.

Perhaps you may want to pursue this a little.

We enjoy **FQ** and are encouraged by your enthusiasm and dedication.

Anita Buller
Winnipeg, Manitoba

FQ is a joy to receive!

Joseph R. Hoover, MD
Fort Wayne, Indiana

We are frequent visitors to the Lancaster area and are very much interested in the Amish and Mennonite people. I believe that many Americans could benefit by learning more about them and putting into practice a lot of their beliefs. I feel renewed after visiting southeastern Lancaster County—wish I could move up there!

Do you know of any books about Amish and Mennonite cultures for pre-school children? We buy furniture from an Amish family. The last time we were there, my little girl was playing with one of their daughters and asked her, "Do Amish people go to sleep at night?" So maybe if she had a book or two about Amish children, she would better understand that they are like her in many ways.

Linda Wilson
Annandale, Virginia

Just received the paper today. Enjoy it thoroughly from cover to cover. Keep up the good work.

Just don't neglect the children even if it means we get the paper a little late. Ours are grown up and gone and we have never been sorry for the time we have spent with them. God bless you.

Ed and Sara Stoesz
Altona, Manitoba

You are doing a nice job with the magazine. Best of everything to both of you.

Paul W. Shank
Goshen, Indiana

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to **Festival Quarterly,** *2497 Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster, PA 17602. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.*

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The International Subscription Fund is to assist persons overseas (excluding western Europe but including Central and South Americas) to receive FESTIVAL QUARTERLY magazine free of charge. Overseas personnel of Mennonite programs and projects are also eligible.

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• "Violence is present whenever the human dignity of an individual is oppressed, ignored, or abused," writes Ronald C. Arnett in his new book *Dwell in Peace* (Brethren Press, Elgin, IL, 1980). Presented in terms of a peacemaking lifestyle, the book suggests ways of resolving interpersonal conflict without violence.

• *Plumb Line: Straight Talk for Christians and Other Sinners* is a collection of pungent, one-page meditations by Clyde E. Weaver (Brethren Press, Elgin, IL, 1980). Included among the twenty-three titles are Love on Four Wheels, Minute Miracles, Obscene Word Power, Second Place Winners, and Global Time Bomb.

• A worship resource packet, *From Everlasting to Everlasting — God's Faithfulness,* is available from the Mennonite Publishing House, 616 Walnut Avenue, Scottdale, PA 15683.
• Based on Psalm 90, the packet includes a 64-page leader's guide, a 90-minute cassette with stories and music, and 12 church bulletins.
• The packet is designed for a three-month period of use in Sunday School department assemblies, junior church, club devotionals, or congregational worship. Three additional packets will be released at three-month intervals.

• *As Angels of Light* (Kindred Press, Hillsboro, KS) is the story by Rose Johnson (as told to Don Ratzlaff) of her brief experience as a member of the Unification Church. Johnson offers a first-person account of her induction into and breakaway from the Moonies as well as advice to parents, young people and the church on how to avoid cultic involvement.

• The Council on Faith, Life, and Strategy of the Mennonite Church has requested a reissuing of Howard H. Charles' *Alcohol and the Bible* (Herald Press, Scottdale, PA), currently out of print. The 48-page booklet, scheduled for release in January 1981, examines Biblical material for guidance in formulating an attitude toward the use of alcohol.

• Yet another award for the highly acclaimed *Days of Terror* (Herald Press, Scottdale, PA), by Barbara Claassen Smucker — the 1980 Ruth Swartz Foundation Award for the best in Canadian children's literature.

• A newly published history of the Evangelical Mennonite Church (EMC) is titled *You Must Be Born Again.* Written by Stan Nussbaum, the history covers the 100-year life of the EMC, a group originated by followers of an Amish bishop who stressed the experience of regeneration. The book may be obtained from the EMC conference office in Fort Wayne and EMC congregations.

• *Wymyschle,* a 62-page book by David Ratzlaff, Calgary, Alberta, gives a historical look at the spiritual character of a small Mennonite Brethren settlement in Wymyschle, Poland prior to World War II.

• *The Peter Lohrentz Family, 1811-1980,* by Solomon L. Loewen, Hillsboro, KS, traces the movements of Peter Lohrentz and his descendants from West Prussia to the Molotschna settlement in Russia to Kansas.

• Brethren Press has slated for 1985 a book commemorating the 100th anniversary of women's work in the Church of the Brethren. Project director Pam Brubaker Lowe is requesting suggestions of women from different areas and time frames for highlighting in several chapters on individual women. Lowe is receiving nominations at 730 W. Columbia St., Springfield, OH 45504.

• *Pennyroyal* is a collection of verses and songs by Catherine J. Miller, many of which were written for the "Herold der Wahrheit" church paper, between 1935 and 1945. Miller's works, while "earnestly spiritual," yet full of "refinement and verbal sensitivity," have been gathered and published by her niece and husband, Glenn and Dorcas Miller Lehman, Lancaster, PA.

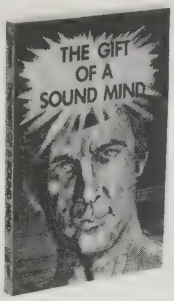
• *Four Buds in His Bouquet* (Evangelical Mennonite Conference, Steinbach, Manitoba), written by Betty Barkman, highlights the spiritual struggles of a family who lost four children to a rare heart disease.

• *SHUN* Magazine, (Portland, OR), is a publication "by and for persons with Anabaptist leanings or slants." Humorous stories and drawings are intended to help Mennonites "lay aside seriousness" about themselves.

• *Every Heart Beats True* is a slide set available from MCC's AV library which proposes a Christian approach to registration and the draft. Topics include the peace witness of early Christians, teachings of Jesus, the just-war doctrine, and the nature of military service.

• *Fund-Raising Project with a World Hunger Emphasis* (Herald Press, 1980) provides 21 ideas for step-taking by individuals, families and other groups. The projects are designed to raise money for food development programs around the world, and to encourage sensitivity and active response to the resource-wasteful consumer behavior of North Americans which contributes to hunger problems.

Familiar actions such as crop gleaning, gardening and hunger walks are supplemented with less usual manure-gathering, self-imposed export crop and junk food surcharges, and eating out clubs. Instructions for each project are followed by a brief explanation of a related aspect of the hunger problem.



The Gift of a Sound Mind, James E. Johnson. Herald Press, 1980. $6.95.

Reviewed by Darlene Driedger

Are you looking for a book which correlates psychology and scripture? Perhaps you agree with many principles of psychology but somehow always wished that they could be more integrated with scripture. Then, **The Gift of a Sound Mind** will be a welcome addition to your reading in the field of psychology.

The book's title is taken from II Timothy 1:7, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." The main thrust of the book appears to be that Christians can build a sound mind through building self-discipline, by regular study of the Bible, the effective use of time, stable personal and family relationships, and meditation with God. The author attempts to show how our ordinary, everyday activities such as work, family relationships, and leisure activities can be used constructively to help build a sound mind. Johnson devotes a large section of the book to discussing Transcendental Meditation and illustrates how Christians can reap many benefits through regular meditation and communion with God. The matter of fasting is also discussed at length and how it helps us focus our attention on God rather than ourselves.

As a psychology book it is a good, solid work, but if the reader has read extensively in the field of psychology, and is looking for some new psychological insights, she/he will perhaps be disappointed after reading this book. The average layperson will find the writing style of the author easy to read and generally find the book helpful.

Darlene Driedger, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is Executive Secretary of the Manitoba Association of Social Workers.

FQ price — $6.25
(Regular price — $6.95)



The Golden Years of the Hutterites, Leonard Gross. Herald Press, 1980. 280 pages. $12.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

This volume, number 23 in the Mennonite Historical Society's Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History, is subtitled, "The Witness and Thought of the Communal Moravian Anabaptists During the Walpot Era, 1565-1578." While indeed these were the "golden years" the author's real concern is to explore the solidifying of the movement during the second generation. Fortunately there are rich records for this kind of historical reconstruction.

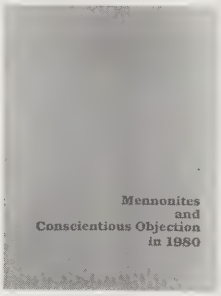
The outline of sixteenth century Hutterite history is well known. What has not been so clear before this fine study is how the strenuous Christianity of leaders Hutter and Riedemann was translated into a movement. The author's main concern is the intellectual development which, like all successful movements, is not the result of straight line accumulation of wisdom but rather comes from wrestling with competing ideas.

The climax of Hutterite records, the "Great Article Book" of 1577, though likely put together by Walpot, emerged from Arbeiter's conflict with the Jesuits, Glock's encounter with the Lutherans, Dax's dialogue with the Calvinists as well as more corporate discussions with the Polish Brethren and Swiss Brethren. By the time of the "Golden Age" an established tradition based on Ordnung (orderliness), leadership, a common confession of faith and missionary concern was realized in a well structured communal culture that was strong enough to withstand the turmoils of the seventeenth century.

Unfortunately, only scholars will likely be interested in this study of sixteenth century Anabaptism. Anyone ready to tackle this subject will not only learn about the Hutterites but also gain considerable insight into the creation of a religious tradition.

John A. Lapp, a historian and writer, is Dean of Goshen (Indiana) College.

FQ price — $11.65
(Regular price —$12.95)



Mennonites and Conscientious Objection in 1980, Mennonite Central Committee, 1980. 95 pages. $2.00.

Reviewed by Levi Miller

This booklet is a compilation of papers presented at the Mennonite Central Committee U. S. Peace Section Assembly on the Draft and National Service, March 27-29, 1980 in Goshen, Indiana. With typewriter copy and no particular editing to become a volume, its main purpose is to inform interested people, who could not attend the assembly, what Mennonites were thinking about conscientious objection in 1980.

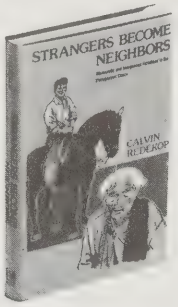
There are five major papers in the booklet and five persons make cases for various responses to conscription: selective participation in the military, noncombatant service, alternate service, non-cooperation, and emigration.

The papers are: Don Blosser on biblical principles, James Juhnke on Christians' response to conscription in U. S. history, Delton Franz on current legislation, Elmer Neufeld on a Mennonite majority response, and Mike Klassen on a congregational discussion of the issue. The papers and a finding committee report on the conference conclude that the faithful response of Mennonites in regards to the registration is either registration as conscientious objectors and subsequent alternate service or non-cooperation with a system that we see as evil.

Juhnke characterizes the peace witness of Mennonites since World War II as reflecting individualism, toleration, and affluence, noting that the major theme of the I-W program may be the loss of Mennonite identity and distinctiveness. Inasmuch as we are still living in that period, one might have expected the issues of conscientious objection to be addressed to a greater extent from the standpoint of the nature of the church: its unity, its wholeness.

Levi Miller, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, is editor of Builder magazine.

FQ price — $1.80
(Regular price — $2.00)



Strangers Become Neighbors, Calvin Redekop. Herald Press, 1980. 328 pages. $19.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

The primary focus of Redekop's study is the relationship between the Indians and the Mennonites in the colonies and villages of the Paraguayan Chaco. This book will probably be read more as a "textbook" than as a "story." Compared with a novel, it is heavy reading. As a historical-sociological report, it is excellent; scholarly and replete with numerous charts, tables, graphs, and maps. Yet the chapters are very readable and include colorful and relevant analogies, examples, and illustrations to augment the hard research data. A comprehensive bibliography is included.

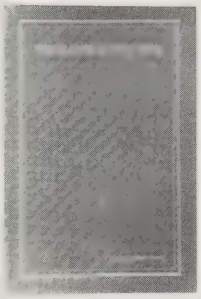
The author presents factual and analytical data regarding the ongoing debate about whether the Mennonites have been exploiting the Indians. Aware of the complexity of this issue, the author, through ten chapters, moves from a study of the geography and history of the region, to a study of the implications of modernization and change.

Among Redekop's conclusions are the following: "Christian missions, however, have no right to assume that they can propogate the gospel and leave the rest of the culture/social structure untouched. The Christian gospel does affect all the other aspects of the culture/social structure and needs to be responsible for the rest." And, ". . . the traditional missionary, the traditional development program, the traditional 'task force' such as the Peace Corps, and other types of approaches are relatively ineffectual and exploitative in contrast to the type of 'live in' approach expressed by the Mennonites in the Chaco."

This is a good study, useful to all of us in the Mennonite culture. It will be a necessary text for those interested in Mennonite cultural experiences.

Wilfred Martens, a novelist and poet, is Professor of English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.

FQ price — $17.95
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The Earth Is One Body, David Waltner-Toews. Turnstone Press, 1979. 50 pages, $5.00.

Reviewed by Edna Froese

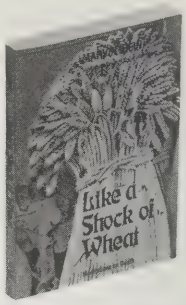
The title is aptly chosen, indeed. David Waltner-Toews is a keen observer of the earth and the human body and links them together with some remarkable imagery. His poems are sensual, earthy and throught-provoking. Though not specifically Christian, i.e. there is no overt "spiritual" message, his poems arise out of a Christian's sensitivity to God's creation and His word. Many are actually subtle illustrations of I Corinthians 12; if one member of the earth-body hurts, so do we all.

Poetry, especially free verse, is very personal, like a special code drawn from the poet's experiences. To the degree that the code is decipherable, poetry becomes universal, a unique expression of what we all feel but cannot say. As a fellow Mennonite prairie-dweller, I immediately recognized much of Waltner-Toews' code, yet found the familiar and sometimes trivial scenes transformed by his startling metaphors.

Not always is total comprehension necessary. In good poetry one can sense the layers of meaning without understanding them and further rereadings always yield new insights. Some of Waltner-Toews' poems are like that, especially the ones that deal with social issues and the common pain of being human. Others, unfortunately, are incomprehensible. The code can't be cracked and there is little incentive to keep trying for the content seems unimportant and the lines read like unpunctuated, confused prose.

Edna Froese, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is a writer, reader, and mother of three pre-school sons.

FQ price — $4.50
(Regular price — $5.00)



Like a Shock of Wheat, Marvin Hein. Herald Press, 1980. $7.95.

Reviewed by Bruce A. Yoder

Like a Shock of Wheat is a pastoral theology of death—and of life. Marvin Hein has drawn together twenty-two brief meditations on death that have their roots in his pastoral experience. "My reflections about life and death have been influenced considerably by watching people die."

These pastoral reflections are folksy, chocked full of everyday illustrations and highly readable. As such, they are appropriate not only for pastors, whether they have held one or one hundred funeral services, but for all persons who take stock of their own life in light of their death. These meditations offer what the author terms "a biblical recipe for a graceful exit."

The strongest thrust of this book, which may well be its greatest weakness, is the uncompromisingly thorough trust in God's sovereign power. "Death can come with greater grace when we trust God to complete the good work that lies unfinished." So, too, can life. However, when testimonies such as "My paralysis was inspired by God's love" are included without comment, Hein is in grave danger of ascribing to God the evil and suffering he does not author but which in his almighty power and love he can and does redeem.

Some readers will find strength and comfort as they sense anew God's sovereignty. Others will wish that that voice did not so completely cover the cries of suffering, and that the rude, dark reality of death were more evident. But all, if these meditations prompt reflections on one's own death, will benefit.

Bruce Yoder is a writer and pastor of First Mennonite Church in Richmond, Virginia.

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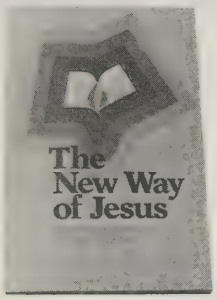
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The New Way of Jesus, edited by William Klassen. Faith and Life Press, 1980. 158 pages, $7.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

Friends, colleagues and former students of Howard H. Charles put together this volume as a Festschrift for his sixty-fifth birthday. For over thirty years Charles has been a teacher of New Testament, first at Goshen College and Seminary, and then at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries. He is also well known for his monthly article in the **Builder.**

In addition to his reputation as an excellent teacher, one of his most important achievements has been to demonstrate the positive value of critical scholarship when used to illuminate the Scriptures and to nurture faith. If the Mennonite Church has avoided some of the worst tensions over the historical-critical approach to Biblical studies, the sensitive spirit of Howard Charles must certainly be given considerable credit.

The first two essays in this compilation are about Charles. Both essays reveal not only the piety and humility of a quite typical modest Mennonite, but also suggest the unique integration of scholarship and churchmanship.

The nine other essays cover a rich variety of topics. Millard Lind, Jacob Enz, and Josephine M. Ford of the University of Notre Dame deal with essentially Old Testament issues. John W. Miller, Willard M. Swartley, Jacob W. Elias, Clarence Bauman, and the editor look at New Testament themes. John Howard Yoder deals with the western tradition of individualism and how this has affected Biblical interpretation.

It is impossible to summarize the individual essays. They ought to be read simply to see a group of master teacher-scholars at work. Any reader will have a richer understanding of the Scriptures after reading them.

John A. Lapp, a historian and writer, is Dean of Goshen (Indiana) college.

FQ price — $7.15
(Regular price — $7.95)



The Mennonite Canadians, Joanne Flint. Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1980. $5.50.

Reviewed by Sam Steiner

Canadian educators today place much emphasis on studying the different cultural groups that make up the Canadian "mosaic." Joanne Flint's book is thus one of a multi-cultural series designed for social studies classes at the grade school level.

If one agrees that "Mennonites" can be equated with "Italians" or "Ukranians" as a cultural group, this lavishly illustrated, well-written book fills a gap in Mennonite literature.

Flint communicates through historical story, telling us of Jacob Shantz's arrival in Waterloo County, Ontario from Lancaster County in 1805; of the later immigration of Greta Janzen's family from Russia in the 1870s, and of the Janzen relatives' post-Russian Revolution flight in the 20th century.

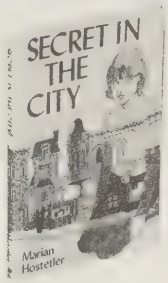
The daily life and customs of the various Mennonite groups are interestingly described, interspaced with photos, brief descriptions of modern institutions like MCC, and directions for making items like a quilted pot holder.

Canadian Mennonite scholars like Frank Epp, Lawrence Klippenstein, and Don Smucker were consulted in preparing the text, accounting for the good level of accuracy in the descriptions.

Some problems do exist. Swiss Mennonite motives for their move to Canada are too United Empire Loyalist; the conservative Mennonite groups in the West are not as clearly delineated as the Eastern Old Orders (the Old Colony's reasons for emigrating *from* Canada are hazy); some factual errors occur, as in having the Swiss Mennonites "elect" their church leadership; and the bibliography is spotty in quality. The book is oriented to the cultural life of the Canadian Mennonite scene, a limitation that should be noted by potential U.S. users.

Sam Steiner is librarian/archivist at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

F.Q. price — $4.95
(Regular price — ($5.50)



Secret in the City, Marian Hostetler, Herald Press, 1980. $3.25.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

Marian Hostetler, author of several books about youngsters exposed to other cultures abroad, here writes of a twelve-year-old girl's exposure to American city cultures.

Heroine Jo goes with her parents to live in a Chicago-like city where the parents have accepted a voluntary service assignment for their sabbatical from their usual work. The family moves into a frame house wedged between a tall brick building and a bar. Several other volunteers share the house with them. The dynamics of accommodating one family to several singles is all part of the story. So is the experience of being a minority of white faces in an area peopled by blacks. Jo befriends a black girl her own age, meets a number of neighborhood boys and hears rumors of a sinister "10th Street Gang."

Jo's father hires several local boys to help him renovate a derelict house a few blocks away. Later vandals destroy some of the renovation work. A mystery emerges which Jo rather accidentally solves as she is an avid reader of Nancy Drew mystery stories. In the process of solving the mystery, Jo's arm is broken but the mystery is cleared up and Jo retains her spirit of adventure (and her love of mysteries).

This book is easy reading, aimed at the pre-teen audience and does illustrate some problems faced in American cities. As in all her other books, Ms. Hostetler has done enough research and had enough experience on site to write a realistic tale which painlessly provides information about a life situation.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — $2.95
(Regular price — $3.25)

Can One **Fail** And Remain a "Good" Mennonite?

by Katie Funk Wiebe

Can one fail and remain a "good" Mennonite? I'd like to say "Yes." I want to say "Yes," but my heart insists on "No." Not a resounding "No," but a "No" backed up by a logjam of reasons which I'd like to see break down.

Failure is many-faceted; sometimes it's due to moral lapses; other times to misjudgment, as for example in business reversals; sometimes it's caused by circumstances beyond one's control. It has many labels: bankruptcy, divorce, drug addiction, breaking the law, alcoholism, never marrying, harvesting more weeds than grain, letting the children choose their own lifestyle, or not keeping a spotless home.

Individuals fail, but so do families, boards, institutions, and congregations.

I find it impossible to prove my position with statistics, for there aren't any. I can't do it from isolated examples or anecdotes — they merely illustrate an isolated case, so I choose a different approach, knowing there are numerous exceptions.

First, our historical record and tradition make it almost impossible to remain a strong contributing Mennonite after failure. By Mennonite, I mean anyone from any background who identifies with the Mennonite church. We support a form of spiritual Darwinian evolution — survival of the fittest. Failures drift to the fringes, are not allowed in, are transferred out, or shift to more tolerant groups.

Traditionally, Mennonites are not known for their failures. For centuries they have been applauded for their achievements, particularly as farmers and businessmen. On a scale of one to ten which rates their worth as Most Welcomed Citizen, Mennonites frequently rate an 11. In nearly every place they have migrated to since the Anabaptist persecutions, they have been wanted (even courted) because of their vocational skills.

Swiss Mennonites, fleeing their native land, were welcomed into Southern Germany because of their farming competence. Mennonites in northern Germany and the Vistula Delta were welcomed into Danzig because of their agricultural proficiency. Catharine the Great of Russia extended a gilt-edged invitation to the Prussian Mennonites to settle in her domain because she knew they were model farmers. In America that record has not diminished. Mennonites succeed at what they attempt.

In every country, the process of changing from landless refugee and penniless immigrant to landed gentry has never taken long for Mennonites. To fail, therefore, in one's profession, particularly in business or agriculture, is tantamount to breaking the faith. And therefore the minority person, grafted into this solid tradition, feels the bite keenly if he or she does not come from a culture whose shibboleths for good membership are hard work, frugality, and financial success.

With such a strong record of high achievement in many areas, Mennonites today feel the pressure to keep this image untarnished by present failures. It's a subconscious concern and sucks into its tentacles areas of life unrelated to moral or spiritual issues — only to respectability.

Church members and leaders, proud of their heritage, and rightfully so, become possessive and protective of the church and its institutions: "This is my denomination, my school, my congregation. They must be kept pure at any price." The price of that spotless purity too often is to shunt aside failures whose lifestyle does not match high Mennonite standards. These self-styled guardians of the faith forget God peopled his church with sinners on their way to holiness, not ready-made saints.

Rudy Wiebe's novel, **Peace Shall Destroy Many,** illustrates this point aptly. Deacon Block determines to maintain the reputation of Mennonites as excellent farmers and morally upright Christians with a concern for missions and strong family life. That persons both within and without his congregation are destroyed by his zeal for purity escapes his vision.

Mennonites work hard at polishing this image of respectability to a high gleam. Our history books read like accounts of a host of well-greased angels moving down a slippery slide to glory. Institutions, boards and organizations are not allowed to fail, or to report failure if they do. They are encouraged to write to hide rather than to reveal situations where congregations and families are struggling for spiritual survival — because the constituency can't handle board failure in their pocket-books.

One publicity director of a Mennonite school said at the consultation of Mennonite journalists in 1979 that schools rush to report the smallest prayer meeting or mission endeavor, but fail to let unsuspecting parents know the school also occasionally deals with a beerbash, drugs, unexpected pregnancies, and theft. When only the shiny side of the image is shown, the church is presented as a fellowship of faultless persons rather than as a group of sinners redeemed by grace.

The image polishing moves down to the local congregation. The increasing emphasis on success in society generally is reflected in its life and publications. How, then, can parents whose child is working as a janitor, or whose roommate is also his bedmate even mention their children

Some have pragmatically or unconsciously tailored their forefathers' hard-found theology to suit success. Hence the strong movement . . . away from pilgrim biblicism to evangelicalism and fundamentalism.

among the plethora of reports of high financial, academic or vocational successes?
successes? How can a couple struggling to keep their marriage alive dare to admit their problem or even to request prayer when the only prayer requests are for the sick, missionaries, absentee preachers and conference delegates?

How can a couple sucked into debt by poor management dare to ask for financial help when they know they are not considered part of the "deserving poor?" Failure is not expected to result in a call for help to the body of Christ.

Families soon accept their responsibility to keep the image gleaming, or they pull out of its blinding light. Listen to parents tell about their children and notice how quickly they slip over the child who hasn't conformed. Read Christmas letters — they come in four-page editions during a year of family successes. They are dropped when the family most needs support because of some crisis.

All of the above is undergirded by our theology of success and failure. We tend to equate prosperity and good health with spiritual well-being. Business or professional acumen is seen as determined by one's relationship with God.

We rank sexual deviation as the vilest of sins, so that the sinner though forgiven, carries a stigma for years. We snatch at proof-texts like Prov. 22:6 to beat hurting parents of rebellious children into the ground. Their cries for help are responded to with advice on what they should have done, rather than assistance in dealing with actions which seem to label their own lives as failures.

Although we speak much about being servants of God and a peoplehood, we use the language of success and power in our institutions and congregations, and cling to its hierarchies and titles as much as secular institutions.

Administrators and other church leaders are expected to produce results like a football coach. The pastor is expected to turn a lethargic money-minded congregation, more interested in spectator sports than spiritual warfare, into a group of Apostle Pauls. If there is no winning season, the pastor is subject to a vote of confidence, pulled out of office and the next person drawn in and told to produce.

We urge newcomers to scale the ladder to success by learning to know the right people, rather than developing Christ's style of service, which was to reject his right to be served. One has to win the rat-race of success and pay its high price to become a trusted leader. I have a faint hunch that minority persons and women are not encouraged to accept leadership positions because we fear they may fail and spoil the image rather than because of our theology.

We have bought deeply into the contemporary win/lose culture. We laud the Christian celebrity as much as the secular world its entertainment stars, and rejoice more when a Mennonite gets his or her name in lights than when a sinner repents.

I will accept that Mennonites can fail and remain "good" Mennonites:

1. If leaders encourage the risk of faith, not because there is assurance of success, but because there is hope of personal growth.

2. If the vote of confidence for the pastor is abolished and all references to it in the records shredded and used to insulate the walls.

3. When the deacons' budgets show that funds are dispersed to both the deserving and undeserving poor.

4. When history records the story of real human beings, not only champions.

5. When church rolls include many names of persons from other ethnic groups and they are given room to develop their gifts for service, even if they live in a barrio, ghetto, or slum.

6. When attendance at conferences and similar events is not determined by the financial independence of the delegate.

7. When we find time to laugh at the seriousness with which we work at image-polishing.

As more novels are written about Mennonites which show the underside of our corporate lives, we will have to reconcile to seeing ourselves as others see us. We can't turn back history, but we can change the present direction of the church by refusing to buy into a culture which says winning is everything. Christ made room for prostitutes, tax-collectors, half-breed Samaritans, the poor, and the handicapped. He drew failures to himself. Mennonite success is doing the same.

Katie Funk Wiebe, has in her many essays examined the current state of Mennonite life and faithfulness. Katie resides in Hillsboro, Kansas, teaches English at Tabor College, writes prolifically and speaks in many churches and conferences.

Responses

to "Can One **Fail** And Remain a 'Good' Mennonite?"



from Ralph Lebold

Katie Wiebe has produced a hard-hitting analysis of Mennonite life in her article, "Can One Fail and Remain a 'Good' Mennonite?". Hardly a stone is left unturned as she exposes the glaring weaknesses of our success-oriented pattern of Mennonite community life. I find myself wanting to debate with her. There are the "yes—but" thoughts and feelings. There is really no point in arguing against this "prophetess" from the mid-West. She has put her finger on a problem that is plaguing North American Mennonite congregations from east to west, north to south.

There is no doubt in my mind that behaviourly we have distorted the doctrine of grace and works by elevating works above grace. "Sinners" are not acceptable or redeemed to be functioning members of our congregations. They are expected "to pay" for their sins. I agree with Katie that we are highly intolerant of failure. One has only to observe the pattern of gossip when someone has violated the norms of the community. It is little wonder that we have developed sophisticated games to cover up our struggles, fears or failures.

Even though we laud success we have not learned how to affirm people for what they produce or for who they are as persons. We have been taught that to do this encourages pride. If we could develop healthy patterns to affirm others then we might well open the door for dealing with failures as well. Also, it may be that we need to learn how to accept ourselves, in spite of what we do or who we are. This does not mean taking sin lightly but rather to joyfully affirm the redeeming grace and love of God.

The Wiebe statement has identified a serious problem in the church. What we need is another article defining some of the issues which underlie our behaviour as well as exloring ways to work at this important problem.

Thank you, Katie, for having the courage to speak forthrightly to all of us.

Ralph Lebold is President of Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.



from Lupe De Leon

Katie Funk Wiebe speaks as one who is well-informed of her people and her community's expectations. I find the article interesting and (from my personal contact with the community of which she speaks) truthful. My comments will be to compare my personal experiences as a Hispanic and Mennonite with some of the things Katie has highlighted.

I agree that failure indeed is many-faceted and is caused in many cases by circumstances beyond one's control. Hispanic people know about hard work without due rewards. As such there is nothing wrong with a person who works hard but does not become a success.

Unlike the ethnic community of which Katie speaks, Hispanics are not welcomed world citizens. Even in our own Aztlan we are often treated as foreigners. And yet it has been/is our hard work that makes other Americans wealthy.

Historically "our" churches (Catholic) have never belonged to us. Whether this changes in Protestant, Evangelical, Mennonite churches, only history will tell.

The Hispanic worship experience projects a continuing need for God's saving and forgiving grace, which means that people "bare" their lives before God and the congregation, seeking forgiveness. Contrary to Anglo Mennonites, I think we can fail and continue to be accepted because we are all "becoming;" as such we are all "pecadores." In our community it is not considered a sin not to be successful. We strive to be the best that we can be. But our "belonging" is not predicated on being successful.

Lupe De Leon Jr., Elkhart, Indiana, is an Economic Development Consultant for MCC U.S.

Can One **Succeed** And Remain A "Good" Mennonite?

by Jack Dueck

People are not called successful for being and doing good news or for obedient discipleship. By its very definition and competitive implication the term "success" belongs to the world; it is awarded on either materialistic criteria or for reasons of public popularity and acclaim.

"Success" is a compliment given not from the bias and criteria of Christ's Kingdom. Contemporaries — bankers, social climbers, peer group members — are the judges, and the merits are awarded on how material was managed comparatively to gain control and power.

How shall we regard the term "good Mennonite"? Let's try for the best as well as the most demanding criteria. A good Mennonite is one who is a believer in Jesus Christ as revealed in the Scriptures and by the Holy Spirit. This belief has converted him from the world's secular and idolatrous way of life to one of following Jesus. In discipleship he walks in the way of Christ's teaching and example.

This biblical Christianity he also owes to his historic household of faith. The early Mennos and Anabaptists have left him a powerful legacy of conviction and commitment purchased in persecution and life itself. So, this is his inheritance: experiencing the miracle of grace and redemption, peace-making and the way of love as Kingdom charter, the fellowship of believers, and finally the understanding that history and the material and temporal world are always made by God's workings. As abstract as this may sound it becomes painfully concrete when tested in this world's arena of "success."

How then shall a western world Mennonite, called to live in a private enterprise society, be good? There are options. Join the public sector and be a social worker, minister, or legislator. Or one can go into the employ of a successful business person, draw as high a salary as possible for good work, and let the not-so-good enterprizer face the problem. Another aproach might be that of the Russian Mennonites in their early Canadian experience. The two non-farming professions particularly honored were teaching and medicine. But soon "success" tainted this nobility. Parents took immense pride in those first Russian Mennonite doctors. Doctors enjoyed the prestige and while they were, like Jesus, healing people, they made bundles of money.

Some have pragmatically or unconsciously tailored their forefathers' hard-found theology to suit success. Hence the strong movement in some Mennonite churches away from pilgrim biblicism to evangelicalism and fundamentalism. These tend to allow and encourage "success" by the world's criteria if you make the proceeds further the ethos of the fundamentalist Jesus. One church even replaced the Mennonite hymn book for another because the Mennonite songs of hurt, pilgrim's progress, and chorales of God's holy otherness were no longer fitting. So the birthright of "Be Thou My Vision, O Lord of My Life," is exchanged for a song of more comfortable relationship to Jesus.

Some have found the adaptations of theology inadequate. One said that he joined *another* church because that church had a realistic theology of two kingdoms: God's and this world's. Since the Christian lives in both, what really matters is that he be a sincere and devout Christian inwardly. Do your sincere best and let the world be judged by God. Bartender, hangman, speculator.

Another stated that since he didn't find sufficient appreciation in the Mennonite church he changed membership to where he and others are appreciated for their success. Now he is surrounded by a mixture of simplistic ideology, some patriotism, and peer group fellowship comfortably packaged in Bible phrases and convincing rhetoric. He particularly appreciated a mission sermon emphasizing the need for "persons who can make money for God." Comforting, because if you tithe adequately then God doesn't mind how you spend the rest. Hence the suspicion of MCC, the more-with-less probings and the Anabaptist idea that one cannot speak of anything as "mine."

The good Mennonite finds that "success" flies in the face of biblical discipleship. The above adaptations are not "walking in the way" for him. For him it is not tenable to have license in one kingdom to do mission by dollar proxy in another. And even to choose a good profession, thus settling the letter of the discipleship charter while motivated by prestige, security and success, is contrary in spirit to the heart of "follow thou me." The disciple is admonished not to rejoice in success but "rejoice that your name is written

Mennonites work hard at polishing this image of respectability to a high gleam. Our history books read like accounts of a host of well-greased angels moving down a slippery slide to glory.

in the book of life."

What an order! So how can a pilgrim Mennonite be saved? Visited by God's grace and called to a biblical pilgrimage he finds his life one of radical insecurity and willed disfranchisement.

For some this insecurity is a joyous relief because none of this world and its success matters much. The tensions and goals of success are held at bay by the larger picture. So ideally he can delight in the creativity of building a business, making something happen, retailing effectively, manufacturing profitably and engaging in expanded research. In doing so he is freed, in discipleship, from the egocentricity of expecting God to make him successful because he passes some on to Kingdom work.

The good Mennonite knows that "God has the cattle on a thousand hills" and at best he as pilgrim has a brief operational loan. So material success is not worth a straw. In his daily living he handles possessions and success as commodities; like the juggler he dare not become mesmerized by the balls lest he bungle the act. He "owns" Jesus as Lord and will not demean that term to temporal fascinations.

He may be creative and a success but his following Christ helps the good Mennonite live loosely. Empire building is not on his road map; the world's commendation deflects him not at all lest he lose ground. Nor will he rationalize that he can "do more good" if he strives for success. For Christ forever weighs the spirit in each venture, and where falseness and attachments occur he gently reminds "follow me."

How then, should the good Mennonite live who is faced, if not burdened, with success?

First he is a member of the believers, of the called out ones. With the church he fellowships, kneels, takes counsel, and purges his heart of the motivations bred by the god Success. Here he finds the necessary love, grace, as well as judgment, to alert his ears for the seductive success applause. Here, too, he is obedient. The individualism and egocentricity rampant in the success-oriented arena of his work-day world are cured in the church gathered in communion. His new testament knows of no saint in the singular.

The good Mennonite will not allow success to become a real tenet of his life nor will he use it to advantage. "Following" leaves no room for a power play. So he does not give or withhold funds to determine how the body of believers moves on a project. The Kingdom is not built by such uses of success. One successful business person found himself strongly opposed to a proposed church project. He was the richest member of the congregation and his funds were crucial to the project. The church voted in favor despite his vocal opposition. In order to curb his temptation to "use" success he volunteered to chair the committee seeing the project to completion. A free pilgrim making progress.

The good Mennonite will also combat nepotism. The good Mennonite may help groom a son or daughter suited for a work but as a "follower" he will not enmesh them in success simply because of biological connections.

The good Mennonite's children will soon see the freeing ramifications of the disciple's radical insecurity. Hence the children won't be disappointed when the will does not name them as main beneficiaries.

The good Mennonite also avoids the trappings of success. Because he shuns the word "mine" he also keeps family from the privileges of success. Early he teaches, by show and tell, that house, bed, board, belong to guests as much as to household members. He knows that walking in the way also means the ancient proverb: "Kiss not your child while an orphan child standeth by." So he's not even tempted to send his son to Goshen College with a Corvette because he knows what a detour, if not a tragic dead-end, such aura of success could be for parent and son.

To the alert who is carefully following the Christ, "success" can be a blessed prod to spiritual creativity. To the pilgrim, "success" is a siren song; in the allurement lies sufficient warning.

The underside of every virtue is a vice. Love, ownership and spiritual intensity may be protectively alerted by the dark shadows of lust, adultery, greed and a pride of life. Through the fellowship of believers, the creative guidance of the Holy Spirit and the willingness to walk in Christ's way the pilgrim charts his journey. These powerful aids do not make the good Mennonite a spiritual magician, but makes the lamps he polishes shed a profound guiding light.

Jack Dueck, originally from Alberta, came to Goshen, Indiana, as an English professor. Today he and his wife are the proprietors of the Sideboard Restaurant and Gift Store in Elkhart, Indiana.

Responses

to "Can One **Suceed** And Remain A 'Good' Mennonite?"



Jim King

from Edgar Stoesz

To do anything other than answer the above question in the affirmative is to imply that only a failure can be a "good" Mennonite, and we are too success-oriented to buy that!

Jack Dueck proceeds from the premise that Mennonite theology says success is wrong, and then goes on to suggest how we can deal with it successfully. The precautions stated in the later one-third of his article are very much in order. Certainly it should be recognized that success has in it the potential for idolatry and unchristian drives.

It may be useful to recognize that Mennonites are generally high achievers and to ask the sequel question; is it possible for someone to fail at something and still be respected in Mennonite circles? Success is often based on our ability to out-do others. The Bible teaches us to serve others and work to uplift them. Romans 12:10 says: "Love one another with brotherly affection; outdo one another with brotherly affection; outdo one another in showing honor."

We need also to ask how we support those who fail? Or who never come to prominence? Or who suffer privately?

Edgar Stoesz, Akron, PA, is Associate Executive Secretary for Overseas Services at MCC.



from Loretta Lehman

Mr. Dueck, disappointedly, has not answered the question in point: can one succeed and still be a good Mennonite? He first presents what he calls adaptations to being a successful good Mennonite, but which are not "walking in the way." Then he introduces us to Mr. Successful Good Mennonite. And what follow are rationalizations for wealthy Christians. Yes, many of us Mennonite Christians are well off, but it does not need to be talked about. Certainly don't be foolish enough to let everyone know by buying your son (or daughter?) a Corvette.

A disturbing aspect of the article was the author's use of the masculine pronoun, identifying competition, accumulation of wealth and empire-building with the successful male. This is a typical Western world model of success that Dueck has unconditionally bought. This narrow capitalistic definition of success lent a suffocating air to his treatise. Old and very familiar feelings of futility and powerlessness I experienced as a young Mennonite girl returned. What were my options? Getting married or teaching Sunday School for the rest of my life. Now here is another male setting up guidelines for my life. Because I am neither male, nor acquiring fields and barns, I can experience no success?

I beg to disagree with Dueck. Success means to achieve goals one has set out for oneself. These goals may be spiritual, educational, monetary, relational. We all need to feel self-fulfillment, joy in accomplishment, success in achieving goals.

Does the church listen to articulate persons who have been successful in their pursuits? Or do these persons have to leave the Mennonite church to find another family who can provide acceptance, hope and support as they pursue their goals? Dueck might well have addressed these questions.

Loretta Lehman is a school psychologist in Arlington, Virginia.

ANOTHER LESSON
FROM TRADITIONAL AFRICA —

Take Note Ye Western Developers

by Harold F. Miller



Blair Seitz

Modern development insists that drought is abnormal, an aberration. It is only recently that drought has been transformed from a normal climatic happening into a disaster.

In northern Kenya's Gabbraland, drought now demands a response from the aid agency. In fact, it takes on the form of political pressure. "Do something now!" And so, for the Gabbra, the twentieth century is definitely coming — in stilted form. If this government or that voluntary agency doesn't respond, then the other will.

As dependency on easy food hand-outs grows, the age-old skills of coping with sustained drought are compromised.

There is a kind of haste in this modernizing process. Let's be honest. There is also competition between churches and between development agencies vying to lay hands on one of the last of Kenya's untouched territories. The change this urgent "aid" brings has little in common with the Gabbra's "timeless" plodding of the cycle of years. The Gabbra are preparing now for their jubilee year. Unless, of course, well-intentioned Westerners "save" them from it.

It is the 49th year, the year of preparation for the 50th, the Jubilee. Wrongs are righted, sins forgiven, outstanding debts paid. Justice is being done. A myth from biblical times? No, it is a living tradition among the Gabbra. These livestock-herding people—camels, goats, cattle—occupy one of the most arid portions of East Africa. Theirs is an endless monitoring of the vagaries of fickle rain, honed by many years of practice into a calendar of 365 days, and into a cycle of years, typically in multiples of seven.

Gabbra life is hard not only because of scattered and uncertain rain. In 1878 cholera struck, decimating man and beast. A disease akin to polio further reduced the population in the following year. In 1880 the Gabbra fought a last major skirmish with the relatively distant Maasai. Gabbra won the battle but with heavy losses. At the turn of the century Gabbra livestock suffered an onslaught of rinderpest — a dreaded bovine disease. Then came small-pox for the first time in 1891. There were further battles with neighboring groups in the early 1900's. Later there were bouts with chicken pox and whooping cough. By 1914 an additional six livestock diseases had taken their toll.

The recent widely-publicized Sahelian drought also affected the Gabbra. It was severe, devastating, but in many ways normal.

For the Gabbra, life has been a continuous series of difficulties. The ravages of nature have in their own cruel way ensured that the population of man and beast was kept at sustainable levels. Life continued, but selectively. It has been the survival of the fittest. Today the Gabbra are of spare, taut physique. Double chins, rotund girths are not seen among them. Their bodies are miracles of adaptation, of coping with the most adverse conditions.

But the Gabbra survive not only by physiological or genetic dexterity. Like many traditional peoples, they have developed an elaborate understanding of the universe. They have their own cosmology. The number seven is key for them. Like in the western calendar, their week has seven days. Unlike the west they think of time and events as moving along cyclically while we normally think of time and events as moving along in a straight line, lineally.

Thus, for the Gabbra, years are easily clustered into groups of seven. The seven years of the cycle are named after the days of the week. "Monday" is the name of year one in the cycle, "Tuesday" the name of year two, etc. After seven years, another "week" of years begins.

As in the Hebrew tradition (Leviticus 25), the Gabbra celebrate a Jubilee; after seven cycles of years have passed, it is time for a year of rest, of justice, of right relationships. Their Jubilee coincides with 1981. 1980 is a year of preparation for the Jubilee involves the judicious exchange of livestock, concluding longstanding but incomplete agreements, giving legal status to an earlier handshake deal. Generally it is a time of putting things in order. For the Jubilee can be celebrated only when all is forgiven, when relationships are right.

Why did such systems evolve? A seven year cluster is much easier dealt with in a pre-literate society than is a cluster of 100 years: a century.

Although they are not at all consistent, weather cycles can more easily be observed in the context of a seven year cluster. A single cycle will have its rains and droughts. But rarely will the weather patterns of a given cycle resemble precisely those of an earlier one. What is important for the Gabbra is that a seven year period provides perspective. Droughts are resolved by rain, eventually, somewhere, within the accepted grazing territory.

One anthropologist describes this use of the seven year cycle as a coping device, as a survival mechanism. It represents a careful use of collective memory. Events remembered by a community provide the womb from which are born the myths of a people. In times of uncertainty and distress, these myths become a kind of living survival kit.

Much of the Gabbra world of meaning is easiest described and understood in terms of cycles. Theirs is a survival made possible only by the clever use of cyclic patterns in the midst of unpredictable elements.

But why does the theme of justice appear in the midst of these cycles? Where does the idea of the 50th year come from? Is it only a logical numerical sequence? Or was there



Blair Seitz

some Hebrew theological fallout blowing across the lower reaches of the great desert? On the other hand, perhaps a year of justice, a year of peace amidst the cycles of years is as natural as a leap year in the western calendar? Do nature's cycles include renewal? Justice? Peace? Rest? Naturally? If so, how does one account for the rather elaborate theological understanding of God and universe among the Gabbra? Or is even that simply a more extensive insight on nature's carefully guarded secrets?

So what happens when the Gabbra world meets the western world in the form of the missionary, the development worker, or the civil servant of the Republic of Kenya? The contrast is profound. While the Gabbra are guided by a seven-year cycle, the "westerner" including the Kenyan civil servant, functions in the context of one-year cycles. Budgets, salaries, contracts, parliamentary debates and the rains are informed by the one-year cycle, by the fiscal year.

Rains in Kenya's "down country" areas are more reliable than the rains of Gabbraland. And of course the rains of America's mid-west farm belt and those of western Europe have an uncanny record of predictability. It is from those areas that development aid and modernization have come.

A one-year cycle of four seasons in the "north" yields a harvest, profits, balance sheets; resources from which the next year is planned, from which the next ventures are plotted, and from which the next development aid is allocated. Out of this comes the annual report, now a part of the development process.

In Gabbraland a three to four year stretch of drought is normal. Any modernizing presence from outside must take that into account. The development project in Gabbraland may for three years running report only drought. And the project leader—typically on a two-year assignment—may well conclude that massive relief aid is required. The Gabbra, meanwhile, have the perspective that comes from the practiced monitoring of seven-year cycles. Of course they will accept relief aid in drought years. But relief of this kind breeds its own disaster. As dependency on easy food handouts grows, the age-old skills of coping with sustained drought are compromised.

1981 is a Jubilee for the Gabbra. It is a form of justice, of order chiseled into shape by a harsh, unrelenting environment. Whether the Gabbra will even again in the future celebrate the Jubilee Year is a moot question. The fact that it is still alive may be because of their relative isolation. Or it may reflect the wisdom of the wazee (elders) who understand that without the communal purge provided by the year of justice, there is no way to cope with their spare homeland.

The odds are against the Gabbra way of life. The country's pastoral peoples are expected to participate fully in national life. It is government policy. It is a policy which does not easily accommodate the nomadic life style. Schools, as an example, are for people who stay in settled communities. So are the country's agricultural policies. Now where is justice for the Gabbra? If the Jubilee comes again for them, it will be in emaciated form.

A modest beginning for the aid effort, if only to enlarge its own perspective, would include as a minimum a seven year budget. It would include personnel committed to seven-year terms.

There is no doubt that a sense of justice also inspires the aid agency, the government settlement policy. It is often said "The Gabbra must not be left behind." "They must enjoy the fruits of independence." One wonders whether justice is kept in focus by the aid giver. Is there any form of the Jubilee in the pace of the development, modernizing urge?

A modest beginning for the aid effort, if only to enlarge its own perspective, would include as a minimum a seven year budget. It would include personnel committed to seven-year terms. Any definitive project reports would be expected only after an initial seven year presence. Lesser perspective, lesser aid cycles tend toward violence. They tend to create disasters. They obscure any possibility of Jubilee surviving, even in a greatly altered form.

Harold F. Miller works in rural development for the National Christian Council of Kenya, under the leadership of native Kenyans. He also serves with Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions.

Nonresistance:

"What does being a nonresistant Christian mean in your country specifically? What stands have you taken?"

MUKANZA ILUNGA, Zaire, Africa

I would like to begin my reply with an illustration involving the culture of my tribe. One day we had gathered to choose a new chief to replace the one who had just died. The men, the women and the young people who had come together to make this choice wondered, "What qualities should we consider?" An old and wise man from this village replied, "Choose a good man, one who loves people, who is hospitable and patient, a man of peace." He continued, "Choose someone who will bring peace into the midst of your families and your clans, into your village, not only during war but also in everyday life."

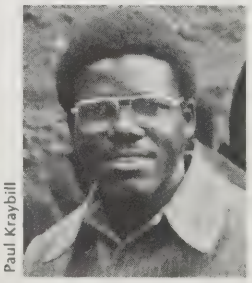
Furthermore, our tribe has a proverb which says, "Wherever there is a good chief (an old man), there will flow water (the symbol of peace) and not blood (the symbol of war and violence)." Thus, according to our tribal culture, non-violence means to be spiritually, socially and politically good and also fit to lead others.

This concept is reinforced by the gospel of Christ. On numerous occasions, pastors and evangelists have preached about Christ, about his Sermon on the Mount, and about his pacifist attitude during his arrest, his trial and his crucifixion. We need these sermons so that we can learn to follow faithfully Christ's example. Thus, being a non-violent Christian in my country means being a person who has learned the lessons of Christ and is ready to follow and obey Him.

On the other hand, non-violence can also be interpreted, in our country, as a sign of timidity and a lack of patriotism. It would not bother me personally to be called timid and unpatriotic because of my obedience to the teaching of Christ, for it is written that the wisdom of this world is folly in the sight of God (1 Corinthians 3:19).

Our churches have not emphasized the teaching of non-violence. Thus, many of our Christians have not yet learned of the need to declare themselves pacifists nor of how to defend their position. Recently, we have begun to receive questions indicating that many of our members are starting to become concerned with this problem of non-violence. Therefore, conferences, seminars, and courses on non-violence are being organized with the goal of informing and sensitizing our Christians in this area, so that each individual and each church can decide on a stance if circumstances should demand it.

Nevertheless, in general, certain events that have occurred in our country indicate that Christian churches of Zaire have learned how to say no when it was necessary as well as saying yes. Circumstances and events determined which answer was correct.



Paul Kraybill

Mukanza Ilunga is vice president of the Mennonite Community of Zaire (CMZ) and a member of the International Mennonite Peace Committee.

Ilunga's given name was Simon. He changed it several years ago when a mandate from the government required that all Christian names be replaced with traditional ones.

DALE WEAVER, NewHolland, PA, USA

At one time I'd have tried to avoid use of the law. But when you have 1500 employees — and farmers that you buy from — you have responsibility to protect them and yourself.

I don't use the law as a primary way of defense. If I believe I've been wrongfully used I'd have no problem defending myself as the last resort. I would try to negotiate first and focus the issue before hiring a lawyer.

We've had some trademarks registered. Recently someone else used the term "Northern Fried Chicken" which we created. Now I would expect our ad agency to defend us on that. It wasn't done deliberately; it was because of incomplete research. Maybe by now the problem has been resolved amicably. I would hope it could be done through negotiation.

I just wouldn't abandon a program that we've invested a lot in. That's an example of ways we defend 1500 employees' jobs and many farmers who expect Weaver to be a major customer. That leads us to taking firm aggressive positions.

Before we start a major program we try to assess the risk of conflict before beginning. If legal counsel says there's a good chance of being confronted, we may wait to move.

We try to operate our truck fleets honestly. We keep honest logs. We don't pad them; we, as a matter of policy, don't exceed weight limits. I've never operated with a sense of sacrifice about all this. It brings a whole lot of new opportunities. The world is pretty big.

We do business six days a week. We may have lost some business because of that, but we may have also gained some respect. It does draw attention to our understandings. It can be a sort of witness. We do post guards, but we don't have our fleets out; we don't have operations or maintenance on Sundays.

I try to integrate my way of life with the scriptures. I'm fortunate to have co-workers and subordinates who feel similarly about operating within the law. "What's the probability of getting caught?" is a prevalent question. We don't approach things that way. And I have a lot of common ground with people I work with. We don't all approach the scriptures in the same way, but there is a common and basic respect for them.

One's objectives need to be well defined. If we are goal-driven and those goals are centered on personal ambition, then it is a justified fear that we are sliding as a people. That is there in our brotherhood. But if one's goals are to be faithful to God — and to be a steward . . . those two sometimes go in tandem, sometimes not. If those two ideals separate; then that is a threat.



Dale Weaver is Executive Vice President of Weaver Poultry in New Holland, Pennsylvania. He has long been active on the board of Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA). Recently he spoke with Festival Quarterly's editors about living as a nonresistant Christian. Here are excerpts from that interview.

WILLY MULLER, Ste. Genis, France

In my estimation, there is no dilemma or opposition concerning our ideal of peace and love, but rather a confrontation and a witness. The idealist may be a happy fool, to the extent that his idealism renders him oblivious to his surroundings. He can also be inspired by his ideal and suffer when current conditions fall short of this ideal.

Personally, I am able to observe in three major areas of my life the persistent and faithful presence of God in the midst of men: first, in the local church and all its programs, in our contacts with other believers as well as non-believers (I am a long-time member of the Mennonite Church in Saint-Genis); secondly, in all the contacts involved with my professional life (I am President and Chairman of a transportation company for bonded merchandise); thirdly in one area of my leisure activity, the Rotary International, where contacts with representatives of various professions result in confrontation and call for a witness.

In my opinion, our societal values are being thoroughly and strongly questioned. These values claim to be rooted in law and justice; however, we are witnessing a rapid decline in these things throughout the world. Individualism is rampant and the desire to "share" is either a dead issue or merely symbolic. Can we speak of hope in our society? Or should we speak instead of restlessness, of relationships based on fear and on tenuous strength, of a stability that is all too fragile? Our leaders "bargain" and use their economic strength and the hope of peace as leverage. Obviously the strongest will win!!

In the preceding scenario, which is somewhat sobering, several things should be pointed out: first, a governmental search for the "perfect" social law — one which benefits the disadvantaged; secondly, a considerable effort being made by humanitarian organizations (whose effectiveness is questionable); thirdly, an awakening of the consciences of Christians and others who are acting in a time of need. In this third case, we must recognize that though we are occasionally ashamed at our failure to act, we more frequently rejoice as we observe the Spirit of the God of Love operating in so many places through so many men.

Finally, in the overall context of society and the contemporary church, I feel that we are privileged to have inherited this task: to seek conformity to the example of Christ. Today he sends his "brothers" of good will into the world, asking them simply to live a life of discipleship.

To avoid any misunderstanding, I reiterate: Just as Christ did, we must meet violence with love; we must know when to speak out and when to keep silent. We must act for the freedom of mankind and we must be ready to pay for the freedom of others with our own life.

This is quite a task — one that will never be completed until the end of this period of grace in which we are living.

Willy Muller heads a large trucking/transport firm in France, just outside Geneva, Switzerland. Although Swiss in background, Muller's family and others in the Ste. Genis Mennonite Church (where Muller is a leader) moved into France many years ago to avoid conscription in the Swiss army.



The Martin family in April, 1948: standing, left to right, Aaron, Mary, Luke; sitting, left to right, Raymond, Daniel, Earl, Grace (on Elizabeth's lap), and Robert.

January 3, 1952 Foosie's barn burned down. That event appears in **Martin Memories,** a calendar which lists for each day of the year an event in the history of the Daniel and Elizabeth Martin family. To the Martin family of New Holland, Pennsylvania, that entry brings back memories of a neighbor, arson, the orange glow seen from a bedroom window, and the barn-raising which followed several months later. Ray Martin, Daniel and Elizabeth's son, presented **Martin Memories** as Christmas gifts in 1979. I also made calendars for my family, entitled **Habegger Happenings.**

Martin Memories gives a glimpse of what life was like in a particular Mennonite farm home in Lancaster County in the 1940s and 1950s. "February 18, 1954 Grandma made 40 quarts of mincemeat" is a reminder of the large quantities of food and the amount of work required to feed a family of nine. Religious principles surface in the calendar as illustrated by the November 26, 1952 entry: "Grandpa sold potatoes to a man who never paid the $600 owed because he knew Mennonites would not sue to collect."

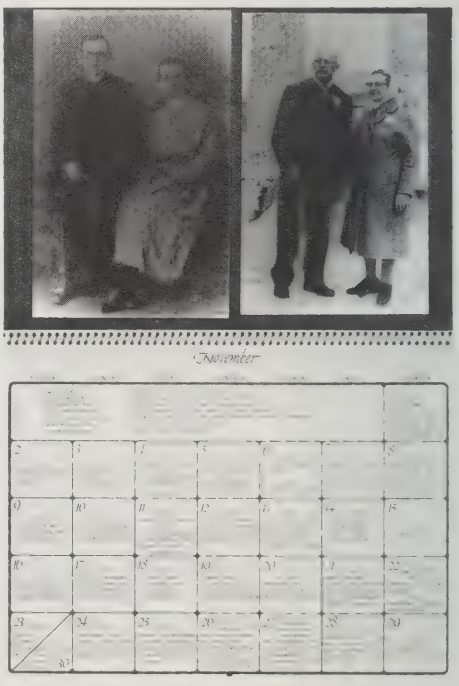
The calendar also includes a sensitive controversy over religious principles and economic interests. "January 20, 1943 Grandpa sold tobacco at 20¢ a pound." "1949-64 Martin children got watch from parents on 17th birthday for not using tobacco." "March 27, 1957 Grandpa, in a family discussion, said he'd quit raising tobacco if he had other cash income."

The story of a hard working, religious family unfolds as the reader pages through **Martin Memories.** The calendar also recalls episodes which show that family life in the Martin household was more than chores and prayers. On one occasion the Martin children played rat tricks on overnight house guests by jerking a long thread tied to a spool in the waste can.

Besides relating incidents of family life, the calendar places family history within the context of local and national events such as the women's suffrage movement, the Depression, World Wars I and II, and Hurricane Hazel. In **Habegger Happenings** I wanted to establish the temper of the times in Berne, Indiana, during my grandfather's childhood, so I included this entry: "September 1, 1903 Fred Rohrer's (editor of Berne's newspaper) home dynamited in an attempt to stop his fight against Berne's saloons." I noted that Grandpa earned $.33½¢ per hour at a furniture factory when the Stock Market crashed in 1929 and worked thirty-three hours per week during the Depression.

The calendars, while an unorthodox approach to recording history, review the changes which have affected the American family in the twentieth century. These changes are particularly evident in the following areas: (a) Education — My grandparents received an elementary school education. Their son was awarded his doctorate degree. (b) Acculturation — My grandparents spoke Swiss at home and learned to speak English in first grade. Not one of their nine grandchildren can speak Swiss. (c) Occupations — Daniel Martin was a farmer in Lancaster County like the nine generations before him. All of his children have sought vocations other than farming. (d) Mobility — All of the Martin children have lived at some point outside of Pennsylvania. Two sons presently live overseas, one in Africa and one in Asia.

A family history calendar provides an opportunity to pause and reflect on events which helped to shape one's identity. The birth of a daughter in 1979 spurred Ray and me to look for a way in which we could share our heritage with her. Our interest in family history has been heightened by our experiences in Africa. At important functions Africans pay tribute to the ancestors. Through this custom they admonish the newborn or newlyweds to heed the wisdom of their ancestors. This tribute to the ancestors is also a declaration that a person is not a solitary individual drifting through life but part of a family, clan, or community.



A family history calendar provides an opportunity to pause and reflect on events which helped to shape one's identity. The birth of a daughter in 1979 spurred Ray and me to look for a way in which we could share our heritage with her.

family calendars

A Way to Hold Memories

by Luann Habegger Martin



The Martin family homestead along Orlon Road, just south of New Holland, Pennsylvania.



Luann and Ray Martin, who made the calendars, with their daughter Annette.

In June, 1979 we initiated the family history project. Ray wrote to his mother, brothers, and sisters. Since I come from a smaller family, I extended my network to the families of my father's brother and sister. We asked each family to send a photo or negative for enlargement along with vital statistics, anecdotes, and other information that they would like to include in the calendar. Family members searched for information in scrapbooks, diaries, check stubs, the public library, and records stored in trunks in the attic.

After collecting everyone's material, we worked at layout. Some items needed clarification or elaboration, so another round of letters went out. We were surprised by the amount of data that could fit within a 1⅝ inch by 1½ inch block. We attempted to make the facts come alive by adding interesting details. Besides recording when my uncle retired from the post office, I added that during his career the price of a first class stamp rose from three cents to thirteen cents. When birth details were supplied, we tried to include them in the entry. "January 8, 1974 Minh born in Saigon at 7:10 p.m. after nurses shooed black cat out of delivery room. 8 lb. 9 oz."

We also used familiar family expressions to add color to the calendar. The Martins "did up" strawberries and "heard" corn grow on hot nights. One member of the family described his conversion as "the beginning of a life-changing awareness of God's love and presence." Another member referred to his conversion in two words: "Bob 'stood'."

We encouraged our families to share what might appear to them at present to be rather mundane activities. My great-grandmother probably would not have thought it worth mentioning that she made twenty-one pies every Saturday in anticipation of guests that might drop by on Sunday. A routine activity in the 1910s would be quite an accomplishment for a homemaker in the 1980s.

Martin Memories and Habegger Happenings set aside the normal standards of what is worth recording for posterity.

For entries without an exact date, we used the standard abbreviation, "c," to signal an approximate date. Non-dated information filled most of the days for which we had no specific reference. Some blank spaces were filled with entries such as, "When Grandma was born, U.S. life expectancy was 49; today it is 73." A few "remember when" items were included. "Remember Grandma treating her grandchildren in the afternoon to milk and graham crackers?" "Remember Martin Sensenig's verbal expression of approval from 'Amen Corner' when preacher blasted worldliness?"

At times we wondered if we would ever be able to find an entry for every day of the year. As it turned out we had more material than could be placed in the calendars. Ray typed thirty-seven pages of anecdotes, stories, and additional facts to supplement his calendar. I put together a fifty-two page booklet of family stories frequently told at Habegger gatherings. The booklet, **All in the Family,** keeps alive a tradition and lets those of us who are away from home "hear" the stories again. The Stories are grouped under such headings as "Childhood Capers," "Love and Marriage," and "On the Job."

History will do little more than note that the Habeggers and the Martins lived in a certain place at a certain time. **Martin Memories** and **Habegger Happenings** set aside the normal standards of what is worth recording for posterity. The reader of these two family history calendars will find no feats that compare to those recorded in **The Guinness Book of World Records.** On second thought Aaron Martin, at the age of eighteen, did win first prize at the New Holland farm show for his eight pound red beet.

Luann and Ray Martin spent two and a half years in Ghana. In October, 1980 they moved to Yaounde, Cameroon.

Are Mennonites Choosing The Wrong Kind of Leaders?

by Arnold Cressman

If you are serving on a major churchwide board or committee you owe it to the brotherhood to ask yourself a few serious questions: "Am I perceived to be the kind of person who would affirm, with a hand on the **Mennonite Yearbook,** to (1) say nothing nasty about the Board of Missions, (2) read the obituaries in the **Gospel Herald** regularly, and (3) "rock no boats" on the floor of the General Assembly after an "issue" has been "prioritized" for calm and deliberate discussion there? (4) Was I selected to do maintenance — or to provide vision? The Mennonite denomination, as institutions are prone to do, is presently moving into a sociological maintenance phase. And be aware that prophetic vision is seldom recognized or appreciated during an institution's maintenance phase.

Dreams are not often recognized as a word from the Lord. Our Josephs are seen as unrealistic visionaries, people with a handicap, organizationally inept, hardly the kind of persons we'd want on a committee to set the salary policy for church workers. Why? Have we, to eliminate the risks, made eunuchs of the prophets? Yet we must know that "where there is no vision, the people perish," (Proverbs 29:18, KJV) and when the prophets are depreciated, creeping institutionalism quickly fills the gap.

Can we image a Martin Luther King appearing on the capitol steps before a crowd of people to confess, ashamedly, that in spite of his better judgment, he did, in fact, have a dream? No, it is the dreamer, the responsible Joseph, who saves us from the drought of our pusillanimous conformity. It is the dreamer who can show us a clear picture of what God says we can become. But we must let him. Better, we should encourage potential dreamers to come out of the closet and make their gifts available to the Church.

Some day at General Assembly we may listen to something akin to political campaigning, in the very best sense of that word. We will hear two or three persons, women or men, articulate a vision for the Church. They will say, "If elected, I will do my best to lead the Church toward these specific denominational dreams." Then the brotherhood will decide which program is most surely what God intends and choose its leaders on that basis. As it is, we have little idea what the dreams of our likely leaders are or whether, indeed, they have any. Candidates are expected to appear exceedingly humble. If they say anything at all before the election it is to mumble about how unworthy they are. Thus we get persons elected who have promised nothing, intend little, and dream mostly about "peace in our time."

Usually we settle for benevolent maintenance, satisfied that deficits will not increase by much, until the next election. This practically guarantees for us a passionless leadership group. And, since these are our leaders, passionlessness is modeled from the top down.

An institution in a maintenance phase develops immense respect for the gift of management and its co-partner, organization. In our kind of world, the Church certainly needs great strength in both of these efforts. But can't we add to the mix the prophetic gift as well? Jesus had a wonderful opportunity to organize his program. He could have made each disciple the head of a "commission" with instructions to meet semi-annually, if budgets permitted. Instead he gave his disciples an easy organizational yoke and a powerful dream. The Kingdom of God was coming! We tend to depreciate our dreamers and lionize our organizers.

A corollary to the leadership question is the problem of matching tasks with the right set of gifts. Here we have often been horribly unmerciful. Why do we put preachers in a position where they must make business and financial judgments for the Church far beyond their experience and competence? It is as if we expected business expertise to be endowed at the moment of ordination.

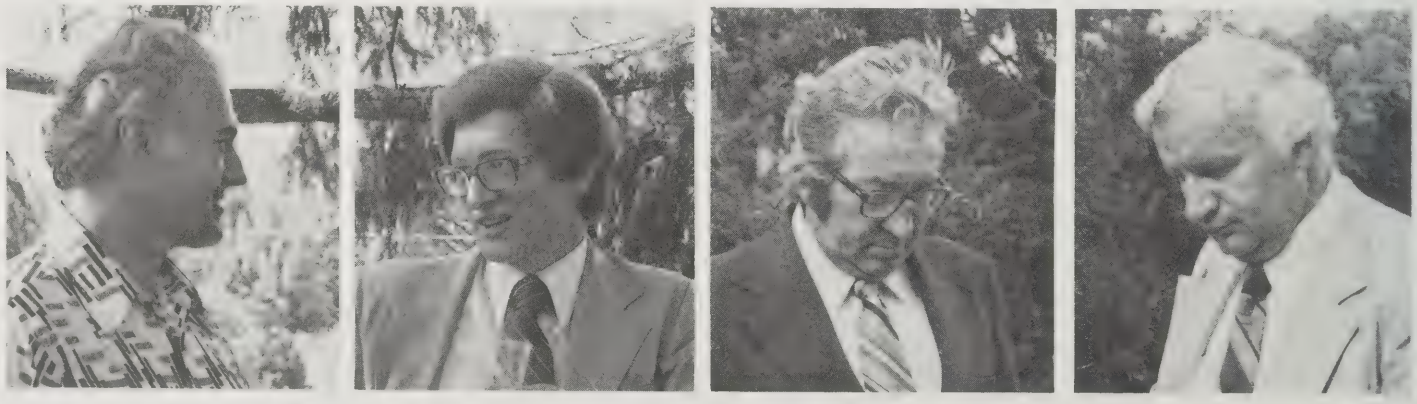
It is bad enough when we burden good brothers with decisions they know they are ill-equipped to make. It is worse when ordained persons actually begin to believe that business expertise came with ordination, although it did not. These are the persons who never think of calling in good business resource persons so that wise decisions can be made.

Business and economic illiteracy is no sin. The sin is in putting unequipped people in places where they must make major economic judgments. It is not that we are asking too much from preachers, it is rather that we are asking them, sometimes, to exercise gifts they do not have.

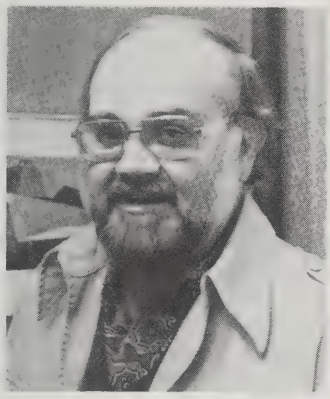
Fortunately the gifts of businesspersons are being recognized more often than they were. Happily, we have no way of knowing how much money has been wasted by well-meaning people with highly dedicated incompetence.

We must begin fishing in the *whole* pond for our leaders. Otherwise we will deprive ourselves of some deep-water catches that would greatly enrich the Church. There are businesspersons, dreamers, passionate people, women and men, who would easily and willingly help us out of our maintenance mode. The alternative is too disquieting to dwell on.

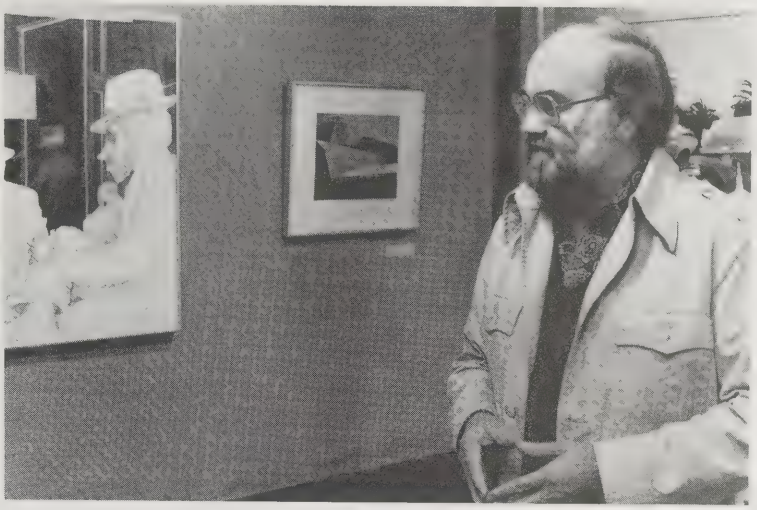
Arnold Cressman, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, works with programming at the Laurelville Mennonite Church Center, and is a co-founder of Tour-Magination.



Photos by FQ/Beth Oberholtzer



Photos by FQ/Kenneth Pellman



Hershberger on The Current State Of Mennonite Art

"I'd give it a plus. Yeah, I'd say it's pretty good." Artist and professor Abner Hershberger was commenting on Mennonite Artists Contemporary (MAC) 1980 on exhibit in the Goshen College Art Gallery.

Using that collection as a backdrop for his comments about the current state of Mennonite visual arts, Hershberger said most of the works entered were from young, recent graduates who have not yet had much exposure. "But we've made some progress since the first MAC in 1975 when a larger percentage of the artists were self-taught . . . and that growth should continue."

Are there specific "Mennonite elements" in art done by Mennonites? Hershberger, with a twinge of pride, noted that the pieces displayed in the recent exhibit were the work of people "who are obviously caring artists — on the move toward professionalism." He beamed, "These things were extremely well crafted. Mennonites are very careful with the execution of their art," reflected Hershberger. "They learn the craft well. However the aesthetic appeal may not be ignored. The craft and the aesthetic are dependent on each other. You hope they grow in their maturity together. It's from that merger you get balanced art."

How aesthetically able are Mennonite artists? "We used to talk of well-made fences. Aesthetics were connected in that folk art, but fences served a utilitarian purpose. When you move to abstract forms, (substitutes for well-made fences) expressions begin to move through a variety of functional to less functional forms." Hershberger noted that in our past craft has often been stronger than the aesthetic.

Hershberger, chairman of the Goshen College art department and convener of Mennonite Artists Contemporary 1980 found originality and freshness in the exhibition. "Both this show and the last were dominated with landscapes, a likely result of our rural background." "It was a safe show," he commented. "We hold some radical views as Anabaptist Mennonites, but we work within institutions to exercise these radical ideas; it's not generally expressed within an individual's art."

"We often can't accept the art form and need to tie it to religious symbols. But often the form is the very essence of the art. When we can't accept the form by itself, it shows the arts haven't quite made it on their own. We haven't gotten them out in the open and accepted them in their own right."

Hershberger believes, "Aesthetics and religion may be one in the same. For those who have art to be released, one learns about one's faith by release of that art."

Hershberger thinks art by Mennonites is worth collecting and enjoying. "We need to encourage these people," he paused, "I hope the church is supportive of the artist," another pause; "I see it becoming that more and more."

Hershberger is not sure if there are any greats among us. He is discreet with names. "It's something I see as a community of artists growing together more than individuals standing out." He shifted position and looked away, "Sometimes I suspect that the really strong ones may have already left the church . . . There's been a lot to buck." His gaze returned, "The extra baggage of church doesn't allow one to focus as one needs to, to develop and mature one's art to its complete extent." He thinks it may somehow be connected with the separation of the sacred and secular. That dichotomy prohibits harmoniousness, and he concludes, "There's something destructive there."

Hershberger anticipates another Mennonite Artists Contemporary in 1985. He hopes the next collection of artists will have "broader backgrounds in exhibiting; that they'll bring larger portfolios, bigger lists of résumés from other exhibits, and that they will get busy now, submitting pieces to other shows in preparation for 1985." If the progress of our artists continues to be as marked as it was between 1975 and 1980, Hershberger will be happy. "My real hope," he leans forward, "is that the word gets out — another show is intended."

Esther Wiebe:

Composer, Performer, Teacher, Wife and Mother — And Believer



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

Esther Wiebe is one of our best and most prolific composers. As a pianist, she has performed from the sanctuary to the concert hall. As Associate Professor of Music at Canadian Mennonite Bible College, she enjoys a reputation as an excellent teacher. Not to mention her ongoing love affair with another music professor at CMBC, her husband George. She's a family woman, too, devoted to their three sons as they choose careers.

Standard adjectives? Hardly. But the key to this shy, high-strung and spirited woman comes from her own lips. She says it naturally, with conviction, in a way one seldom hears it anymore. "Peace with God comes first," she says. Her eyes tell folks she means it, not as a sales pitch or even as an explanation, but simply as the truth of her life.

Observing her lecture and perform, then visit and counsel other musicians personally, one is struck by the power and the security of this woman. Her fragile, almost fluttery presentation confesses her vulnerability and invites others to participate.

How can a woman who was a shy, withdrawn girl become so dynamic a presence, so confident and at peace? She credits her parents for their strong trust and support. And George always believed in her. "He's got a tremendous gift of enthusiasm!" But the true key to her spirit and creativity undoubtedly stems from a spiritual renewal she experienced in the late 60's.

"All of a sudden I knew that God's love was real. I felt it as real as I could feel my mother's love, and that was through Christ. And his Spirit filled me more than he had filled me before."

Esther Hiebert Wiebe was born in March of 1932 on a farm at Plum Coulee, Manitoba, the third and youngest child of Peter and Anna Hiebert. Her siblings were considerably older, so she grew up alone. "I wasn't necessarily lonely," she remembers. "But I was alone." She enjoyed that privacy, and often shied away from social events. She attend a one-room school (which also doubled as a church). Her main memory of church is analyzing the harmony of the hymns during the usually uneventful sermon. She spent very little time with other young people before she entered college.

"Thrilled" is the word Wiebe uses again and again to express her experience with music in her younger years. Her aunt was her first piano teacher but she turned out to be a quick study and was soon teaching herself. She learned the violin too. Soon she was giving private lessons. Her classroom teaching began in 1954 at CMBC.

Esther Hiebert met George Wiebe at CMBC and married him in 1953. They have three sons: Robert (26), who teaches music; Timothy (20) who sings professionally; and Peter (16) who is an advanced performer on the cello. Wiebe enjoys forming a string quartet with her three sons.

She and her husband have studied widely, from Los Angeles to Germany. She also studied with Bernard H[illegible]iden in Bloomington.

Composing entered her life when someone requested a piece. She still works a great deal by request and commission. She's a practical woman. "I don't like to do something unless it's useful. It has nothing to do with money. I don't want my drawers full of unpublished music."

Esther Wiebe has written about a hundred compositions, many of them published, ranging from brief songs to a full length folk opera, "The Bridge." She loves arranging, too; her music arrangements number many hundred. Two books of her compositions and arrangements have been published: *Fill My House* and *Canticles and Psalms.*

"I don't pretend I'm a great composer," she says, "I know what I can do." She cares about the church and claims that when she composes, she always keeps in mind the abilities of the group commissioning the piece.

Her favorite composition is a piece she composed twenty years ago to a little setting by Pauline Johnson entitled "A Bird's Lullaby." (Interestingly, her favorite performing experience was her playing in the orchestra under Ben Horsch during her high school days. "It was the greatest musical thrill of my life." She was very impressionable, she liked the leader and the experience of meeting new young people, but more than anything it was the harmony. "I think I've had a thing about harmony all along.")

Music has had its disappointments. "Many professional musicians tend not to be beautiful people," she laments. But Wiebe has no fix on fame. She does have a lot she wants to do though, like writing an opera.

"But peace with God comes first," she says. And the way her hands move and her eyes relax, there seems no doubting it.

— MG

Catholics Surveyed on Care of Aging Parents

A resounding 79 percent of persons polled in a July, 1980 survey by **U. S. Catholic** magazine agree that it is their Christian duty to personally care for their aging parents. The eight-question survey centered on the issue of persons taking aged parents into their homes.

Most of those questioned felt that it is not unrealistic to expect people to have room and money to care for their parents at home. A majority considered it better for an old person to get the untrained attention of family members at home rather than the best of medical care in a nursing home, but *slightly* more than half the respondents also agreed that a full-time hired nurse at home is a good alternative to a nursing home.

There was no clear-cut majority response to the question of the elder parent needing to sacrifice considerable independence upon moving in with children and grandchildren. Those who felt some limitation was necessary outnumbered slightly those who felt it was not.

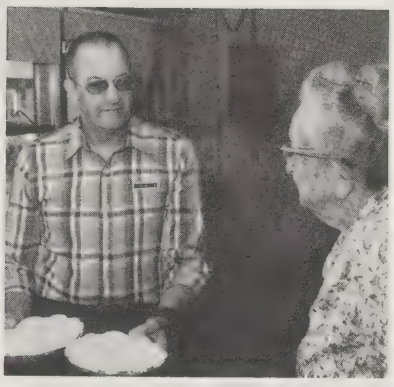
Neither was there a definite trend in answer to whether the respondents would prefer themselves placed in a nursing home when they grew old and possibly senile.

The few who said they wouldn't care for their parents at home gave such reasons as "I don't have room," "I couldn't afford proper care," "I work all day — I couldn't be home," "They would violate my privacy," "They would interfere with raising my children."

New Task Force to Aid Elderly

The newly formed Illinois Elderly Service Program (IESP) has been given the mandate to help the church relate better to its older members. The group represents the combined efforts of the Illinois Mennonite Conference, the Mennonite Board of Missions, and Maple Lawn Homes (an MBM-sponsored retirement complex in Eureka, IL). The project task force, made up of members of each organization, is headed by Dale Wentorf, VS regional director at MBM, and Keith Swartzentruber, assistant administrator at Maple Homes.

Headquartered at Maple Lawn, IESP will be staffed by VSers channeled through MBM. One worker is already on location, and a young couple is heading up the renovation of an old house that will be home for the VS unit. The first group of staffers is expected to be installed by late January. Recruitment for specific jobs is underway.



Lewis McDorman of Greenville, Virginia, is the first Illinois Elderly Service Program worker on location at Maple Lawn Homes in Eureka, Illinois.

The four facets of IESP's dream are to supplement and enhance existing programs (Swartzentruber commented to **FQ** that while many fine programs are available, the elderly often do not have access to them, or are not aware of them. IESP will function to fill this gap.), to initiate new and needed programs, to encourage local congregational involvement, and to act as model and consultative service for the broader Mennonite church.

"We have done a poor job at integrating our elders," Swartzentruber said. "Younger persons take a lot for granted — the satisfaction of their jobs and many contacts with other people. Much of this satisfaction is lost with age, and we need to find ways to replace those things. The elderly must be made to feel a useful and worthful part of the church."

The program hopes to establish a pattern of mutual assistance, using skills and services of the elderly themselves and families and congregations. Needed services include transportation, housecleaning, financial and legal counsel, recreation, continuing education, and spiritual guidance in facing death.

Swartzentruber spoke of IESP as a ministry to the whole person. "We're really excited about what this can do for our elderly." Besides allowing the older persons freedom of choice in their lifestyle, the Elderly Service Program wants to educate the church about the individual and corporate effects of aging, expose youth to the elderly, encourage "programs without walls" — activities that do not require new buildings, and to provide opportunities for persons to explore vocational options working with the elderly.

Jacobs Does Research on Aging

Goshen College has received a grant of $247,000 to further the work of research zoologist Merle E. Jacobs toward scientific understanding of the process of aging. Jacobs' research centers on fruit flies, fungi, and certain mammals. $92,000 of the grant, which was awarded by the National Institute on Aging, will go toward the purchase of an electron microscope.

Resources

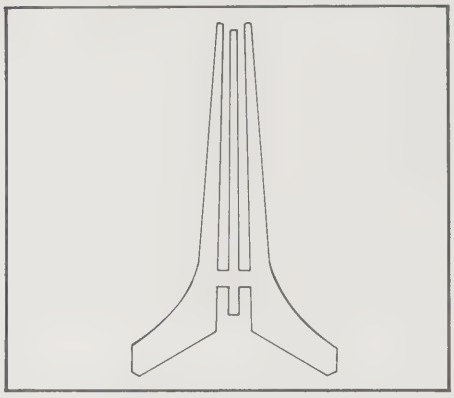
- A book by Pat Quigley called **Reading, Writing and Reminiscing: A Handbook for Teaching Creative Writing to Older People,** soon to be published by the National Council on Aging. Suggested for teaching use in nursing homes, retirement apartments, and recreation centers.

- **"Gerontology — Human Sexuality with Aging,"** a five-part filmstrip-cassette series. Focuses on affection, affirmation, and sexual expression as necessary parts of a healthy, whole life, particularly in the later years when loss is more frequent than gain. Available from: Trainex Corporation, P.O. Box 116, Garden Grove, CA 92642.

- "Loss and Grief" series. Available from: Office of Health/Welfare of the General Offices of the Church of the Brethren, 1451 Dundee Avenue, Elgin, IL 60120.

- "Perspectives on Aging," a four-part filmstrip-cassette series including "Physical Changes and Their Implications," "The Confused Person: Approaches to Reality Orientation," "Implications in Teaching," and "Myths and Realities," a helpful look at the truths about old age. Available from Concept Media, 2493 Du Bridge Avenue, Irvine, CA 92714.

Fernheim Has a Birthday



A sketch of a monument erected in Filadelfia, Paraguay by the Mennonites who celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Fernheim colony this past summer.

The three columns, which represent belief in God, hard work, and unity, are symbolic both of the settlement's past and its movement into the future.

On July 4-6, the city of Filadelphia, Paraguay was full of guests from Brazil, the U. S., Argentina, Canada, Germany and other parts of Paraguay, there to mark the 50th anniversary of the Fernheim Colony, settled in 1930 by Russian Mennonites.

Special guests were Paraguay's President Stroessner and West German ambassador Engels. President Stroessner unveiled two monuments created for the occasion, one with names of pioneer families engraved on bronze plates, the other dedicated to God's work with and through the colony, inscribed, "The Lord has done great things."

One special program included stories by pioneers about the hardships in the early settlement from disease, poor water supply, and merciless climate. Evening meetings included a play by Reverend Willy Janz, of Curitiba, Brazil, titled "Ich Sende Euch" (I Send You), written for the anniversary celebration.

In the Sunday service a mass choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah, and hymns of praise and thanksgiving. The food committees fed more than 10,000 people throughout the festival, and sent butchered oxen out to villages to accommodate those who could not attend.

Umsiedler Struggle to Adjust

The German Mennonite periodical, **Gemeinde Unterwegs,** recently noted tensions between the Umsiedler (Mennonites who escaped Russia and settled in Germany), and German Mennonites, because of differences in expressions of faith. The Russian Mennonites have difficulty adjusting to the relaxed sense of appreciation for religious freedom among German Mennonites in their "promised land." The Russians' experiences in an intolerant atmosphere caused them to value and cherish such freedom.

Strong traditions and outward symbols were important factors in maintaining faith and identity against the Russian backdrop. The Mennonites contrasted sharply with other Soviet citizens in dress (women covered their heads and did not wear stylish clothing or slacks; men dressed very simply, generally with no tie), behavior (attendance at clubs or cinemas was out, as was use of alcohol or tobacco), language (the Mennonites continued to speak Plattdeutsch), and



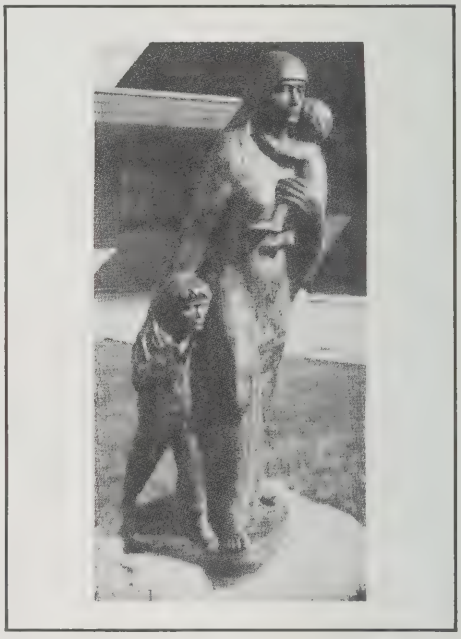
FQ/Kenneth Pellman

basic loyalties (children were not trained in Soviet party allegiance; their limits and expectations were clearly defined). These peculiarities were maintained by strong church discipline, essential in keeping the Mennonite group functioning in a hostile environment.

This same intensity of feeling and behavior has caused the Umsiedler, the "transplanted," to feel uncomfortably out of step with their German Mennonite sisters and brothers.

Sculpture Commemorates Refugee Experience

A sculpted figure of a woman fleeing with her two children was unveiled this fall in Bielefeld, West Germany. It stands before the Bielefeld Mennonite church, one of several churches which have taken



in Umsiedler as members. Hans Niessen, overseer of the Mennonite Umsiedler program, presided over the solemn ceremony.

The monument serves to remind the Umsiedler of their fate and God's goodness in directing them to a new home, but also to remind others that there are always refugees, and always the responsibility to help them. "Whoever has money in his pocket and walks past the human need in the world without being affected, that person is guilty of sin," Niessen commented.

The message of the monument is not accusation, but encouragement to care, a call to faith.

Publishing Ventures — Around the World

• "Mensajero Menonita" (Mennonite Messenger), the official paper of the Mennonite Conference in Costa Rica, is increasing its number of issues per year from four to six, in an attempt to serve the churches' needs more adequately.

• The Australian Mennonite periodical, "De Mennist," will be coming to its North American readers in a new format. Replacing a monthly 8-page newsletter is a bimonthly air form letter containing news items from the Mennonite Church of Hope at Fennell-Bay. Foppe Brouwer, pastor of the Church of Hope as well as editor and publisher of "De Mennist," cited expense as the reason for the change.

• Missionary Paul Friesen has overseen the printing of 5,000 copies of the first Campa Indian hymnbook, in Pucallpa, Peru. Hymns were transcribed from tape recordings. Once printing expenses are met, proceeds will benefit the Scripture and Literature Publication fund that provides hymnals and Scripture for other tribes.

Sisters Create From Wool

"Human relations aren't really that difficult — you just have to be true." These words from Isabel Smucker may be the underlying key to the business of C. S. Smucker's Arts. C. S. Smucker, the father of Irene, Isabel, and Christina, was a sheep farmer near West Liberty, Ohio. His three daughters, inspired by the resources available on a sheep farm, today work wool directly from the sheep's back into beautiful woven clothing. The look is one of true simplicity and classic fashion. A watercolor in their workroom shows a sheep on a rocking chair, knitting with a yarn strand coming directly off of a bare pink leg. Isabel chuckled as she pointed it out, "That's how easy too many people think it is."

Irene, the oldest of the three sisters is married and lives just outside West Liberty. She is, as Isabel stated, "a true artist" and much of her work is oil painting done in a studio in her converted barn home. Isabel and Christina live together on the other side of West Liberty. Their home is directly beside the "Shed" that houses their workroom and craft shop. They moved to this location eleven years ago to benefit from the tourist trade that frequented the area. But the constant trickle of people through the shop was not ideal for their work. Visibly relieved that the energy/gas crisis has reduced the flow of tourists, the sisters now work with many fewer interruptions. In fact, they have begun travelling to craft shows where Isabel explains, "We deal with thousands of people for a few days rather than a few every day."

They say they have learned a lot from their customers, and have developed a stable line of clothing according to experience and demand. A lot of their business is now custom work. All of it is done in natural fibers. The lines are simple and flowing, much of it based on folkwear patterns. The clothing, although expensive because of the handwork, is functional. These women wear what they make; consequently, their own experience has led them to both stylize and innovate.

The Smucker sisters are only now beginning to "reap the harvest" of many years of hard work and experimentation. They persevered through the hard times because they believed in the basic goodness of their craft. It was a chance to "be our own boss and be free." They also saw it as an ideal supplement to farming.

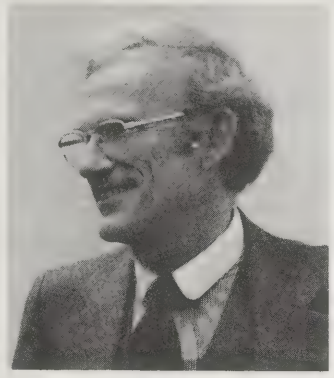
Their art is practical, functional, and beautiful. It has been a strong factor in keeping their family together. The next generation is also learning to spin and weave. The sisters see their art as a tradition worth passing on. There is no pressure for any of the nieces and nephews to pursue it. They just want them to be able to know how its done.





Photos by FQ/Kenneth Pellman

Smucker sisters Isabel (left) and Christine (right, at the loom) in the family wool shop in West Liberty, Ohio.



FQ/Beth Oberholtzer

Schmidt Reflects On Mennonite Worship

Orlando Schmidt, professor of church music at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries and compiler of the songbook, **Sing and Rejoice,** has received unexpected high praise for the hymn collection. Schmidt's original thought was to produce a songsheet, but he was persuaded to publish what he had gathered in book form. Now the book is going into its third edition. **Sing and Rejoice** weekends are common, and Schmidt travels all over the continent leading them.

Professor of a creative worship class at the Seminaries, Schmidt finds "Mennonite worship in transition; the formal style undergoing drastic change." Excited by new openness to alternative worship forms Schmidt attempts to inspire its continuation. "Participation by the congregation is where you have to start. Encourage spontaneity. Often sharing leads to spontaneity and that's a way of freeing up worship." Schmidt credits the charismatic movement for allowing this freedom to happen.

"Planning worship that uses lots of people at all levels in the congregation increases participation and acceptance." He considers contemporary music to be one cutting edge, but realizes that "the entire church isn't at the same place on that one."

Also among new worship forms is dance. Schmidt squints and nods, "It's out there, and that's a good sign. I'm all for the freeing that comes with acceptance of the body and how that relates to worship." But his sign indicates his awareness that this mode, too, is far from being widely accepted.

Quickly assessing the musicians among the Mennonites, Schmidt "doesn't see any Beethovens or anything like that. We Mennonites, (he grins) are still very provincial. We don't really test our wings out there, and when we do, we don't know how to stay in the church. If you're a Mennonite, it seems you can't make it in the professional world and remain in the Mennonite Church," he concludes.

Commenting on new and varied methods of worship, Schmidt recommends we "get away from our constant critique of our art and just encourage it and encourage it. We need to stop comparing with what's out there and just encourage creativity."

cultural calendar

Winter Cultural Series featuring "The Truth About Retirement" with Edna Wenger and John E. Lapp, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, 8:00 p.m., **January 12, 13.**

"The Development of Painting," art exhibit by Instructor John Pimlott, Campus Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, **January 12-30.**

Organ recital by Professor Philip Clemens, Goshen (IN) College, **January 13.**

Mennonite High School Drama Work-Shop, Goshen (IN) College, **January 16, 17.**

St. Olaf College Choir, Mountain Lake (MN) High School Auditorium, 2:30 p.m., **January 18.**

Fourth Annual Writers' Conference with Robert J. Baker, Wally Kroeker, Phyllis Pellman Good, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, **January 23, 24.**

Bluffton College Chamber Singers, Gilliom Room, Bluffton (Ohio) College, 8 p.m., **January 28.**

"Who Gets the Family Business?" with Leonard Gieser and Calvin Redekop, Laurelville Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, PA, **January 30—February 1.**

Fine Arts Week, featuring art exhibits, concerts, lectures, drama, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, **February 1-7.**

Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride," presented by the Goshen College music and communication departments, Goshen (IN) College, **February 4-8.**

"Alaska Triptychs" and other recent photographic works by Leon C. Yost, Library Gallery, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, VA, **February 5-26.**

Anabaptist Heritage Weekend, featuring Arnold Cressman, Jan Gleysteen, and John Ruth, Laurelville Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, PA, **February 6-8.**

Messiah College Singers Concert, Chapel, Grantham, PA, 7 p.m., **February 8.**

Eastern Mennonite College Drama Guild at Central Christian High School, Kidron, OH, 7:30 p.m, **February 9.**

The House Church Retreat, with Harold and Elizabeth Bauman, and Ralph Lebold, Laurelville Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, PA, **February 13-15.**

(continued on page 31)

Worthy is the Pig That Was Slain

by James and Jeanette Krabill

There once was a young man named Hughes
Who, during the course of a snooze,
Got word from the Lord
To sell his prized Ford
And start preaching 'bout the Good News.

Said God, "You will go to Rodenya;
That's where I've decided to send ya.
So pack up your bags;
Prepare for some snags;
This job is just likely to bend ya."

Now Hughes as a good Christian brother —
And putting his faith in no other —
Did just what God told
(Unlike Jonah of old)
"Weren't no place to go that he'd ruther!"

No sooner had our friend Hughes landed
In Rodenya (where God had commanded),
Than standing up strong
He preached loud and long
'Bout what Jesus the Crucified Lamb did.

He spoke of the gate to the fold,
Of Jesus, the Shepherd foretold,
Of flocks and of rams
(Like those of Abram's),
Of stranded sheep out in the cold.

Of rods, staffs and herding devices,
Of offerings and burnt sacrifices,
Of blood and sheepskins,
The pardoning of sins,
And how Christ the Lamb now suffices.

And when Hughes had finished expounding,
He noticed blank looks all around him.
As most turned away,
One man came to stay,
Confusion on his face abounding.

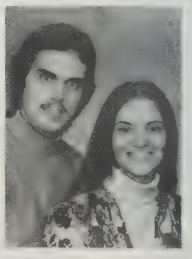
Said he, "Mister Hughes, I do fear
Your message to us was not clear.
You told us of lambs,
Of sheep and of rams.
Well, such don't exist around here.

In these parts we've only one creature —
The PIG — which we faithfully feature.
He's Life, he is All;
For him do we call
When off'ring our sacrifice each year."

(It didn't take long to discern —
If these folks, of Christ were to learn —
Then one must begin
With words that sink in,
And not with a language they'll spurn.)

So Hughes called the crowd as before,
And knowing not what was in store,
Said, "God's Pig was slain;
For us suffered pain."
And everyone plead, "Tell us more!"

(This story is based on an actual account. For similar cases of problems in cross-cultural communication, see Eugene A. Nida, **Customs and Cultures.** New York: Harper & Brothers, 1954.)



James and Jeanette Krabill, Mission Associates under the Mennonite Board of Missions, live in Ivory Coast, West Africa, where they are available to the independent African churches.

Finding a Place For My Art and Me

by Judith Rempel

Young people were supposed to choose a relatively practical profession such as teaching or nursing in the Mennonite community where I grew up. So when I decided to study art at the University of Manitoba, I pacified my father only by assuring him that I could always get a teaching degree in the Education Faculty after my sojourn in the School of Art. Privately I growled into my borscht that teaching would welcome me only when all else failed.

So began the schizophrenic existence of fashioning myself to fit into two or three distinct worlds. There was the world of my dirty-fingernailed university cohorts, with whom I shuffled around in plaster-coated jeans. We carefully nurtured the dream of someday losing ourselves in a garret studio in New York (or Winnipeg) and gloriously discovering our reflection in a jar of linseed oil. In that dream there was no room for practical application of the wonders of the art world.

Later I found myself once more in the world of lay-people — my dear family and friends, my church. I found that I could either forget the immediate past, and lose myself in fraternizing with craftsy Sunday painters, or crawl into my shell and protect myself from being misunderstood by sharing NOTHING, the latter leading to self-destruction or a complete divorce from everything I had grown up with. I couldn't believe those were the only options, so, after struggling and learning at the university, and then having my indignation toward pseudo-art heightened by working in a commercial art gallery, I decided to study at a Mennonite college for a year.

I had once lamented to my university professor, a prominent Canadian artist, that I thought art was such a selfish thing. He stroked his beard and replied, "You are wrong. If you truly express yourself in an art form, you are sharing with others the most precious thing you have, yourself." Then he mildly asked, "You're Mennonite, aren't you? I've met one like you before."

So all the Mennonitism I had so desperately tried to hide, oozed out of the Grumbacher tubes without my suspecting it. I never realized I had absorbed such a strong service orientation.

After university my interests and opportunities led me along the lines of printmaking and graphic design. I found mentors at the Mennonite colleges who had weathered many storms of ambivalence, and who sympathized with the struggle. I asked myself whether servanthood and aesthetic art had anything to do with each other. I began to realize that there were not only two choices, but that there were many choices, and I couldn't hope that someone else's pilgrimage would be the answer to mine.

I came to several conclusions. Art, no matter in what capacity, must reflect the inner self. If my inner self includes love and commitment to God, then my daily activity and products must in some way reflect that love and commitment. At the moment my job as graphic artist with Mennonite Central Committee is an answer to many of my questions. The church requires our best, and can and should provide opportunities of service through the arts.

Questions remain. How many compromises will I realistically have to make? Am I being untrue to the garret dream by being practical in my graphic art? What communicates to the layperson? Is everything that communicates, necessarily good? Can those who have been exposed to different environments and ideas come home to share new wonders gently and constructively, rather than alienate themselves in frustration and impatience? How can we complement the many degrees of taste in our communities without offending and condemning each other?

Perhaps there are no clear answers. The tension is ongoing, and to choose the route of Christian discipleship doesn't simplify it at all, but it gives me direction. In fact, the very complexity of it all provides an infinite source for creativity.



Judith Rempel from Ste. Anne, Manitoba, Canada, is currently graphic artist at the Mennonite Central Committee in Akron, PA.

cultural calendar

(continued)

The People's Place Valentines Gathering featuring the Goshen College Jazz Band at the Guernsey Barn, Lancaster, PA, **February 14.**

Handbell Choir Concert, Chapel, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, 3 p.m., **February 15.**

"Worthy the Lamb" premiere, composed by Carol Weaver, performed by the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries Choir, Seminaries campus, Elkhart, IN, 4 p.m., **February 22.**

Winter Cultural Series featuring Doyle Preheim on "My Life, My Music, My Audiences," The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, 8:00 p.m., **February 23, 24.**

Menno Singers performing Liszt's "Missa Choralis," Kitchener, Ontario, **February 28.**

Art and Handicraft Exhibit by Messiah Village residents, Learning Resources Center, Messiah College, Grantham, PA, **March 2-28.**

Bluffton College Instrumental Ensemble Concert, Mosiman Hall, Bluffton (OH) College, 8 p.m., **March 4.**

Annual Visual Arts Conference with Jan Gleysteen, Abner Hershberger, Ardis Grosjean, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, **March 13, 14.**

New Housing Ideas for the 80's, a seminar for builders and homeowners, with LeRoy Troyer, Richard Miller, Catherine Mumaw, Marlin Thomas, Laurelville Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, PA, **March 13-15.**

Mennonite Oratorio Choir, George Wiebe, conducting, performing Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem" and Ive's "The Celestial City," Winnipeg's Centennial Concert Hall, 8:00 p.m., **March 14.**

Cantata Singers, Founders Hall, Bluffton (OH) College, 7:30 p.m., **March 15.**

"Schmeckfest" at Freeman (S.D.) College, **March 26, 27, 28.**

The Fifth Inter-Mennonite Women in Ministry Conference, featuring two major addresses by Dottie Janzen, Bethel College campus, North Newtown, KS, **March 27-29.**

"Are Our Church Schools Really Necessary?", Saturday Seminar with Don Kraybill, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA, (for associates only), **April 11.**

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Holiday Cooking For People You Love

by Marilyn Voran

At no time is the temptation to over-consume sugar and fat greater than during the holiday season when sweet, rich foods usually appear in profusion wherever people gather for fellowship. After all, good fellowship and special foods seem to go together, and we tend to offer sweets as a way of showing hospitality and love. So people who usually count calories carefully find it easy to resign themselves to gaining a few unwanted pounds which they hope to lose on a leaner diet "after the holidays."

Eating liberally of foods high in sugar and fat presents health hazards beyond weight gain. For example, it is known that when the level of blood sugar goes up the white blood cells (the body's defense against disease) become sluggish and inactive and the body's defense weakened. According to neurosurgeon Dr. C. Norman Shealy, eating five teaspoons of sugar reduces the ability of white cells to fight disease organisms for four hours. I have Dr. Shealy's warning taped to my sugar canister as a reminder to consider how many teaspoons of sugar per serving the people I love will ingest when they eat my holiday goodies. For how many hours do I want to lower their resistance to colds, sore throats or whatever illnesses are going around?

If this seems like over-reacting on my part, at least it has challenged me to find alternatives to rich holiday cooking without depriving my family of the special feast foods and their memories. When I stopped baking eight or ten kinds of Christmas cookies, festive yeast breads, containing far less sugar and fat, replaced them. A cardamom-flavored braided loaf, wreath-shaped Swedish Tea Ring, and German Kugelhopf are now firmly established holiday traditions in our family. Recipes for these and other holiday breads you can bake ahead and freeze for later use, abound in any public library's cookbook collection.

Cranberries and sweet potatoes, two traditional holiday foods of good nutritional quality, are often loaded with large amounts of sugar in preparation. You can make cranberry relish with half the sugar called for on the cranberry package by mixing golden delicious, or other sweet apples with the cranberries.

Low Sugar Cranberry Relish

4 cups fresh cranberries
2 medium apples unpeeled, cored
2 medium oranges, quartered, seeded, peel removed from one
2/3 cup sugar or honey (or more depending on sweetness of apple)

Put fruits through food grinder, add sweetening and mix well.

Just one serving of candied sweet potatoes can easily add 8 teaspoons of sugar (more if marshmallow topped) to your sugar intake. Sweet Potato-Apple Casserole with 3 teaspoons sugar per serving, brings out the sweet potato's delicate natural sweetness by contrast with slightly tart fruit.

Sweet Potato-Apple Casserole

Place in casserole:
4 medium sweet potatoes, cooked, peeled, and sliced
3 medium apples sliced

Make sauce of:
1½ cups apple or unsweetened pineapple juice
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 cup honey or sugar
2 Tbsp. cornstarch

Pour sauce over apples and sweet potatoes. Bake at 350° 30 min. or until apples are tender. 4-6 servings.

Sour cream dips and so-called salad dressings containing large amounts of whipped topping and cream cheese add a lot of fat and very little nutrition to meals and snacks, so I ignore all such "salad" recipes and make a low fat "sour cream" by processing in blender until smooth, 1 cup low fat cottage cheese, 1/2 cup yogurt, a pinch of salt and 2 tsp. lemon juice. This "sour cream" is rich in protein and calcium and contains only 11 calories per tablespoon in contrast to bought sour cream which is rich only in calories — about 30 in a tablespoon. Add your choice of seasonings such as chives, onion or garlic salt, etc.

The widespread attention given to the health hazards of heavy sugar and fat consumption is prompting many people to earnestly try to reform their eating habits. The holiday season need not be a time of backsliding if we who plan and prepare holiday meals for family and friends do so thoughtfully.

Marilyn Voran is a home economist who lives with her family in Goshen, Indiana.

The European Roots of Pennsylvania Dutch Art

by Jan Gleysteen

As part of our effort to document and interpret Mennonite history, John Ruth and I have examined and photographed folk art, especially Fraktur, for better than a decade. I remember how excited we were when I discovered in Jordan, Ontario, a piece which was almost an exact duplicate of a Fraktur done in Franconia; a piece from Baden, Ontario, featuring motifs that originated in the Emmental, Switzerland.

I would like to link our accidental discoveries to a theory that the so-called Pennsylvania-Dutch art not only can be traced back to Switzerland (via the Palatinate), but that certain recurring designs and techniques can even be traced to specific valleys and villages, and to a date when the design first showed up.

Life for the European peasant-farmer improved greatly following the signing of the Peace of Münster in 1648. The beleaguered landsman entered a strange world of freedom, rights, and with it, peace-time prosperity.

The basic furniture of the peasant farm up to that time consisted of a rope-bed, a table and one or more long chests which doubled as benches. Initially these chests were little more than chopped out troughs with a lid, and were called "trögli."

Around 1600 the city cabinetmakers began to construct chests in Renaissance style, with two to five framed front and side panels, each decorated with inlaid wood. Toward the mid-1600's the country carpenters borrowed the style from the urban culture, but developed it into a new art form by replacing the costly and time-consuming inlaid work with an uninhibited mixture of stencil and free-hand painting. Similar designs found their way to the gables of houses and barns, and to the rear panels of farm wagons.

In the beginning a paint without much body, much like a stain, was used, the wood grain clearly visible through the colors. A new formula paint which combined body with extraordinary durability showed up around 1720. The binding element was Kasein, in its raw form available daily from each of the many Emmental Käsereien (cheese-makers). Kasein combines clear transparency with good adhesion and can be thinned with water, allowing the artist to create rapid, fluid and sharp lines. Too much kasein added to the color causes the design to crackle and splinter, but when properly done and hardened by age, outdoor kasein decorations have already survived more than two centuries of wind, snow and rain.

At first the Swiss rural artists did not have much choice of colors. Their motifs originated in nature — flowers, birds, stars, — but the designs were highly simplified and stylized, the components paired or symmetrical. Organic connections between leafs and stems were often ignored.

His satisfaction came from the playful repetition and re-interpretation of a strong tradition. It is this repetitive aspect that can help us trace a given motif to a specific place and time of first usage.

One soon recognizes the tulip as the most favored of all motifs in this art. The tulip, native of the ancient Near East came to Europe in the early 1600's.

One of the earliest known appearances of the tulip in Swiss folk art can be seen on a chest made for the Spycher (Spicher) family of Oberalm near Bern in 1689. Before too long a manner of treating the stems, the leaves and the flower developed that can be followed from the Bernese chests all the way to the illuminated manuscript song books of the Deep Run School in Pennsylvania. Likewise the lilies, the hearts, and the carnations painted for the Abi's (Ebys), Marty's Zehnders (Cenders) and Stolls in certain Simmental and Emmental villages became the prototype for later work in Lancaster.

Today some homes and farms, barns and inns in Trachselwald and Trub, in Dürenroth and Bärau still display the colorful decorations that have their twins on Lancaster county Fraktur pages.

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in Tour-Magination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.





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Life Without An Energy Shortage?

by Kenton K. Brubaker

Writing in **Soviet Life*** Gennadi Pisarevsky observes that in the Soviet Union consumers know about the energy crisis only from hearsay. Except for gasoline, their energy costs are the same today as they were in 1948. Since these costs are so low (about $18 a month for all their natural gas and electricity) the average consumer tends to waste energy. He notes especially that the consumption of hot water is unreasonably high, about 24 gallons per person per day.

. . . When you live in a centrally planned economy and in a nation with vast stores of natural gas, . . . why save energy?

This is a lot of hot water, but when you live in a centrally planned economy and in a nation with vast stores of natural gas (more than 20 trillion cubic meters), why save energy? And why conserve electricity when the country has coal reserves estimated at more than seven trillion tons and has a vast network of electric power stations? No wonder Soviet architects don't build energy efficient structures and consumers fail to carefully insulate their homes.

In the European part of the Soviet Union nuclear power plants are expected to supply most of the heat and hot water to urban apartments by the end of the 1980's. This will eliminate the need for expensive transportation of Siberian coal to the western part of the country. Pisarevsky notes in his article that "Soviet scientists are confident that nuclear plants are easy to operate, safe and dependable."

I examined the data presented by Pisarevsky more carefully to compare our own energy consumption to that of a typical Soviet Union family. He presents the following average levels of use and cost for an urban family in one month. I have used the official exchange rate to convert to U.S. dollars.

Natural gas (unlimited)-cooking (?)	$1.00
Electricity — 100 KWH	6.40
Hot water and central heating	10.40
TOTAL	$17.80

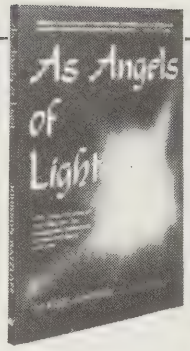
It was interesting to me to note that our cost in Virginia for electricity per kilowatt hour is identical to that in the Soviet Union, $0.064/KWH. However, since we are living in a total electric home (our solar collectors are not yet operating), our electricity usage ranges from 500 KWH in summer to 5000 KWH in the coldest part of the winter, meaning our electricity costs range from $50 to $200 a month. We have decreased this winter cost considerably since installing a wood stove. I'm confident we use considerably less hot water than the typical consumer referred to in **Soviet Life,** and our house is very well insulated. How do we then manage to use so much more electricity than the Soviet citizen (from 5 to 50 times more)?

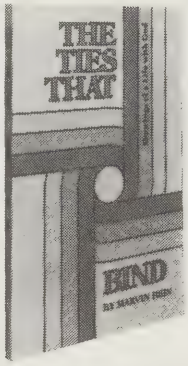
I suspect the major culprit is our large electric hot water heater. Also we have considerably more refrigeration equipment, I suppose, than the typical Soviet apartment. I do think we are much more conscious of energy use than persons who can get unlimited amounts of natural gas for $1.00 a month. The **Soviet Life** commentator is worried about this energy profligacy in his country. Even though the average Soviet citizen does not know it, Pisarevsky sees the future realistically: "The days when energy was cheap are gone for good. People can no longer consume as much energy as they like the way they did a short while ago."

*Fuel, Energy and the Consumer, **Soviet Life,** p. 18, September 1980.

Kenton K. Brubaker is Professor of Biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.







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Community is . . .

by David W. Augsburger

"Community" doesn't communicate anymore; it designates.

The word that once described the network of commitments, covenants, contracts that linked humans into a fabric of trusting relationships doesn't work any longer.

It has lost its relational referent. Now it is a concrete word designating concrete turf. It is square blocks, square miles, a squared word for the cartographers. It is H11 — J12 on the area map. It is N. Main St. to the Amtrak tracks.

I am writing these words in response to two days of seminars with ministers of seven denominations. Small town pastors and city clergy alike furrow brows and require translation for the word "community." The concept has turned concrete.

Words become obsolete or change in meaning as the referent is outdated or outmoded. "Outsiders" once referred to anyone not belonging to the community. "Worldliness" once described any modeling after the circles beyond the community's boundaries. "Community" was clearly defined, sharply bounded, carefully guarded, a living social organism where people belonged together, believed common values, were beloved by each other.

Now the church is less and less communal and more and more a place for spectators, for observers, for private participants.

What, from the past, have we lost as community passed?

Community is a place where the "givens" of life with others are honored.

Given: acceptance. Belonging is a necessity for the human animal. When acceptance as a person of consequence is a "given," one knows s/he has worth, value, significance to some important others.

Given: availability. Contact is indispensible for human existence. When one has a series of friendships which are instrumental, that is, friendships which can be counted on, called on, relied on in any time of need without explanation, remuneration, or apology, then the "given" of available others gives security.

Given: attention. Hearing and being heard are the stuff of which life is woven. Community is a place where some measure of open communication takes place. People can risk being whole, being fully themselves, being truly honest with each other as the relationships deepen.

Given: accountability. Investment in each other has a certain integrity as people know they can be called to give account for their actions, to explain their values and motivations, to work for consistency in their behaviors by testing them out with others.

Humans are incurably relational.

These are givens, the solid bases of living with others that make human interaction safe, certain, solidly trustworthy. When they are no longer present, we have to test the water with a tentative toe before every plunge into self-disclosure.

Beyond this, we are missing the guarantees of community that are built on these givens.

The guarantee of joint discerning of values; of joint cooperation in finding life direction; of joint commitments to explore affection, loyalty, faithfulness; of mutual service and the rich rewards that emerge from giving and receiving in depth; of solidarity with others that frees us to risk deeper self-disclosure and self-discovery.

And even further, there are the gifts of life together, gifts of insight, of confrontation, of empathy, of understanding, of release.

It takes time to build community. With the rapid movement of people from one area to another, who can afford the investment of hours and the draining of energies required to work out a human network of commitments? With the recirculation of the saints from one popular church to another and from one pulpiteer to another, it's not possible to build the fabric of fidelity between people.

It takes effort to create community. A community emerges from covenant, and covenant is the result of sharing our confusion, resolving our conflict and creating a durable concord. That's work. If you're only going to be here temporarily, is it worth it? Many decide it certainly is not!

Once upon a time, community was forever. Now, community is here today and gone tomorrow.

Bloodlines are replaced by telephone lines that connect one nuclear family to another over long distance. Proximity is no longer related to neighboring. Now one's neighbors are chosen from work, club, recreational activities and remain neighbors as long as you keep the job, the membership, the sport alive. Now the church is less and less communal and more and more a place for spectators, for observers, for private participants. With the increase of one-parent families, even the mini-community of marriage is less and less an experience of common life, more and more an aggregate of persons who must seek significant nurturing from anywhere it is available.

In middle age, persons begin to mourn the loss of community, to value the experiences of community, to prize the gifts of community more than before. Experiencing the eighties in my forties, I am valuing community much more highly than before, grieving its demise more deeply than previously. And when my Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Brethren and Episcopalian sisters and brothers talk of the privatism, the individualism, the fragmented western vision of life, I grieve. I wonder. I plot guerilla-like. "Can't community be created by covenanting now?"

Humans are incurably relational. A social interest, a community-feeling, an urge toward sociation is present in every person. How can we set it free? How can we reduce the barriers that separate us? How can we get the word around that there are friendships awaiting us if we will venture them? How can we set the rumor afloat in the human unconscious that we are all covertly, hungry for connectedness, for closeness, for commitment? Community awaits birth wherever two or three gather together.

I can risk it more deeply than before. You may venture it more openly than yesterday. Set the rumor afloat. "Community is, not was, and will be."

David W. Augsburger is associate professor of pastoral care and counseling at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, and the author of many books about communication and relationships.



All the Mennonites are Dead

by Peter J. Dyck

The message that Johann Enns was alive in an obscure village in southern France reached us in Frankfurt, Germany, from an alert pastor in Canada. In our attempts to trace and find people separated from their loved ones by the war, we had developed an intricate system of records, exchanged information with other tracing agencies, and systematically gleaned all likely sources for possible clues. Whenever there was a "find" everyone rejoiced and we felt like celebrating.

Even now we still have more than 15,000 names of missing persons in our MCC tracing files.

But Johann Enns had been found and we knew the address of his wife in Russia. Even if they could not be reunited physically at once, the joy of knowing about each other, of being able to write to each other, of catching up on twenty years of news since separation during the war—all this was exciting even for us as we vicariously rejoiced with them.

After several exchanges of letters, it seemed best that I visit Enns personally. I was appalled at the conditions in which he lived. The tiny village was dirty and dying, somehow it just had not yet arrived in the 20th century. I found Enns in a small one-window room, part of the barn with animals. It was musty and almost completely dark.

Even more shocking was the other darkness in which Enns had lived for so long. During many hours of conversation I was able to piece his sad story together.

Even now we still have more than 15,000 names of missing persons in our MCC tracing files.

He had only been married a year when the war ruthlessly separated him from his young wife. At the time he was drafted into the Russian army she was pregnant. For a few years they had stayed in touch through letters, but when the war ended and he became a POW (prisoner of war), they lost all contact.

After his release from the POW camp he went immediately to the Red Cross to locate his wife, but there was no trace of her. Other agencies gave the same answer, "We have no record of your wife." He asked about Mennonites and was told all Mennonites are dead. Hitler killed some and the rest were killed by the communists.

"And you really believed that?" I gasped in unbelief. "Yes, I did," he said, reminding me of the brutality of Hitler and Stalin, and the fact that all his efforts to locate Mennonites had failed.

I found Enns in a small one window room, part of the barn with animals. It was musty and almost completely dark.

And there was a further complication. One day after his discharge as a POW while working for a farmer, he had an accident. "What kind of an accident?" I asked. I could see his inner struggle as he debated with himself whether it was safe at last to tell it all. "This," he finally said, lifting up his left arm and pointing to the underside above the elbow. I understood. "SS," I said, and he nodded sadly.

He had defected from the Russian army and landed on the German side where he was promptly drafted again and ultimately put into the elite and crack division of the German army known as the SS. All soldiers in the SS had their blood type permanently tatooed on the inside of their arm. Caught by the Russians, he would certainly have been shot as traitor, and the Americans and British also dealt harshly with any man found with the tatoo, or a scar where the tatoo had been, as many tried desperately to remove this tell-tale evidence after the war.

He had managed to conceal it from others, but on the day of his farm "accident," it had been very hot, they were in the field making hay, and he had taken off his shirt. That was his mistake. As he pitched the hay and lifted his arm the farmer spotted the tatoo.

Enns was taking no chances. He disappeared at once, finally surfacing again in southern France where he successfully avoided all attention by blending into the landscape of the dreary village in which one day was like every other day and where a priest visited only when there was a funeral.

We talked about his wife and daughter. His face lit up then and his eyes shone as he fondly unfolded the first letters from them. "My little girl is 21 now; she's a teacher," he said. "My wife tells me she's a very good daughter and a good teacher."

I shall never forget the scene in that half-lit dingy room in an obscure village in France as he haltingly and almost reverently read from his daughter's letter. Through the years she had often wished for a father like other little girls had; and that she was sure her father would have been good and kind to her. He would have given her candy and a doll; that even now, though she had never seen him and distance separated them, she loved him dearly. Finally she asked whether he would add to her already overflowing happiness by sending her a little parcel.

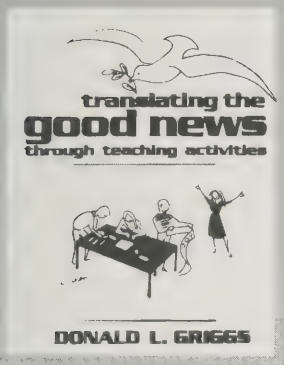
Enns looked up and asked whether we would help him send that package. I promised to and asked what we should send her, thinking of clothing or other practical things. He picked up the letter and continued reading: "Now that I have my own father, just like other girls, would you please send me some candy and a doll." He choked up and I had the feeling that the tears which silently started to flow over his cheeks were the first tears of joy in more than twenty years.

Peter Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. At home in Akron, Pennsylvania, he works in Constituency Relations for Mennonite Central Committee.

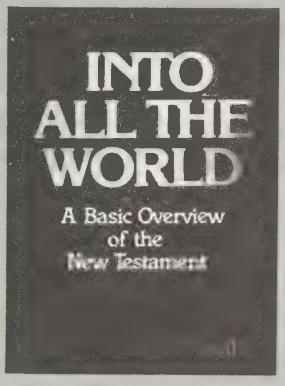


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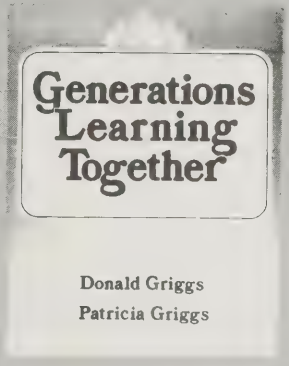
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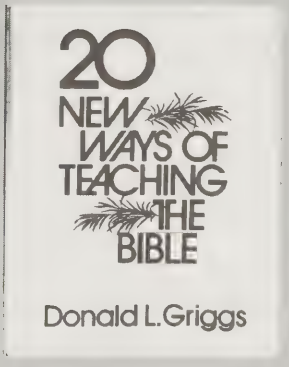
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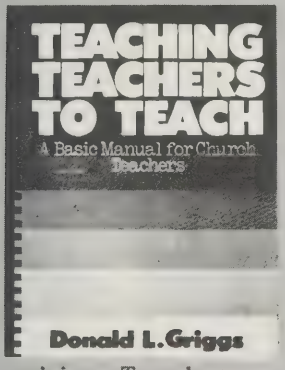
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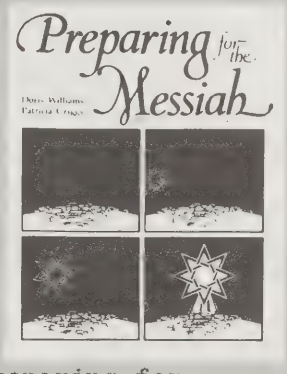
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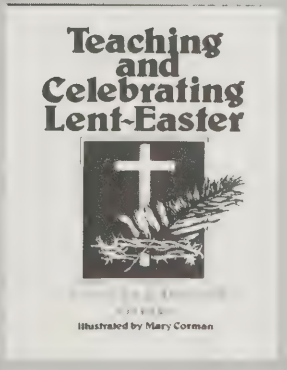
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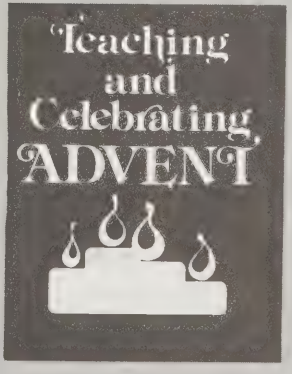
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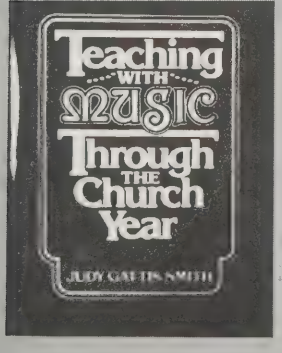
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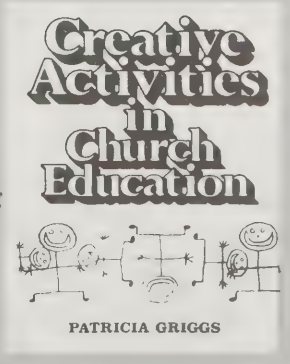
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The Four-Stamp Circle Letter

by Jewel Showalter

When I married into the Showalter family I didn't realize I had married the circle letter — a fat bunch of letters that makes its circuitous round every three months or so.

At first the letters passed among the immediate family members of Irvin and Sally Showalter, but as grandchildren married or set up their own homes the circle letter also found its way to their mailboxes. The letters are conveniently stapled together in the upper left-hand corner and when the sheaf arrives your old letter is on top. You tear it off and fasten your new addition to the back.

Having been part of three other circle letter attempts I'll readily admit that the Showalter family circle with its "teeth" function best.

Since I was married to one of the older cousins, when the letter first arrived it could be sent on its way in a long white envelope for only one stamp. Now when the bundle arrives it costs four stamps, or more, and a big brown envelope to get rid of it — but let me explain.

Someone recommended (and it's probably good I don't know who) that a simple system of rewards and punishment would keep the epistle off desks and into mailboxes. Accompanying the letters is the address list with a "Stamp and Penalty Pocket" with these printed instructions: "Mail 1st day — take out 3 stamps; 2nd day — take out 2 stamps; 3rd day — take out 1 stamp; 4th day — take out 0; 5th day — add 1 stamp; Add one stamp per day you keep letter."

Even with this system some of us have more money than time and the letter lies forgotten in moving shuffles or vacation mail stack-ups. Having been part of three other circle letter attempts I'll readily admit that the Showalter family circle with its "teeth" functions best. In fact we're corresponding regularly with some in-laws we have never met and others we barely know except through the letter. I don't know when some family patriarch will call a halt to the expanding size of the document, for now it symbolizes a sort of initiation into adulthood.

Usually the letters report on innocent joys such as gardens, recipes, snows, trips, births and progress in education or profession. More recently the family has tackled controversial issues such as divorce and abortion. One senses the love yet frustration coming through as members become painfully aware that the circle has diversified. We are at different places. Can we risk talking about things other than corn and children? Should we try to "set each other straight" through the letter or just ignore those ripples?

Isn't our circle letter the church in microcosm? How can those from the same womb grow so distant? It's like we arrived on the same ship — but now the frontier beckons. The cautious cluster around the harbour. The adventurous press west. We learn new languages. We keep reaching out and back to try to understand. But our most important peers are often not our family members. Family solidarity weakens.

So why write circle letters? Why print *Gospel Heralds*?

I know that when we love and are loved we want to communicate. We want to talk about more than the superficial-bland-safe subjects. Somehow we want to agree. We want to be unified. We want to understand.

So even though I sometimes groan when I find the distinctive brown envelope in our box and I dislike arguments, I'm glad it comes to our door; that no matter if I'm in California or Ohio, if I'm on a limb or clinging to the trunk, someone still wants to hear from me or try to understand me. I'm in the circle to stay!



Jewel Showalter spends her time mothering her three children — Chad, Rhoda, and Matthew — and writing an occasional article. She and her husband, Richard, live in Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

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Burned-out Black Advocate

by Hubert Brown

On the wall of my church office hangs a cherished gift from the Black Caucus of the Mennonite Church. It's a plaque which reads, "In recognition to Hubert L. Brown in appreciation for his many years of advocacy and perseverance toward the cause of Blacks in the Mennonite Church." That gift was presented to me at the Black Caucus Assembly in Waterloo, Ontario, August of 1979.

At the time I accepted that plaque, I was already aware of how extremely burned-out I was. I remember giving a speech at that Assembly, and feeling like a Muhammad Ali in the fifteenth round; I was in there swinging, but not much energy was left.

After "many years of advocacy and perseverance toward the cause of Blacks in the Mennonite Church," I had had it. I had spent twelve years traveling, speaking, writing, and typing desperately and frantically to bring about change in the Mennonite Church in the area of race relations.

My concern then, and now, is for the full inclusion of racial minorities into the mainstream of the Mennonite Church. This led me to confront Mennonite people and Mennonite institutions with the widespread racism I had found in the church. I challenged Mennonites to see the differences between theoretical equality and factual inequalities. "We are full blooded members of Christ's body," I told folks. I said the Church can never be a 450 year ethnic country club with White only membership. We, too, are to be accorded the rights and privileges of being in the body of Christ.

Mennonite institutions alone have a way of burning folks out well before their time.

I spoke almost everywhere in the Mennonite world—to children, youth, young adults, and adults. I was in congregations both great and small, district conferences, Mennonite educational institutions, and Mennonite offices. I spoke at workshops, retreats, seminars, camp meetings, church-wide gatherings, and wherever folks wanted me. I wrote articles, Sunday School curriculum, books, tracts, and even a song here and there. I participated on numerous boards and committees. I responded to hundreds of questions and personal inquiries. I stayed in hundreds of Mennonite homes, and experienced superb hospitality. (Mennonite hospitality is the best in the world!) I taught in Mennonite schools, pastored Mennonite congregations, and worked at the Mission Board for six years.

Mennonite institutions alone have a way of burning folks out well before their time. The work environment of Mennonite offices tends to range from over-involvement with looking good to the whole church, to large amounts of paper work and bureaucratic inertia.

During the months following Waterloo '79, I became even more painfully aware that I was "weary, worn and sad." My daily experience or routine was rather fixed. I would move in and out of emotional exhaustion, to negative attitudes toward Mennonite institutions, to negative self-evaluation, and on to

(continued on page 40)

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(**Hubert Brown** *continued from page 39)*

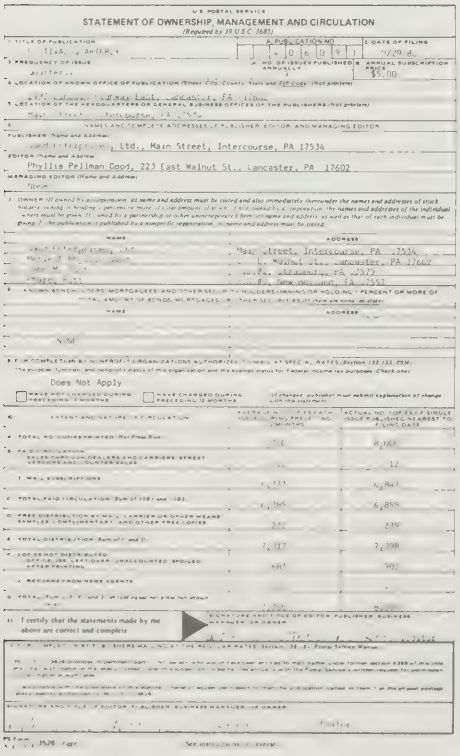
emotional distance from Mennonite people. I progressively experienced a loss of idealism. I concluded Mennonites will not change. I was in a rut, frustrated, bitter, disillusioned, lacking in creativity and that special intensity and sparkle I once had.

My physical symptoms revealed themselves in frequent colds and the inability to engage in physical exercise or activity. Spiritually, I was ineffective and apathetic. I'm coming out now. I read a quote recently which said, "God did open the doors of heaven and let me in. He opened the doors of hell and let me out."

There is so much more that needs to be done in bringing about mutuality and reconciliation of the various cultural groups in our church. Koinonia takes work. As I come out again and emerge from my disillusionment, I recognize, and will utilize, what Paul declared still stands: faith, hope, and charity. I think now my expectations for change are a bit more reasonable, and as a result, I think I will be able to cope and confront creatively the inherent difficulties of being an advocate for constructive change.

Hubert L. Brown is a counsellor in student services at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. He is the author of **Black and Mennonite.**





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A Few Thoughts About Pigs

by Sanford Eash

The hog farmer son and his family were gone for the weekend. I was to check all the hogs. I looked in on all those dozens of expecting mother pigs three times on Sunday, but I missed it. By Monday one of them had twelve piglets. I felt like what I am, a novice. But the weather was nice, and the family was happy when they were put into the Sow Maternity Ward.

Those little pigs will need their mother for only about five weeks; after that they will eat and grow without her. There is nothing happier than a healthy little pig. They are curious and full of life. They will try to wreck most anything, shake and shove on anything that moves.

Throughout history many people have looked down on the hog.

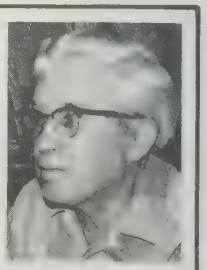
On that same Sunday morning a half-grown pig found a weak place in a gate. He shoved at it and squeezed through. When we first saw him he was just roaming around enjoying his new freedom, and grunting to himself with that hog contentment. It was awfully messy around the hole where he got out, so we tried to get him in another way, but he was suspicious of other openings and he refused at first, but we finally got him back in, close to where he got out. I had used the motorcycle that morning and it was a good thing I did. I went home, left my clothes in the garage and took my shower. When we took the car to go to church Orpha said, "This garage smells like the hog house."

Throughout history many people have looked down on the hog. The Jews and the Muslims do not eat pork. In our modern world scientists have found pork to be high in cholesterol. They say we should eat little of it, if any. It's a wonder swine haven't been outlawed. But of late some bold scientists are telling us the cholesterol theory has been overdone. They are not sure how much, if any cholesterol goes from our food into our bodies. It's getting to be a big argument. But everybody is agreed that taking on the habits of the fattening hog is bad. In their last days before market at five or six months of age, they just live to eat, drink, and rest. I am convinced though, that pork eaten in moderation by active people, is still a good food. I like to go over to the hog farm and visit the various age groups of pigs. It is a source of satisfaction to me. I like to remember the days when I sat at my mother's table and we had ham for supper on a brisk spring evening. Dad butchered and cured his own meats. They try to imitate it today, but I still liked Dad's the best! So pigs resurrect my memory and push at my conscience.

Sometimes we almost feel guilty because we feed grain to livestock; they tell us it is a wasteful process, that we should ship our excess grain overseas. That's a good idea, but a lot of it goes overseas now. We also know it doesn't always get to the people that really need it, unless some good relief agency like MCC makes sure it does. There is progress in development work, and we pray that it continues. We as Christians, from our viewpoint, are frustrated by all the problems but I have never been able to see that we are the whole cause of them.

We farmers are still subject to the law of supply and demand. It is difficult for us to make a quick change to new and untried ideas. Our sons are now in the fourth generation of livestock feeders, and they certainly do things differently than the past generations did. Their moral dilemmas might be different, too.

Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. Sanford, with the help of his wife, Orpha, is writing regularly. Together they also do a lot of traveling.



Should/Can We Keep Our A Capella Singing?

by John L. Ruth

Editor's Note:

A Capella singing has been a tradition bordering on the sacred among members of the Mennonite Church, especially in the eastern parts of North America. It is now threatened by a host of factors.

I find it very difficult to think systematically on the theme of church music. I'm certainly no expert on it, and the cultural factors are in such flux that much of what one says must be qualified. So rather than presenting finished ideas, I'll submit some "Pensées," some "thoughts":

1. Four important changes or new factors have affected the singing in "Franconia" area Mennonite churches: harmony (starting in the singing schools (1820's), the English language (late 19th century), "special" or "performed" singing in church (officially permitted, late 1940's), and instrumental accompaniment or performance (1960's). Each of these changes brought struggles of conscience. The first three enhanced the health of our singing; the last has accompanied a decline in the congregation's ability to sing as a group.

2. The experience of singing school in the 19th century was a sociably enjoyable one, and it gave participants a sense that they were learning a sociably commendable skill.

3. There used to be considerably more volume. It was not considered inelegant to sing at the top of one's voice. This may still be heard in some Old Order circles, as well as Amish and Hutterite services. Song leaders particularly, and older people, would sing stridently. Sometimes one's ears would ring. It was nasal but soulful. Watch what happens to ex-Amish persons when they hear the "Lobsang" sung well. They are moved. Watch a Hutterite relish an old, quaverful, nasally sung spiritual song. The Hutterites tend to justify their loud singing by the communal memory of their forbears encouraging each other in European prisons.

4. Present day Mennonite congregational singing has gotten polite, with an occasional break for "606" when the young people sing as their ancestors did. Politeness is the symptom of yearnings for middle class acceptability. A professional leader is considered desirable, just as in the ministry. More and more responsibility for the health of the singing is concentrated in this one smooth-mannered and tastefully dressed person. Less and less fiber is heard in the voices of the audience.

5. The most fiber I ever heard in congregational singing was in the Ukraine in Russia. Here our very bodies vibrated as the packed congregation threw its whole soul and voice into a welcoming song. Whereas our young people often turn to rheostats to hype up their guitars so they can feel as well as hear the music, these Ukrainian Christians would have drowned out most amplified music.

6. Four part a capella singing is not an absolute, biblically or otherwise. We accepted harmony over a century and a half ago. It was new then. But there was no question of a substitute for the human voice.

7. The gift of enjoyable and beautiful a capella singing always amazes and charms visitors from other communions. It is hard for them to believe that we would take it for granted, and let it wither.

8. The gift of good congregational singing can be lost in one generation. I have in mind two "Franconia" congregations who were musical leaders in our area until the 1940's or 50's. But when the enthusiastic leaders born before or at the turn of the century had passed on, the singing went flat in a few years. They then got organs and pianos, even before they bought the new Mennonite hymnal. The singing became work, and had to be sweetened with instrumental support. If you don't paint and roof a house, it will collapse in a decade or two.

9. An enthusiastic leader can reinvigorate a community's four part singing (and it helps to have a parochial school running generations of students through its music classes).

10. Mennonites of "Lancaster" and "Franconia" had in their homes, in the 18th and 19th centuries, little folk instruments called "zitters." Apparently the forerunner of the "Appalachia dulcimer" (which turns out not to be very old), the zitter was played at home to accompanied hymns, or even at singing school.

11. "606" teaches us that traditional four part singing can be enjoyable; it has the sound of community as well as praise. It has leaped from the eastern into the western "Russian" communities.

12. The modern situation is characterized by multiplicity. We have multiple versions of the Scripture — and if nobody takes any initiative, it becomes impossible to read the scripture together out loud. Similarly in singing — one person wants "scripture songs," another "country" or "gospel" of some sort, and many young people recognize the soul of their age primarily in some form of rock. Why not accept this multiplicity, but say, when it comes to church, we'll use a mode where all ages can join, blending their voice in the communal bond of harmony?

13. I know people who find it too much trouble to learn to sing, but who know of good restaurants sixty miles from home, and find it worth driving that far for the steaks and the pie specialty — "just like you could get years ago."

14. The sound of fellowship isn't the same as the sound of performance.

15. In the oldest Mennonite congregation in the world, at Langnau in the Swiss Emmental, they sing in delicate four part harmony — with an organ. However, the organ is played respectfully as a complement rather than an overpowering all-surrounding atmosphere. This congregation loves music of various instrumental types.

16. Within the past year there was a Sunday evening song service at a large local congregation. A chorus from Goshen College was there, complete with brass instruments. People enjoyed them. But the full house sang together a capella, too. The response was surprising; people were so moved they had to stop singing every once in awhile. I draw this conclusion: we can have both instruments and the a capella tradition — if we care enough to work at our church music.

17. I hear young voices singing old hymns — the hymns I grew up with — on the University of Pennsylvania FM radio station. That proves that four-part singing can touch our generation as well as any other.

18. Anybody who ever sang with his/her family around the table or around the piano — in four part harmony — knows the special blessing and depth of this gift.

19. Judging by what we see in creation, God must enjoy tremendous variety.

20. Keeping the classic hymns accessible to our young people exposes the more reflective ones to a depth of thought they would otherwise miss. "Feeling good with Jesus" will be too thin a diet by itself.

John L. Ruth of Souderton, Pennsylvania, is a storyteller, historian, and filmmaker. American hymns were the subject of his doctoral dissertation.

The Devil's Alternative, Frederick Forsyth. Viking, 1980. 432 pages.

For persons who enjoy intrigue, politics, love that cannot be, and international theory all textured in one, this novel is a special treat. Forsyth's skill in storytelling is riveting; but the depth grows with the intensity. And in the end, it is fair, inspiring, and memorable.

A failed Russian grain crop, Ukranian freedom fighters, spies and counterspies, a Soviet-American treaty becoming unglued, and a supertanker at sea held hostage — the book is set in 1982 and one almost believes Forsyth knows the future by the time the story ends. He fabricates a very complex tale with an unwavering thrust and an uncanny sense of *deja vu.*

As in many international novels, the questions nag. Has any country or any system found a civil, humane way to govern? Is history truly confirmation that the strong and fit alone survive?



James Coutts

Frederick Forsyth

The Second Coming, Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1980. 360 pages. $12.95.

Now at the end of his active professional life, Will Barrett has time to meditate upon the meaning of it all. But Barrett has a peculiar malady. Instead of his memory dulling, he finds himself remembering everything from his past. His mind is fogged with wondering why he married Marion to whether his father did him a favor by trying to shoot him as a child, to guessing that peace may be more troubling than war.

This book is also Allison Hunicutt Huger's story. Recently escaped from a mental hospital, she is working at civilizing herself and a long-neglected greenhouse.

Will and Allison find each other and in an on-again, off-again manner, become illustrations of writer Percy's hunch that God appears in the strangest guises.

Will and Allison do not seem like normal people. Consequently, Will's fight to believe ("Everybody thinks that there are only two things: war which is a kind of life in death, and peace which is a kind of death in life. But what if there should be a third thing, life?") and Allie's fear that she might have "flunked ordinary living" are nearly lost behind their kooky behavior.

The story's thread is there — the insatiable drive to belong to another and discover God — but Percy's impressionistic style and crazy characters almost overwhelm it.

The book has wonderful moments — Will's scepticism about simplistic born-again believers, Will and Allison's growing care and love for each other, the priest whose mind wanders to model trains while he performs a marriage ceremony. But the impact may have been greater had characters seemed a bit more ordinary.

Side Effects, Woody Allen. Random House, 1980. 149 pages.

There's no doubting that Woody Allen is a creative genius. His films and plays have moved from obvious slapstick to serious, brooding near-masterpieces. His work continues to be very uneven but he is still young. One hopes that the next two decades may be rich, creative ones for Allen.

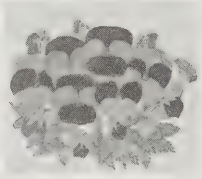
This book of short written pieces highlights his wit and his obsession with love and death. False, pretended love, absurd sex, and obsessive crushes flourish among Allen's ridiculous characters. Add five heavy doses of guilt, twelve tons of never-ending talk-tripping, and a few pinches of soulful impotence, and you've got your Allenesque parade/charade. fq



Woody Allen



Distlefink



Pansies



Mouse



Flowers



Horse

Henry Lapp Watercolors

Reproductions by

People's Place Graphics

Henry Lapp was an Old Order Amish cabinetmaker from eastern Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, famous for his handsomely styled furniture and the unusual shades of color he used to decorate it.

He lived from 1862 until 1904 and his personal story is nearly as intriguing as his artistry. A severe speech impediment and pronounced hearing loss kept him from communicating easily with his customers.

Now another Lapp treasure has been unearthed. Henry made paintings as well as furniture, and some of these exquisite primitives are now surfacing.

In May, 1979, The People's Place in Intercourse, Pennsylvania acquired the heart of the Henry Lapp painting collection. A year later they were unveiled to the general public.

Henry's shop was within two miles of Intercourse, so much of his artwork is now in its native community. It is the largest known collection of nineteenth-century Amish art anywhere.

Any Which Way You Can — This latest Clint Eastwood film, while better, still goes every which way to nowhere. A loser has a fist fight with the Mafia. (3)

The Awakening — A hard-to-believe, best-to-avoid horror story involving reincarnation of an ancient Egyptian princess. (1)

Borderline — At times thoughtful and touching, this look at the dilemmas and ironies surrounding illegal Mexican aliens and the suspense of a murder stars Charles Bronson. (4)

The Competition — A superb film about two pianists who compete and fall in love. Explores the rigors and temptations of performers. Seems a bit like life. Amy Irving and Richard Dryfuss are excellent. (8)

The Elephant Man — A film not to miss. Explores the themes of human dignity, physical ugliness and the crowd's love/hate of the freak show. Has lost a great deal of the impact of the play about a deformed man, but still packs a wallop. (8)

Every Man for Himself — Genius shines through the cracks of this new Godard film. Explores through cinematic poetry and a rather explicit sexual metaphor the sad distance between all humans. (3)

The First Deadly Sin — Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway in a strangely-blended tale of a cop near retirement, his dying wife, and a nasty murderer. Uneven, but evokes a quiet pathos. (5)

The Formula — A well-crafted suspenseful thriller pitting a lone police investigator (George C. Scott) against the international energy cartel manipulators. Superb acting by Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller. (7)

Gloria — A wacky John Cassavetes action film about a woman who suddenly has to protect a six-year-old Puerto Rican boy from the mob. And is she ever full of surprises! Poignant by spells. (6)

The Great Santini — A virtuoso performance by Robert Duvall as an unorthodox Marine Corps father who bulldogs his way through everything. Grows on you. (6)

Hopscotch — Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson star in this highly-amusing, lighthearted story of an angry CIA agent's vengeance. Definitely for the fun of it. (7)

It's My Turn — A self-conscious, insulting, incomplete and unbelievable characterization of a woman who has achieved a lot but wants more. A con job — from the director. (2)

Nine to Five — A surprise. Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, and Dolly Parton lead the office revolt. Better than slapstick and not as heavy-handed cause-wise as expected. Really funny. (6)

Ordinary People — A major disappointment. A family struggles with death, depression, and suicide. Becomes an icy, feelingless soap opera, self-conscious ("Aren't I a good director?"), and suffocating. Great acting, decent script, but Robert Redford's directing hand freezes. (5)

Popeye — Robin Williams (as Popeye) and Shelley Duvall (as Olive Oyl) aren't the problem. The class A team of Altmann (directing), Feiffer (writing), and Evans (producing) miss their aim. A gorgeous musical film vision of one of the most beloved comic strips. (5)

Private Benjamin — A Goldie Hawn triumph. Very funny tale about a wealthy Jewish princess who gets hoodwinked into the Army and all the rigors she endures. The writing may be stale at points, but Goldie keeps it fresh. (7)

Seems Like Old Times — This Neil Simon comedy, while hilarious, fails to meet his most recent standards. Seems hollow. Goldie Hawn is caught between her two husbands, one wacky and one respectable. (5)

Stardust Memories — A minor, self-conscious Woody Allen effort. Wavers between smug and embarrassing. Why? A director's nightmare with identity. (4)

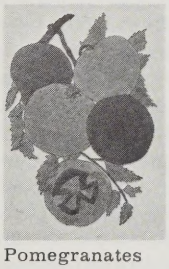
The Stunt Man — A highly-unusual, energetic, and clever film within a film. Peter O'Toole is marvellous. A Vietnam veteran stumbles into a war movie and can't separate reality from the film. (7)

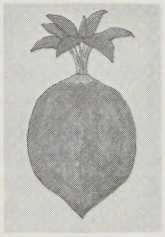
Willie & Phil — Forget it. Two good friends who loved the same girl. Goes nowhere. (3)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.


Blackberries


Peach


Pomegranates


Turnip


Rooster and Hen


Strawberries

Behold, a bit of drama and a wealth of rich color from what is often perceived as a stark and restrictive community.

The subjects are from his world, small, commonplace, and whimsical. The tone is happy and bright, not bitter with self-pity.

Family who remember Henry believe he made the paintings as presents for the people close to him. Creativity overcoming handicaps!

People's Place Graphics has issued high-quality, 8-color collotype-lithograph reproduction prints on neutral pH paper (printed by the same press that does all of Andrew Wyeth's prints). They make exquisite gifts; they brighten every room they enter. Behold and enjoy! Henry did!

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_____	Strawberries	(9-3/8" x 7-5/16")	5.00	_____

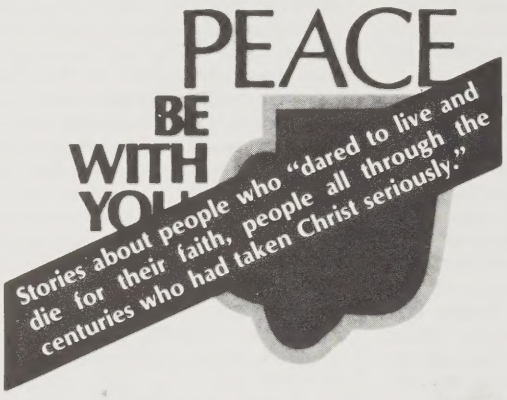
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Living Our Consciences!!

by Katie Funk Wiebe

Someone has said when you're through changing, you're through. Let this never be said of the Mennonites, although at times they may have given that impression.

Shortly after the Mennonites moved to Russia from Prussia, Johann Cornies organized an Agricultural Society to improve farming and education. Its first goal was to plant trees, but some saw this as a secular movement to "destroy true religion." About 1848, one farmer and village mayor reported that the trees supplied them, "when planted according to instructions," always died. Some society members investigated. The trees, though planted in well-prepared soil stood with their bone-dry roots in the air and their branches to the ground. — P.M. Friesen's **Mennonite Brotherhood in Russia.**

In the early days of settlement in the Mid-west, a minister was driving home in his buggy after a meeting. It was raining hard. He spotted a woman member walking home and reined his horses long enough to shout, "Sorry, I haven't got my wife with me," before he whipped his horses to a fast trot.

A doctor gave an Amish man a small pox shot on Saturday evening and told him not to get the area wet for several days." But doctor," remonstrated the man, "This is my night to wash all over."

During a lesson on politeness and good manners, a fourth grader in Lititz, PA, responded, "But, Miss Wenger, we're not fancy people. Why should we say 'Please' and 'Excuse me'?" — Mary Wenger, Lititz, Pa.

One immigrant father found his own way through an issue involving change. In Russia he had always told the children that the stork, which often nested on the gables of larger homes, brought the babies. After his death, his children read in his diary on the date of the first birth of a child in the new land, "Because it is too cold for storks here, today the owl brought Helen." — Helen Dyck, Leamington, Ont.

One Newton family handled it another way. They save grass clippings for compost, newspapers for recycling, eat garden produce and home-prepared foods, and find their children's school "creations" too precious to throw away. So each week their one small trash can stands lonely at the curb, although a fair amount of stuff of dubious value accumulates throughout the house. "I wonder what the trashman thinks about us having only one small can for a family of five, while others have two or three big ones," asked the mother. "If he asks, 'Is that all the trash you have?' tell him that's all we're throwing out!" replied their nine year old. — Francis Schrag, Newton, KS

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and columns, and an English teacher at Tabor College.



The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submission to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

Anticipating a More Abundant Harvest

by Eugene Seals

Our prayer-hearing God led me to Calvary Mennonite Church (Inglewood) on Mother's Day 1972. The integrated youth group and congregation related on a different level than the several integrated churches I had visited on rare occasions in Detroit. Pastor LeRoy Bechler had lunch with me the next day, marking the beginning of a new era in my Christian pilgrimage.

I have become increasingly pleased with the Mennonite Church's emphases on: 1) faithfulness to God's Biblical Word; 2) constructive toleration of theological, sociological, and philosophical pluralism, so long as the deity of Christ and the vicarious atonement are affirmed; 3) living the faith by first giving oneself to God and then to others; 4) worker, prayer, and financial support of the ministries of evangelism, nurture, and service; and 5) an unfeigned personal warmth unequalled by any other group I know. Several families in Los Angeles and Dayton have been most instrumental in my perception of these traits.

As for being a black man in a white man's church, so to speak, I have noted very few problems directed at me. My reaction to the infrequent insensitive overture is, first of all, to discern the *intention* of the heart to whatever extent I can. I cannot report a count of the number of careless cultural affronts since I have no intention of keeping up with that score. More importantly, there has been but one instance in which I felt that the offense was drawn along racial lines.

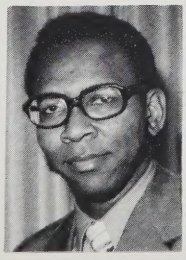
From the time I left Mississippi in 1957 to now, I have found myself immersed in two radically dissimilar cultures—one black and soulful, the other white and efficient. The excellent academic boost my unlettered parents gave me as a four-year old undoubtedly contributed to making me a desired co-worker in school, at work, and in the church.

Whites in position of power and influence in the Church seem quite open to working with me as a person who speaks their language, who loves long meetings (as they do), who is interested in Kingdom building, who affirms them unflatteringly, and who complements their own gifts.

While *my* family has close ties with black and white Mennonites, I am burdened by the fact that not all Mennonites enjoy these God-approved relationships. There is a fairly widespread incidence of communication breakdown across the several barriers which Satan uses to separate the children of God. It is my firm belief that our current celebrations of church expansion will pale into insignificance when we see the harvest that will follow the development within the worldwide Mennonite Church of a true Christ-like spirit of love, affirmation, development, and enjoyment of brothers and sisters of all cultures and races.

As for me, my continuing desire is to serve our Lord and His people to the fullest extent of His equipping and leading.

Eugene Seals is married to Shirley J. Seals and worships with the Detroit Mennonite Fellowship. Vice chairman of the Mennonite Board of Missions (Elkhart), he is employed by General Motors.

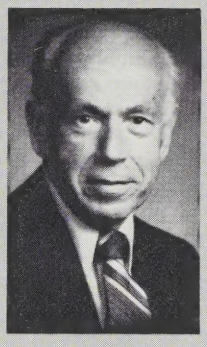


The editors welcome Mennonite members of minorities of any nationality to write stories dealing with their own experiences of belonging to a minority group. Manuscripts should be no longer than 400 words.

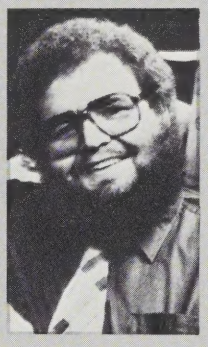
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